

against them, and this though, for the king's profit, Jews were usually subject to a distinct law, the assize and custom of Jewry. They seem (from the number of licences to alienate) to have held a good deal of land in the towns. Many other things needed the king's attention, and among them London fogs. In 1285 a commission issued to inquire touching lime-kilns constructed in the city and suburb of London and at Southwark, of which it was complained that whereas formerly the lime used to be burnt with wood, it was now burnt with sea-coal, whereby the air was infected and corrupted to the peril of those frequenting and dwelling in those parts. Other London habits are also old, for a Lord Mayor is recorded to have received in one consignment 300 tuns of wine of St. Emilion.

But even more significant than the side-lights thrown on English history are those thrown on Ireland and Wales. In Scotland, Edward did not at this time claim to be more than overlord, except perhaps in Galloway (see p. 27). As such, Eric, King of Norway, acknowledged him and sought his aid to recover a debt from the Bishop of St. Andrews. In Wales, as is well known, he exercised full kingly authority, but only after an expensive struggle. In Ireland he exercised a more or less effective sovereignty over the whole of the island, and not merely over the Norman settlers. The country seems to have been prosperous. Irish cloth was well known in England (p. 2). A mine of silver, copper, lead, iron or other metal, had been found, and was to be developed at the king's expense (p. 322). The number of persons passing to and fro and seeking "protection" was large. Merchants of Cork traded with Southampton (p. 98), and merchants of Waterford with Pembrokehire. The Customs yielded large sums to the men of Lucca and Florence, who farmed them. The Justiciary was able to contribute considerable amounts to the King to help him in putting down the Welsh. Both Robert Bruce and John Baliol, curiously enough, went, with the king's permission, to Ireland, to buy corn and wine. As far west as Roscommon there was a settlement of English (who suffered, however, from Irish depredations), and a special patent issued dealing with the king's waste lands in that county. In Offaly, it is true, "Calnak Oconehor" (p. 327) and his accomplices, rebels, held their own. They took a prisoner, and his friends found it necessary to seek permission to ransom him, in spite of the law to the contrary. But, on the other hand (p. 165), "Donenald Roth Mackarthis," of the parts of Desmond, sought permission to come for two years to the king in England with a moderate following. And a vast number of Irishmen sought and obtained permission to use for themselves and their children the English laws and liberties.

But it was in matters ecclesiastical that the English predominance was most significant. Except in the country of the O'Neills and O'Donnells, and to a less extent in that of the Connaught O'Conors, no see or abbey was filled up without royal permission. Emly, Lismore, Tuam, Cashel, Kilkenny, Kilmaedugh are only a few of the many sees to which the chapter did not venture to elect without seeking the king's permission. It is true that within the period of this Calendar, Kilmore or Breifny (see p. 252, and Four Masters at the year 1235), and Clogher, were filled up without in any way consulting the king. It is true, also, that in some cases the English selection was not approved by the people. Thus, in 1280, the Four Masters record that Miles, Bishop of Conmaiene (Ardagh), "that is the English Bishop," died, and from this Calendar (p. 338) we learn that the king, after a long vacancy in the see, was forced to acquiesce in the appointment of a nominee of the anti-English Archbishop of Armagh. In Elphin, too, the chapter seems to have sought the king's subsequent approval, but not his previous consent. But, on the whole, the English supremacy was acquiesced in, and not only by Englishmen. Thus Maurice O'Hogan was made

Bishop of Killaloe (p. 10). It may perhaps be said that England never had as much power over Ireland in religious matters as during the reign of Edward I. The annals of Clonmacnoise, with a truer instinct than any English historian before the present generation, in recording the death of Edward, grant him willingly the title "Edward the Great."

The Calendar seems to have been prepared with great care. We do not, however, understand why, contrary to the rule of the series, ordinary gaol deliveries have been included. Nor do we understand the treatment of the proper names. Names of persons profess to be given exactly as they appear on the Rolls; but names of places are sometimes modernised and sometimes not, without apparently any system. The Irish names seem to have been too much for the transcribers. Thus "Calnak" above is really the common Irish name of Calvagh (see Four Masters at year 1280). In preparing future calendars it might be well to submit the Irish and Welsh names for revision by competent scholars.

KASHMIR AND TIBET.

WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET: A Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Gilgit, and the Adjoining Countries. By E. F. Knight. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

MR. KNIGHT has added very distinctly to his reputation by his new book. In the spring of 1891 he arrived in Kashmir, and during the next ten or eleven months—although he broke no new ground—visited lands and peoples of whom it is to be feared most Englishmen have the slightest and scantiest of knowledge. In Kashmir itself Mr. Knight spent some time, and the happy valley moves him, as it moves all travellers, to an almost boundless enthusiasm. His first impression of it was of "a vast green plain with lakes and many winding streams, surrounded by a distant circle of great mountains, shutting it in on all sides with a seemingly impassable barrier of rock and snow, rising in peaks of immense height, some of the highest in the world, indeed, gleaming dimly in the morning light." A closer acquaintance only deepened Mr. Knight's appreciation of the fertile beauties of this charming oasis; but of the native Government and the people, he has little that is good to tell. It is a place—

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

The small body of Hindus from whom the officials are selected are "corrupt even for Oriental officials," and as for the "Kashmiris, the first impression which those plausible, handsome people make on a European is soon changed when he discovers that they are among the most despicable creatures on earth, incorrigible cheats and liars, and cowardly to an inconceivable degree." The explanation of these unhappy characteristics is to be found in the fact that for centuries the Kashmiris have been a subject race, tyrannised over in turn by Tartars, Tibetans, Moguls, Afghans, and Sikhs. In one respect Mr. Knight was fortunate enough to see something more of Kashmir than the ordinary globe-trotter, for he accompanied a British settlement officer—appointed to bring some sort of order into the complicated revenue system of the State—on one of his periodic official visits to an outlying district. Mr. Knight gives an amusing and interesting account of the duties which fall to the lot of this Anglo-Indian official, "lent" to the Maharajah to assist in the better government of Kashmir. It is a curious system this government by a Resident and a small body of Englishmen in the service of the native prince; and though he intentionally avoids the discussion of questions which involve political considerations, it is clear that Mr. Knight thinks it extremely probable that before long Kashmir will be much more freely opened to British enterprise than it has yet been.

The Vale of Kashmir was, however, but the starting point for the more serious work. Mr. Knight accompanied Captain Bower on the earlier stages of his great journey across Tibet from west to east. He gives a lively and graphic sketch of their expedition as it set out from Gunderbal at the mouth of the Sind Valley, and took the Leh road to Central Asia. At Leh, the capital of Ladak and the great trade emporium of Central Asia, Mr. Knight spent some time, making an excursion to the monastery at Himis, where for two days he watched the great mystery play, of which he gives a very interesting account. Some idea of this curious ceremonial may be gathered from the illustrations taken from photographs which Mr. Knight received special permission from the abbot to take; "but no photograph," he says, "can do justice to a scene in which was present such an extraordinary wealth of colour—the orange robes of the yellow lamas; the draperies of the red lamas, of various shades, from fiery red to purple black; the red, white, and green dresses of the thronging people; the numerous rich tones of the painted monastery and the hanging banners; the mud-coloured town and crags behind, glaring in the sunshine; and lastly, above the whole picture, the beautiful blue of the Tibetan sky." From Leh Mr. Knight obtained special permission to travel to Gilgit, the northernmost post of the Indian Empire, where there were rumours of the impending trouble with the robber chief of Hunza Nagar. On returning to Srinagar these rumours were confirmed, and after a stay of only a few days at the capital Mr. Knight, having obtained the necessary permission, retraced his steps along the Gilgit road, determined to see what was to be seen of the impending campaign.

It is a fortunate thing that Mr. Knight had the happy inspiration to take part in Colonel Durand's brilliant little campaign against the Hunza Nagar robbers, for otherwise the operations by which the two states were brought to recognise the suzerainty of Great Britain might have been without an historian, and English readers would certainly have been deprived of a detailed and stirring account of one of the most hazardous and brilliant of our many little frontier wars. By the aid of illustration and outline sketches, Mr. Knight enables even the non-military reader to follow every step in the campaign, but space does not permit us to do more than indicate what the reader who consults Mr. Knight's book will find for himself.

In his preface Mr. Knight takes credit that he has as far as possible confined himself to a narrative of his own experiences without attempting to theorise as to what ought to be done or left undone on the Indian frontier. The claim is one that may fairly be admitted. That Mr. Knight has views on many questions of Central Asian politics is clear enough, but nowhere are they thrust down the reader's throat; and it is not Mr. Knight's views that constitute the charm and value of his book. He has visited countries—which, if not unknown, are certainly unvisited by the great majority of Englishmen—under exceptionally favourable circumstances, and he has taken with him the eyes to see and the power to describe what he has seen. It is more than probable that in the not far distant future the tumbled mass of gigantic mountains that have been curiously christened the "high roof of the world" may be the theatre of a diplomatic campaign in which the three empires of Mr. Knight's title will each play a part. There is nothing like political disturbance for exciting geographical interest in distant parts of the world, and should the barriers and the delimitation of frontiers in the high places of the earth ever bulk largely in the public eye, Mr. Knight's book will supply a very graphic picture of the conditions under which men live among the gigantic Himalayan solitudes. Meanwhile the ever-widening circle of those who read books of travel because they enjoy them will find both instruction and amusement in Mr. Knight's narrative.

FICTION.

MARION DACHE: A Story without Comment. By F. Marion Crawford. In 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE TRESPASSER. By Gilbert Parker. ("Arrowsmith's Annual.") Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

DREAM LIFE AND REAL LIFE: A Little African Story. By the author of "The Story of an African Farm." ("Pseudonym Library.") London: T. Fisher Unwin.

STORIES FROM GARSHIN. Translated by E. L. Voynich. Introduction by S. Stepniak. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

To leave the soil of Italy is usually, in the case of Mr. Marion Crawford, to fall to a lower level than that which he has attained in his Roman romances. "Marion Dache" is no exception to the rule. It is a story of New York life; clever, brilliant even, but by no means satisfying. The heroine has made a mistake in choosing her husband. She might have had Harry Brett, the straightforward, true-hearted gentleman; and she has married instead John Dache, the selfish, cold-blooded, scheming speculator. Too true a woman readily to admit her mistake even to herself, she finds consolation amid her matrimonial disappointments in attending to old Mr. Dache, her husband's father, and the nominal head of the company in which John Dache is the ruling spirit. Harry Brett is merely a friend, who visits the luxurious house at his pleasure, but is no more favoured than any other guest. But a terrible awakening comes to Marion. Her husband, whose reputation as a man of business and millionaire had seemingly been above reproach, is convicted of criminal frauds, and only avoids a long term of imprisonment by escaping from the police through the assistance afforded him by Brett. Marion Dache, her father-in-law dead, and her brutal and faithless husband a fugitive from justice, awakes too late to a knowledge of the fact that Brett is the only man she has ever really loved, and that her life is spoiled. Mr. Crawford handles the situation with the skill that might have been expected from him, and we have no word of complaint to utter regarding his treatment of his theme. But, somehow or other, these very modern Americans of his do not interest or impress us as his Roman nobles and adventurers do. They are cleverly sketched, but they fail to convey to the English reader, at all events, that impression of reality which is produced by his Saracinescas and Coronas. To say this is not to disparage Mr. Crawford's great gifts as a novelist. It is merely to intimate that he is at his best in a particular field, and only at his second-best in another. If "Marion Dache" had come from the pen of an unknown writer we should have been loud in its praise. It is only because it is written by Mr. Crawford that the critic finds it somewhat disappointing.

"The Trespasser" is the latest number of Mr. Arrowsmith's remarkable series of Christmas annuals. To say that it has in it quite as much matter as may be found in many a three-volume novel, and that it is sold for a shilling instead of a guinea and a half, is but to touch the least of its merits. In plot, in execution, and in literary skill, it is worth more than many three-volume novels, whilst the leading character is one of the most striking and original figures in modern fiction. He comes suddenly upon the scene from the remote north-west of the great lone land. We find him claiming his place in the stately English home he has never seen before, and from which his father had fled, as a youth, in disgrace. He brings into the stereotyped routine of an old country family a novel and disturbing influence; but his grandfather, the baronet, takes to him at once, and he is forthwith installed in the place of favourite and heir in the household, to the disadvantage of his uncle, the eldest son. The most remarkable feature about Gaston Belward is that, though he is the son of his father by a marriage with an Indian half-caste, he is the exact reproduction in figure and countenance of a bygone ancestor, Sir Gaston Belward, whose recumbent effigy occupies a place in the old church at Ridley

Court. And the resemblance is not external merely. This Gaston Belward has a strange knowledge of events in the family history only known among living men to the head of the house, and, to the amazement of the latter, he can recount the deeds of his ancestor, Sir Gaston, in Sir Gaston's own language. Is he a reincarnation of his ancestor, or is he not? This is one of the problems which Mr. Parker sets us in his fascinating story. The description of the young adventurer's first experiences in England, and of his introduction to county society, is admirable; nor does he ever fail to interest the reader and enlist his sympathies. The drawback to the story is to be found in the extent to which the author has relied upon painful and unpleasant incidents, and in a certain want of finish or completeness in the picture as a whole. It is a bit of literary impressionism, very clever and telling, but leaving too much to the imagination of the reader. Moreover, it does not seem to us that there is any justification for those darker features which Mr. Parker has introduced into his tale. There was no need to have made Gaston Belward a murderer; nor was it essential to introduce into the story such a character as Alice Wingfield. Mr. Parker, however, will probably justify himself on the plea that it was necessary to bring certain unpleasant details into early prominence in order to prepare the mind of the reader for the final catastrophe. We by no means admit the sufficiency of the justification, but it cannot be denied that the author has given us a very thrilling and original story.

"If an angel should gather up in his cup all the tears that have been shed, I think the bitterest would be those of children." In this sentence we have the keynote of Olive Schreiner's philosophy, and a beautiful and true philosophy it is. Her latest book, "Dream Life and Real Life," published in the Pseudonym Library, is a mere trifle in point of bulk; it might all go into a few pages of a magazine, and yet within the limits of those pages would be found such a wealth of tender feeling and sympathetic insight into human character as can hardly be discovered in many novels of the regulation length. A little booklet of this kind calls neither for criticism nor analysis, but no one who has appreciated the former works from the same hand will fail to find delight in the perusal of "Dream Life and Real Life."

The latest addition to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's "Independent Novel Series" is one of real importance. "Stories from Garshin" comes before the public with the double advantage of an interesting and sympathetic preface by M. Stepniak, and of an admirably close and idiomatic translation by Mrs. Voynich. It is, indeed, time that English readers should become acquainted with the work of the gifted young Russian, for the present volume amply justifies M. Stepniak's eulogy of Garshin as a writer of actual genius. The four short stories which make up the book show remarkable power of tragic delineation, and an intensity of sympathy which goes far to explain the sad story of the author's career—a troubled career, ending in madness and suicide at the age of only thirty-two. How true and fine an artist was lost to literature by Garshin's untimely death is evident in every page of these striking stories, which unite poetic imagination of a high order with an extraordinarily vivid and impressive simplicity of style. Peculiar interest attaches to the first story, "The Scarlet Flower"—a grimly faithful study of insanity—since it was, as M. Stepniak tells us, the "swan-song" of the unfortunate author, written in an interval of sanity, shortly before his last and fatal attack. This story is finely poetic in conception, and executed with the perfection of artistic workmanship. A longer sketch, "From the Memoirs of Private Ivanov," exhibits the impressions of military life which Garshin received in the Turkish war of 1877, when he served as a volunteer in the Russian army. As a story, it is lacking in cohesion; but as a series of pictures

of camp-life—seen, not in the glamour of romance, but in the cold, clear light of reality—this sketch possesses very great artistic merit. The same subject, treated with the same tragic force, is the motive of the next story, entitled "A Coward." The last story, "An Occurrence," is even more steeped in hopeless gloom than the preceding sketches, sounding the fathomless depths of human misery and degradation. The story is that of a girl of good birth and education, who, in sheer innocence and helplessness, has fallen into a life of shame. Wretched outcast as she has become, an honest man loves her and longs to reclaim her; but she cannot take the outstretched hand that would draw her into safety, and the story ends in despair and death. This painful incident is narrated with a simplicity that is deeply impressive. Its terrible force of irony and insight, its impassioned sympathy with suffering humanity, its artistic finish, all combine to render "An Occurrence" notable in a volume where every page is pregnant with meaning. A word of praise is due to the translator of these Russian stories, whose difficult task has been performed with unusual judgment and ability. Lovers of literature will appreciate the result of an experiment which gives them a book so distinguished for sombre grandeur, for beauty of language, and for burning pathos. We trust that the success of this volume will encourage Mr. Fisher Unwin to complete the translation of Garshin's works at some not distant period.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

THE publishers of Christmas cards are, as usual, well to the fore, though Christmas still lies some weeks ahead. Among the most successful of the purveyors to the public taste this year are Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons and Messrs. C. W. Faulkner & Co. The former have issued, so they state, nearly eleven hundred sets of new cards for the present season, and those which we have seen certainly deserve commendation, not only for their artistic beauty, but for their remarkable cheapness. Designed to meet all possible requirements, they range from grave to gay, from sentimental to humorous, from the merely civil to the really affectionate. They are specially happy in their floral designs, some of which have artistic merit of a very high order, whilst their autograph cards meet a growing popular demand. Messrs. Faulkner produce a rather different class of card, in which the chaste rather than the florid in colour or design is aimed at; but here also we have to note the marked advance which is being made in the artistic excellence of these productions.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE book of elegant extracts in prose and verse, arranged on a more or less intelligible plan for reading, is becoming somewhat of a drug in the market. Within recent years two or three good books of the kind—compiled with conspicuous judgment, knowledge, and catholic taste—have won a considerable, and, indeed, a deserved, vogue; but their success has led—as was, perhaps, inevitable—to the rapid production of quite a bewildering number fashioned on similar lines on some mere scissors-and-paste principle. Therefore it happens that when a really choice book of the kind now appears, it runs a considerable chance of being pushed contemptuously aside with other purely "manufactured" and superfluous works. For two reasons we desire to call special attention to "A Book of Thoughts," the latest collection of memorable passages and golden sayings which has fallen into our hands. We value the book, then—first, because the extracts, though they do not bear evidence of a wide outlook on literature, have been culled with discrimination as well as with an accurate discernment of that which is good and beautiful and true in life no less than in literature; and next, because these thoughts are "linked with memories of John Bright," and throw significant light on the literary appreciations of a statesman whose name will ever be an honoured household word in England. Mrs. Curry declares that her first thought was to "compile a book for daily reading," differing somewhat from

*A BOOK OF THOUGHTS. Linked with Memories of John Bright. By Mary B. Curry. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo.
 PORTUGAL AND ITS PEOPLE. A History. By W. A. Salisbury. Portrait and Illustrations. (T. Nelson & Sons.) Crown 8vo.
 WEATHER LORE: A COLLECTION OF PROVERBS, SAYINGS, AND RULES CONCERNING THE WEATHER. Compiled and arranged by Richard Inwards, F.R.A.S. (London: Elliot Stock.) Demy 8vo.
 BIBLE FOR TEACHERS, AND HELPS TO THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE. Oxford: The University Press.

those which had come under her own notice. Afterwards the idea grew upon her that it might be well to make the book reflect her distinguished father's favourite reading; and that was possible, not only because of the recollections of her girlhood, but because of the pencil-marks which John Bright had made in the books on his own shelves and in the course of his own reading. Mrs. Curry accordingly sends this "Book of Thoughts" forth with the assurance that the passages of prose and poetry which it contains are all peculiarly associated with her father's memory, and that they were to him, "as much during the busy years of his life as during times of greater leisure and of illness, a constant source of mental and spiritual refreshment." In one direction the scope of the volume has been widened by the introduction of a few noble passages—full of the enthusiasm of humanity and of commanding moral fervour—from John Bright's speeches on occasions which were critical in the annals of his country. All the world knows that John Bright was a man of simple tastes and generous emotions, and these aspects of character are thrown into relief in the pages before us. The first impression which we gather from the book is its freedom from mawkish and unhealthy sentiment; and next, we are struck with Mr. Bright's leanings towards America as represented by men of the stamp of Longfellow and Whittier, Bryant and Emerson, and last, but by no means least, James Russell Lowell. The author of the "Vision of Sir Launfal" is represented by twenty-two passages, a larger number than is accorded to any other writer, ancient or modern. It is odd to find Mr. Lewis Morris much more in evidence than Milton; but then Mr. Bright was always singularly enthusiastic about "The Epic of Hades," to the amazement, it must be confessed, of not a few critical minds. Mrs. Barrett Browning is represented by fourteen quotations, and Shakespeare by two, whilst Shelley and Carlyle are both conspicuous by their absence. Yet, in its way, the note of catholicity is in the book, for Bunyan and Tauler, Trench and Martineau, Jeremy Taylor and Jonathan Edwards, Joseph Addison and Joseph Mazzini, rub shoulders, so to speak, with Sir Philip Sidney, Thomas à Kempis, Dante Rossetti, George Herbert and Ben Jonson. As might be expected, there is a strong leaven of Quaker worthies, from Fox and Penn downwards to the demure modern oracles of unimpeachable commonplace.

There was room for a short and sensible history of Portugal, and Mr. Salisbury has written it. He has contrived to bring within the compass of less than three hundred and fifty pages all that can possibly be expected in a popular account of the growth of the nation and the characteristics of its people. There is truth in the assertion that on the map of the Peninsula the kingdom of Portugal looks neither more nor less than a province of Spain. After all, its length is only about as much as the distance between London and Berwick, whilst its breadth, which is tolerably uniform, is something like the space which divides the estuary of the Humber from that of the Mersey. It contains an area of thirty-four square miles, which is less than one-fifth of the superficial extent of Spain. It is, of course, inevitable, in a monograph like the present, that many details of consequence in the annals of the nation should be omitted, but Mr. Salisbury can at least claim that he has done his best in the space at his disposal, and we, moreover, are able to add that he has written a well-informed and impressive book. There was a time when Lisbon was the chief market in the world for the silk, spices, pearls, ivory, and other riches of the East, but the Portuguese rested too long on their laurels, and allowed other nations to outstrip them in the race for wealth and power. Yet, though in a commercial sense depressed, Portugal to-day is neither dead nor dying. "Fifty years ago the entire tonnage was under half-a-million; ten years ago it had risen to nearly five millions; and now it is well-nigh eight millions." Nearly half-a-century ago primary education was made compulsory in Portugal—provided there was a public school within a mile; unluckily, at that time, this left a pretty wide loophole for escape, and a good many children, especially in the rural districts, ran wild in consequence. Now, however, there is much better school accommodation, though a good deal still remains to be done. Lisbon is still to some extent what Sydney Smith called Edinburgh, a "picturesque but unfragrant city"; but affairs, in a sanitary sense, have improved in the city of the historic earthquake since the time when Byron did well to be angry over the neglect of the authorities. As for the people, they are in the country very superstitious—the peasantry, at all events; whilst the town-folk, especially in the capital, are fond to an almost childish extent of ostentatious display.

If there is one subject beyond another in which everybody, rich and poor, wise and simple, is interested, it surely is the weather, and we venture to think that there is no topic under the sun about which even clever and witty men habitually speak in a more hopelessly commonplace manner. Yet the pages of "Weather Lore"—a volume compiled by Mr. Richard Inwards, of the Royal Meteorological Society—are filled with shrewd adages, quaint proverbs, and more or less infallible rules concerning times and seasons, sunshine and storm, wind and rain. The wisdom of the ancients is in the book, and many a weather-beaten oracle—besides the once famous "Shepherd of

Banbury," with his forty years' experience—has given his mite to swell the resources of this treasury of wise saws.

The Oxford University Press has issued its edition of the Bible for Teachers in a number of new and very convenient sizes. The accompanying "Helps to the Study of the Bible," bound up with each copy of the Scriptures, contains an enormous amount of information useful not only to Sunday School teachers, but to all Biblical students. In its new forms the Teachers' Bible is likely to enjoy a still greater popularity than that which it has already attained.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- SEVENTY YEARS OF IRISH LIFE. By W. R. Le Fanu. (Arnold.)
 YOU'LL LOVE ME YET. By F. Haswell. THAT LITTLE WOMAN. By Ida J. Lemon. (Cassell's Sunshine Series.) (Cassell.)
 THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE, 1893. (Isbister.)
 GOOD WORDS, 1893. (Isbister.)
 WORTHINGTON JUNIOR. By Edith Siebel. Three Vols. (Swan Sonnenschein.)
 ADVENTURES IN AUSTRALIA FIFTY YEARS AGO. By James Dematt. (Swan Sonnenschein.)
 THEATRICAL NOTES. By Joseph Knight. (Lawrence & Bullen.)
 SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS. By John Davidson. (Lawrence & Bullen.)
 EYES LIKE THE SEA. Translated from the Hungarian of Maurus Jókai by R. Nisbet Bain. Three vols. (Lawrence & Bullen.)
 A CANDIDATE'S SPEECHES. By one who has never been a Candidate. (Swan Sonnenschein.)
 LATIN AND GREEK VERSE. By the Rev. Saunders Evans, M.A., D.D. Edited by the Rev. Joseph Waite, M.A., D.D. (Cambridge University Press.)
 THE WAIF FROM THE WAVES. By W. J. Knox Little. (Chapman & Hall.)
 PRACTICAL ESSAYS ON AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D. (Longmans.)
 POLITICS IN A DEMOCRACY. An Essay. By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. (Longmans.)
 THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY EXTENSION GAZETTE. Vol. III. October, 1892—September, 1893. (Oxford: H. Hart.)
 JOHNSON'S LIFE OF ADDISON. With Introduction and Notes by F. Ryland M.A. (Bell's English Classics.) (G. Bell.)
 THE BOOK OF THE HORSE. By S. Sidney. New Edition. Revised by J. Sinclair and W. C. A. Blew, M.A. (Cassell.)
 LETTERS AND PAPERS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC, OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII. Arranged by J. Gairdner. Vol. XIII. Part II. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)
 A SUMMARY OF BRITISH HISTORY. By the Rev. E. Sanderson, M.A. (Blackie.)
 SCHILLER'S "SONG OF THE BELL," AND OTHER POEMS. Edited by George Macdonald. (Blackie.)
 THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES. By G. Wharton Edwards. (Unwin.)
 THE LAST DAY OF THE CARNIVAL. By J. Kostromitin. Translated from the Russian. (Unwin.)
 OUT OF IT. A Story for Children. By A. F. Radcliffe. (Unwin.)
 LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF TOMMASO SALVINI. (Unwin.)
 THE WHITE ISLANDER. By Mary H. Catherwood. (Unwin.)
 THE MEMOIRS AND TRAVELS OF MAURITIUS AUGUSTUS, COUNT DE BENZOWSKY. From the translation of his original manuscript. (1741—1771.) By W. Nicholson, F.R.S., 1790. Edited by Captain Pasfield Oliver. (The Adventure Series.) (Unwin.)
 THE ART JOURNAL, 1893. (Virtue.)
 GOLF: A ROYAL ANCIENT GAME. Edited by Robert Clark, F.R.S.E., F.S.A. (Macmillan.)
 ORCHARD SONGS. By Norman Gale. (Mathews & Lane.)
 LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. A Play About a Good Woman. By Oscar Wilde. (Mathews & Lane.)
 POEMS. By Francis Thompson. (Mathews & Lane.)
 A SOCIAL POLICY FOR THE CHURCH. By the Rev. T. C. Fry, D.D. (Rivington, Percival.)
 UNDER A SPELL. A Story for Children. By Ellerton Gay. (Jarrold.)
 GOLD FOR DROSS. By Mrs. Courney. Three Vols. (Hutchinson.)
 FRENCH IDIOMS AND PROVERBS. By De V. Payen-Payne. (Nutt.)
 SECRETS OF THE PRISON-HOUSE; OR, GAOL STUDIES AND SKETCHES. By Arthur Griffiths, Major. Two Vols. (Chapman & Hall.)
 WEIRD TALES FROM NORTHERN SEAS. From the Danish of Jonas Lie. By R. Nisbet Bain. (Kegan Paul.)
 MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER. By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.)
 SABLE AND WHITE. By Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M. (Jarrold.)
 "UPBRAID NOT EYE." By N. Daly. (Cork: Purcell & Co.)
 AN ARMY DOCTOR'S ROMANCE. By Grant Allen. (The Breezy Library Series.) (Raphael Tuck.)
 THE FIRST PART OF GOETHE'S "FAUST." Translated by Anna Swanwick. (G. Bell.)
 OFFICIAL GUIDE TO THE MIDLAND RAILWAY. New Edition. (Cassell.)
 PRINTERS' MARKS. By W. Roberts. (G. Bell.)
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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1893.

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NOTICE.

A SPECIAL LITERARY SUPPLEMENT will be issued gratis with Next Saturday's Number of THE SPEAKER.

THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: THE Opposition has continued, during the past week, the tactics by which it is sought to prevent the passing of the Local Government Bill before Christmas. Upon this point we do not see how the Tory party can pretend to offer a denial to the charge brought against it. True, its members offer no open opposition to the Bill; they are content to trust to the effect produced by an incessant flow of words and the accumulation of amendments. But the real meaning of their tactics is pointed by their party organs, such as the *Standard*. These journals exult in the impossibility of getting the Bill through Committee before Christmas, and openly put forth the demand that the clauses relating to the administration of the Poor-Law shall be dropped, as a condition of its passing at all. Ministers are thus placed in a position of very considerable difficulty. Happily, in this, as in most cases, the courageous policy is also the best. They have already proclaimed their determination to press the Bill forward, no matter how long the discussions may take. By adhering to this resolution their ultimate success is certain, though they may in the end be compelled to make use of the rules of procedure in order to stay the flood of talk which for the moment threatens to engulf their great measure.

So far as it gives any assistance to the agitation for the extension of the Parliamentary franchise to women, we cannot pretend to like the acceptance by the Government of the results of Mr. MacLaren's successful amendment of last week. Mr. Fowler on Tuesday stated that Ministers were prepared to insert a new clause in the Bill for the purpose of removing the disqualification of married women as municipal voters—that is to say, the Bill will be altered in such a manner that the woman who pays rates in her own name shall have a vote, whether she is married or single. As we have said, we do not like any step which appears to lead in the direction of so undesirable and mischievous a constitutional revolution as the enlargement of the Parliamentary franchise by the admission of women. But Mr. Fowler's amendment can hardly be said to be of this character. Women already possess the municipal franchise, and all that Ministers now propose to do is to take away the disqualification imposed by marriage upon women-voters otherwise eligible. But though we do not regard this as being "the thin end of the wedge," it must unquestionably affect the future discussion of the female suffrage question. The disqualification which is to be removed on the municipal register would hardly be set up again on the Parliamentary register, supposing women were permitted to vote. Thus the change in the balance of power which the adoption of female suffrage must entail becomes larger and more revolutionary than ever.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN on Thursday evening delivered his promised attack on the Third Reading of the Employers' Liability Bill. It was not so deadly an attack as he threatened when announcing his plan to a Birmingham interviewer a few days ago on his return from America, for he mercifully refrained from taking a division against the Third Reading; and the measure actually went up to the House of Lords without a hostile vote. Mr. Chamberlain's reasons for not taking a division were interesting. They were, first that he was sure to be beaten, and second that the Irish members would have joined the friends of the Bill in helping to beat him. With regard to this argument about the voting of Irish members by the way, Mr. Chamberlain will soon have to make up his mind exactly how he is going to use it. Hitherto it has been used as an argument against the Home Rule Bill, as if the influence of the Irish members in the House of Commons were a novelty which that measure was about to introduce into the Constitution. It would appear from Mr. Chamberlain's latest position as if it were now an argument against the state of things as it is—against the state of things which was established exactly ninety-three years ago by the Act of Union. Mr. Chamberlain ought to elect whether it is the Act of Union or the Home Rule Bill he really means to injure when he gives vent to his dislike of the Irish representatives. His chief case against the Employers' Liability Bill consisted of an ingenious presentation of the misleading views on the question of voluntary insurance which he expressed earlier in the week to the interviewer of the *Birmingham Post*. The Bill, as we have said, has survived his onslaught, and now awaits its fate in the House of Lords.

THE complete defeat of Lobengula seems now to be an established fact. The latest reports from Major Forbes were to the effect that the King's impi had deserted him, and that, with a few personal followers, he was trying to escape to the Somabulu forest. This news is very welcome, in face of the fact that early in the week some disquieting rumours as to a British defeat were current. Mr. Rhodes and the Chartered Company can now take full credit to themselves for having crushed their enemy without having had to call upon the Imperial Government for help of any kind. In doing so they have saved both themselves and Ministers from a very serious embarrassment. The Chartered Company will now doubtless try to turn its victory to financial account. We trust, however, that the Government will insist upon a full inquiry into the origin of the war, and will keep a watchful eye upon the future operations of the Company in Matabeleland.

IN some respects the most important event of the past week has been the extraordinary gale, amounting in violence to something like a hurricane, which prevailed over Western Europe for several days. It is many years since a storm at once so fierce and so prolonged has occurred. The extent of territory which it covered is also remarkable. It began, apparently, in the Atlantic, and the passages of the great passenger steamers last week were almost the worst upon record. The storm broke upon the British Isles on Friday, and, coming southward, raged about London and in the Channel on Saturday and Sunday. It spread as far south as Lisbon, and the sea in the Bay of Biscay was terrific. Unfortunately, many disasters, both by sea and land, occurred, and there has been a great loss of life. Perhaps the most satisfactory features of the gale have been the safety of the great passenger steamers, all of which appear to have weathered it successfully, and the valuable services rendered by the lifeboats on the English coast. An immense number of lives have been saved by the efforts of that most deserving of institutions. After such a calamity the mind naturally turns to the subject of harbours of refuge, which, however, as Mr. Mundella noticed in his reply on Thursday, are anything but an adequate preventive of casualties. Moreover, if we are to have them, we must have better engineering than at Jersey or Alderney, better chosen sites than at Portpatrick, and more rapid work than at Dover.

THE close of the Coal Strike came too late to be commented upon last week, and the news is now almost stale. Nevertheless, the successful issue of the Foreign Office conference is an event of such importance that it cannot be passed over. All present at the conference pledged themselves to secrecy, and nothing trustworthy has transpired regarding the prolonged discussion which took place before a settlement was arrived at. All that is known is that in the end both sides agreed to the appointment of a Board of Conciliation for a year at least, the Board to consist of an equal number of coalowners and miners, and an independent chairman, who will either be elected by the Board or appointed by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The Board is to have power from time to time to determine the rate of wages on and from February 1st, 1894. On this understanding the men resume work at once at the old rate of wages. This settlement represents a distinct compromise between the previous proposals both of masters and men. The solution seems an equitable one, and Lord Rosebery, by the part he has taken in bringing it about, has earned the gratitude of all classes of his fellow-countrymen. Since the settlement of the dispute, many collieries

have been reopened, but in numerous cases the damage done through the pits standing idle for so long a period is so great that some time must elapse before they can be worked. Great distress, therefore, still exists in the mining districts, and the continued help of the charitable is urgently needed.

THE movement for the adoption of a large programme of special shipbuilding for the Navy has been carried forward with vigour during the past week. Certain proposals put forward some time ago by Lord Charles Beresford have been made public; and as Lord Charles was really the author of the programme adopted under the Naval Defence Act, his new scheme has naturally attracted a large amount of attention. It involves an additional expenditure during the next four years upon shipbuilding of nearly eighteen millions. Such a demand is certain to strike terror into the heart of any Chancellor of the Exchequer. But it is clear that the public is in earnest in calling for a continuance of the policy of the Naval Defence Act, and, that being the case, the ways and means will have to be found. As we have more than once pointed out, an increase in the Naval estimates ought to be attended by a large reduction in the Army estimates. It is nothing less than shameful that the British army should cost the country seventeen millions annually, compared with the twenty-one millions spent for military purposes by Germany, or the twenty-five millions spent by France. A rigid economy in military expenditure would go a long way towards providing for the outlay necessitated by an increase in the Fleet.

MR. BOOTH'S elaborately prepared presidential address to the Royal Statistical Society last Tuesday evening not only gives some general views of life in London which will probably cause a good deal of surprise among non-statisticians, but suggests and partly constructs a most valuable "statistical instrument" to be used by the comparative sociologist. Working on the figures of the last census, and going through the districts of London one by one, Mr. Booth shows with great care and elaboration that (in spite of our English reputation for domestic comfort) not far from one-third of the population of London may be regarded as overcrowded, and more than four-fifths of its families (excluding those who have renounced family life and live in hotels) keep no servant at all; considerably more than a fourth of the rest keep only a struggling "general"; while those who keep four or five are only about three in a thousand.

THE investigation brings out some other unexpected results. There is a curious divergence between the extremes of crowding and of poverty, due partly to the growth of suburban slums, whose spaciousness is their sole merit, partly to the presence of foreigners in some districts, partly to the necessity that some classes of artisans should live near the great shops, and partly (as in Paddington) to the presence of coachmen's families in the mews. Another divergence between early marriage and increase of population has a simpler explanation, in that the excess of births in poor districts is more than balanced by a high death-rate. Moreover, Mr. Booth, in anticipation of his next volume, has made a provisional comparison between the rates of wages earned in certain trades and the classification by standards of comfort which will elucidate what he admirably calls the real *terra incognita* of social science—the life of great cities. The founders of sociology were fond of insisting on its difficulty, but we do not think that they had any notion of such elaborate "instruments" as Mr. Booth's.

THE meeting of the London School Board last Thursday was notable, first for the annual financial

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

statement, which is to be fully debated next week, and next for the revelation of a breach of confidence, attributed to Mr. Athelstan Riley, and not repudiated by him, consisting in the communication to two Church papers of the proceedings—hitherto considered private and confidential—of the School Management Committee. This breach of the ordinary usages of a public body is hardly likely to facilitate the work of the Board or promote the ends which the Church party have at heart; nor can it be supposed that communications so presented are absolutely to be depended on. The affair only shows how desirable it is that the proceedings of the Board, and its Extreme Right in particular, should be carefully watched in view of next year's election.

ABROAD. WHILE the various Parliaments which have just begun their session on the Continent are getting to work, there is a curious lull in the political atmosphere abroad—broken only by Count Kalnoky's visit to Monza, of which we spoke last week, and by M. Flourens' Chauvinist article, of which more anon. The purpose of the visit, according to a diplomatic correspondent of the organ of the present Italian Premier, was to arrange an important alteration in the mutual obligations of the three members of the Triple Alliance, in view of the probable establishment of a Russian naval station in the Mediterranean. Italy's primary duty is now to be to guarantee to Austria the possession of Trieste (it is not stated what the champions of Unredeemed Italy will say to the arrangement) in case of an attack by the Russian fleet at the same time as a Russian army is marching on Vienna. In the event of success, Italy is to have her reward; and people are speculating whether it will take the form of a cession of the Trentino.

M. FLOURENS' article, though the channel of publication to which he has confided it is not of the highest repute, comes with the authority of an ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, and is admirably adapted to stimulate both French Chauvinism in the matter of Siam, to which we refer elsewhere, and the naval alarm among ourselves, which is steadily gathering strength. When we find it suggested that in the interest of Spanish finance a Franco-Russian fleet should proceed to demonstrate off the coast of Morocco, that France should become the protector of Islam in Africa, "as Russia, supplanting England, has in Asia," and that the result is to be our evacuation of Egypt, we feel, even though the exact concatenation of these propositions may not be visible, a certain impulse towards Jingoism which, though illogical, is irresistible. And the impulse is certainly not weakened by the extreme irritability shown by the French press touching the new Anglo-German Convention as to West Africa, even though it is perfectly apparent that M. Flourens' primary motive lies in the region of domestic politics.

HOWEVER, France has a more pressing, if less sensational, problem before her than that of posing as the champion of Islam in Africa—to wit, the construction of a working Parliamentary Government; and it cannot be said that the Ministerial programme, as announced on Tuesday, brings her much nearer that desirable end. It is a strictly business programme, which puts aside such exciting questions as the revision of the Constitution and the relation of Church and State in favour of the more urgent and more prosaic reforms of the door and window tax and the taxes on alcohol, the renewal of the privileges of the Bank of France, and legislation on a variety of social and labour questions. But unless great latitude is allowed to the supporters of the Ministry, it will be difficult to keep a majority together on a programme which

consists so largely of detail: even though two hundred deputies have stamped themselves as "Ministerialists" before hearing what the Ministry had to say. Probably the best hope of forming a compact Ministerial party lies in the conduct of the Socialists. They have definitely appeared as a "group" in the Chamber, and elected one of its eight secretaries from their own body, with some Radical assistance; their "Internationalism and Collectivism" has been formally repudiated in the Ministerial programme; and the debate provoked by this proceeding has done much to rally the Moderates and part of the Radicals in favour of the principles of the Revolution which are essentially Individualist, against the tyranny of the new Collectivism as expounded at Carmaux.

THE Brussels experiment in Proportional Representation, of which we spoke last week, was duly tried on Sunday with somewhat unfortunate effects. It was assumed that there were eighteen seats to be filled and that six parties were competing: 12,154 persons polled, and it took about five hours to bring out the results. This was not unsatisfactory; but as the Catholics and Liberals stayed away, and the Socialists, eager for an advertisement, voted "early and often," the latter carried ten seats out of the eighteen—a fact which is of absolutely no importance in itself, but which will inevitably lead the unintelligent majority to believe, first, that Brussels is hopelessly Socialist; next, that under Proportional Representation the Socialists would have it all their own way. Both conclusions are, of course, absurd; but it is not the first time that the Socialists' eagerness for an advertisement has injured their own cause. However, the Ministry is undeterred, and has determined on the introduction of the system illustrated last Sunday.

THE business now before the German Reichstag—the ratification of the commercial treaties with Spain, Servia, and Roumania—seems likely to begin the great storm. The Catholic Centre manifests an unexpected hostility to them: and the Conservatives, of course, object on principle to all treaties of commerce, as derogating from the patriotic duty of protection to native agriculture. However, these latter have a measure in prospect prohibiting the immigration of foreign Jews, which is likely to lead to even stormier debates. Indeed it seems not wholly impossible that the fortuitous coalition, representing only a minority of the voters, which is to carry the new taxes rendered necessary by the Army Bills, may break up before the debates are finished.

THE reassembling of the Austrian and Italian Parliaments takes place amid every sign of the bursting of the tempest which has long been gathering. In Italy the energetic platform campaign provoked by the Ministerial declaration at Dronero has been wound up by a vigorous and comprehensive attack by Signor Cavallotti, the leader of the Extreme Left. The decree for the payment of customs duties in gold has already got the Ministry into trouble at home for altering statute law by royal decree, and into trouble abroad for violating the commercial treaty with Switzerland by raising the duties in a manner not contemplated when it was made. The Swiss Federal Council has formally protested; the matter is to be referred to arbitration, and if the decision is unfavourable to Switzerland and the commercial treaty denounced, the greatest losers will be the Italian producers. The report of the Parliamentary Committee on the banking scandals, though it discloses less actual corruption in the past than had been expected, condemns very severely the suppression of documents in the case by the Ministry and considerably diminishes the likelihood that the Giolitti Cabinet will weather the storm. Should it sink, probably a

Zanardelli Cabinet will succeed it, and there will be no real change in the situation. In Austria the Ministry intends to make electoral reform the chief article in its programme, but it seems certain that the reform will only extend the present system and fall far short of the scheme proposed by Count Taaffe. The present Ministry, however, is more likely to break up through the natural incompatibility of its elements than through any attack by its adversaries, whether United Slavs or others.

THE municipal elections in Spain were held on Sunday, and passed off quietly enough. Six months ago, it may be remembered, they were postponed, after a Parliamentary struggle of almost unexampled severity, on the ground that large Republican successes in them were certain, and would seriously endanger the present régime. Since then, however, Liberals and Conservatives have combined against the common foe; the "rallied" Republicans of the Castelar type have joined them in the support of candidates well affected towards the present dynasty; Republican divisions have played havoc with their chances; they are beaten in Madrid and most of the large towns, and their notable successes number only four or five; and the Moorish war and the Anarchist panic have somewhat sobered the violence of party politics. The Ministry, therefore, which last May was almost explicitly proposing to manipulate the registers, has not found it necessary to take any unusual steps in the way of directing the expression of the popular will in the manner usual in Southern Europe.

THE perversions of national sentiment are many and curious; but the oddest of them is that just expressed in the attempted dynamite outrage at Montreal. Of course, there is a permanent feud between the French-Canadian press and what it calls "les journaux orangistes"; the hottest of the fray is necessarily in Montreal; and, apart from these causes of irritation, it may be conceded that there is a certain incongruity between a monument to Nelson and a square called after Jacques Cartier, that French-Canadians, with their early marriages and huge families, can have no tolerance for sins against the household, and that in the mind of a perfervid young zealot it may have seemed a duty to protest against the conjunction of public honours and private vice, even when sanctioned by history. But all this is not much extenuation for dynamiters, especially dynamiters who wear the Queen's uniform. The recklessness of the outrage is only surpassed by its absurdity. In spite of the sympathy between French-Canadians and their distant cousins on this side of the Atlantic which has been industriously worked up of late years in Paris, it is impossible to get over the fact that they are separated by more than a century of civilisation, and by a social and intellectual abyss wholly impassable. How Trafalgar can matter to the French-Canadians it is not easy to see. If they think of it at all, it should surely be with satisfaction; since Nelson was certainly working for the restoration of the Catholic and Monarchical France to which they belong in spirit, and against the Republican and Napoleonic France which they detest.

FROM Brazil, news of a trustworthy kind is still very scanty, and the results hitherto known are indecisive. The insurgents have suffered their first severe loss in the sinking of one of their ironclads. But the Trent affair reported last week turns out to be a fiction; so does the alleged departure from Paris of the heir to the Empire and his suite; and it is not even certain whether the Restoration has yet been proclaimed at all. If it is, the

United States is not the only home of the Monroe doctrine, and Argentina may possibly have something to say on the subject, in spite of—or because of—her financial embarrassments.

LITERATURE. MR. JOHN DAVIDSON has produced a charming little book of "impressions" gathered during the spring and summer of this year in "A Random Itinerary" (London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane; Boston: Copeland & Day)—a series of tramps in the neighbourhood of London, through some places that are familiar to its inhabitants, such as Epping Forest; some that ought to be, such as that portion of the Chilterns which is still one of the most rural districts in England, in spite of the Metropolitan Railway; and some which no ordinary man would visit for pleasure—such as some of the eastern and south-eastern suburbs. Mr. Davidson, however, takes his pleasure with him, and his cheerful philosophy illuminates even the less æsthetic districts of Tottenham and Mitcham; while his keen sympathy with nature and humanity produces a responsive feeling in his readers. Boston, we know, thoroughly appreciates both English rural scenery and nineteenth century "impressions," but the book should be read with interest on this side of the Atlantic.

JUST about this time the earth is passing that point in its orbit round the sun which is intersected by the path of a stream of meteorites known generally as the Biela Stream. The result of this contact, most of our readers are aware, will be that, provided we have clear nights, the heavens will be studded with a great number of bright streaks of light or shooting-stars, some of which flash out only for a moment, while others move more slowly before they are burnt up and become invisible. To astronomers this stream of meteors is of special interest, as it is the ghost, so to speak, of a departed friend, i.e., a comet. As far back as the year 1772, Montaigne at Limoges discovered a comet which was again observed by Pons in 1805. Not until 1826 was it again seen, and this time Biela, an Austrian officer at Josephstadt, discovered it. Calculations of its orbit showed that its period of revolution round the sun was something like six and a half years. In 1832 the comet was again observed, but not so in 1839, owing probably to its unfavourable position. Towards the end of 1845 it appeared double, and was again so seen on its next visit, save that the parts were more widely separated. The next time of appearance, 1859, was most unfavourable for observation, but in 1866 its non-appearance created great disappointment. Since that time it has been found that as the earth passed through the orbit of this comet, the time being at the end of November, numerous meteors have been seen, their number reaching a maximum about every six and a half years. Astronomers have thus been led to look upon this stream as a remnant of the Biela comet, and they have further been led to believe that comets themselves consist of aggregations of such stones as we term meteorites. Other meteor showers are now known to be connected with comets, as, for instance, the April and August meteors. Special interest awaits the results of this month's observations, as those made last year suggested a movement in the point of intersection of the comet's path with that of our earth.

OBITUARY. PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA, otherwise Count Hartenau, had had a career such as is rarely met with save in romance. To be selected as the founder of a new dynasty at twenty-one; to emancipate one's self four years later from the tutelage of the Turk; to lead the national army to victory, and, in consequence, to be kidnapped, dethroned, rescued, and forced to

abdicate after all; to be the destined husband of an Imperial Princess, and then to make a love-match with a *prima donna* and subside into tranquil and happy obscurity, knowing that only a few years of life are left—all this suggests moral reflections which, if tolerably trite in themselves, are always susceptible of revival by fresh illustrations of so potent a kind as this. Lord Ebury was known during his membership of the House of Commons as an earnest but unsuccessful opponent of Sunday trading, and the unintentional occasion of a Hyde Park riot surpassed only in 1866. In later years he had devoted his chief efforts to combating Ritualism through a reformed prayer-book. Mr. J. Bailey Denton was well known as one of the highest authorities in civil engineering as applied to agriculture, especially sewage irrigation. M. Charles Hérissou had been President of the Paris Municipal Council and a member of two Cabinets, but had retired from political life eight years ago. Mr. Jeremiah Rusk, First Secretary of Agriculture in any United States Cabinet, and formerly Governor of Wisconsin, was one of those self-made public men whose type is Abraham Lincoln, and who may be crowded out altogether by the growth of the political machine.

"PORT AFTER STORMY SEAS."

LORD ROSEBERY must have been a happy man last Saturday. It was his good fortune to be the mediator through whose offices the greatest industrial war which this generation of Englishmen has known was brought to a close. The Government, as a whole, had, of course, a perfect right to share in the credit which was justly given to him. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Mundella in particular had taken a prominent part in the great step which led the way to peace. But though it was only as the representative of his colleagues that Lord Rosebery presided at the Foreign Office Conference last week, no one can rob him, and none will desire to do so, of the honour of being the central figure in a splendid act of reconciliation. On Saturday morning in thousands of homes upon which the cold hand of famine had been laid for weeks, men and women and children blessed his name, and throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom there was one universal feeling of gratitude towards him. It is a great thing to be a nobleman of ancient lineage, vast wealth, and brilliant talents; it is a still greater thing to be one of those favoured few who stand upon the steps of the throne and "mould a mighty State's decrees"; but greatest of all is it, as Sir Robert Peel truly said in the moment of his glory and his fall, to have brought back peace and plenty to the homes of the labouring poor, and to have won the thanks of the toilers whose lot it is to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. Lord Rosebery, if he is the man we take him to be, must have thanked God last week with a full heart for having granted to him this highest of all honours and privileges.

Of the outward aspects of the strike there is no need to say much. This, however, must be said in justice to the combatants. It was waged on both sides with a courage and persistency truly heroic. The miners faced hunger and death, and the employers faced ruin with an equal spirit of resolute valour. It was natural and right that the heart of the nation should be most deeply moved by the terrible sufferings of the workmen and their families; but the ruinous losses to which the employers submitted demand also something of our sympathy. Whichever side may have been in the wrong, both proved by their stubborn resolution that they believed themselves to be in the right; and whatever errors may

have been committed by either of the combatants, the struggle, as a whole, has been redeemed from the stain of sordidness which has too often fallen upon similar contests in the past, by the heroic bearing of all engaged in it. Now, thank God, the great war is over; peace reigns instead of strife; the bread-winners are at work once more, and over the coal-fields of the Midlands rests again that canopy of smoke which speaks not only of human toil but of human co-operation and prosperity.

The terms upon which the struggle has been brought to a close seem to us to have been singularly equitable. They do not lend themselves to any claim of decisive victory for either side; and those persons—non-combatants themselves—who have loudly set forth such a claim, have only proved their own inability to form an accurate or dispassionate judgment upon questions of this character. The men have, indeed, secured the right to work for the next three months at their old rate of wages. But we believe that no coal-owner can begrudge them this partial victory when he considers the price at which it has been secured. It would have been preposterous indeed, in face of the present cost of coal, to have required the men to resume work forthwith at a reduced rate of wages. Their abstention from work during the past four months had forced up the price of coal to an almost unprecedented point. They had paid by their own sufferings and privations for this change in the market, and they were undoubtedly entitled to reap such benefit as they could obtain from it. The masters, with the exception of one class, can well afford to continue to employ them for some weeks to come at the old rate of wages. The class which is excepted from the rule consists of those colliery owners who had entered into contracts for the supply of coal at rates so ruinously low that nothing but a fall in wages could make them remunerative. We may regret the losses which these owners must face; but we cannot forget that those losses are the direct result of their own miscalculations. They chose to speculate for a fall in the price of labour, and they have no one but themselves to thank for the consequences of their own error of judgment. No reasonable man will blame them severely for their mistake; but they cannot expect the country to be greatly moved by its results so far as they affect their own fortunes. Nemesis, indeed, seems to have visited all who have erred with an impartial hand. It has been freely alleged by some of the colliery proprietors that the Midland Railway Company was largely to blame for the strike, because of its having beaten down the coalowners supplying it to prices which were absolutely unremunerative. We do not know whether there is any truth in this allegation; and even if it be true, we do not see how we can blame the Midland directors for having bought in the cheapest market. But if their having done so had any part in causing the strike, a glance at the Midland traffic returns, which show a falling-off of nearly three-quarters of a million for the strike period, will convince everybody that they have had to pay a heavier price than they anticipated for their low contracts.

It is the assent given by both parties to the formation of a Conciliation Board that constitutes the most valuable and most hopeful feature of the settlement arrived at last week. It is in every sense right that where questions of wages are concerned both sides, men as well as masters, should have a voice in their settlement. This principle, which is in harmony with the recognised laws of political economy, prevails already in many of our great industries and in some parts of the coalfields. Its adoption in the Midland pit districts can only be

productive of good, and we may well believe that there, as elsewhere, it will conduce to the maintenance of pacific relations between employers and employed in the future. It will unquestionably tend to the practical solution of that particular part of the problem to which some of the friends of the men have given the wholly misleading title of "the living wage." The appointment of a neutral person as umpire on the Board of Conciliation has worked well in other industries, and there is no reason why it should not work equally well in this; unless, indeed, some wholly unsuitable person should be chosen. We trust and believe that the members of the Board will be able to agree among themselves upon the choice of an umpire. But if they should fail to do so, the high character and position of the great public official in whose hands the appointment will in the last resort be vested, affords a sufficient guarantee for the wisdom of the selection. Some writers profess to see in last week's proceedings the thin end of the wedge, "in the direction of making Government the final Court of Appeal in labour disputes." It is hardly worth while to controvert a statement of this kind, nor is it necessary to say that a greater misfortune could not possibly befall the industrial classes than its realisation. Ministers happily, in every step which they have taken, and taken successfully, for bringing about a voluntary reconciliation between two exhausted bodies of combatants, have carefully guarded their action against any possibility of being misinterpreted in this way—except, indeed, by those who are determined to believe what they wish and not what they see.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN BACK.

WE regret to record a temporary disappearance—at least, we hope it will be temporary—of that halcyon mood which prevailed in the House of Commons last week. Whether this is due to the return of Mr. Chamberlain, coming like a stormy-petrel from the gales of the Atlantic, we cannot pretend to say. The coincidence is at least interesting; and certain it is that Mr. Chamberlain is in full fighting temper. If ever an Opposition head-man took the war-path with an obstructive plan of campaign, it is he. The Tories may be following his lead or not; they may be merely inspired by his example into taking up that game of their own which, having less faith in themselves than he, they had dropped last week on realising that the Government were ready for them. At any rate, there he is, going for the Government Bills with threatenings and slaughter, attacking them directly and obliquely, and with the countercheck quarrelsome; and there is the Tory obstructive pack in full cry once more. The Press has resumed its prognostications of a deadlock from congested business, and the *Times* wants to know, "in the name of common-sense," on what calculation the Government hope to get through their work. Mr. Balfour has let loose the Bartleys and the Hanburys of the back benches, and he has not disdained himself to take a hand in the play. Mr. Goschen has joined them. Lord Randolph Churchill, stumping it in the country, draws a lurid picture of the mountainous block of obstructive traffic, and of the dissolution to which the Government, at its wits' end in presence of the situation, is to be prematurely forced. It is really admirable with what unanimity and discipline the concert plays up or plays down, according as it gets its tune. The Government, happily, did not lay down its arms last week. It was prepared then, and it is prepared now,

for all this wonderful tempestuous prospect, even with Mr. Chamberlain in the forefront of the wrack; and if anyone wants to know on what calculation it expects to meet it, it is simply the calculation already announced—that of sticking to its Bills, the whole Bills; of sitting right on with grim determination until they are through; and of not having the least hesitation in resorting to the rules of the House whenever such a course may be necessary in order to clear a way through wilful obstruction to the business of the nation.

The return of Mr. Chamberlain, this new obstructive outcry at his heels, and, above all, Mr. Chamberlain's performance in speaking against the Employers' Liability Bill on Thursday night, have, in fact, immensely strengthened the hands of the Government. They will have far less difficulty henceforth than they might have had in applying whatever remedy they may find necessary to secure the despatch of business. The country would have been at their back in any case, for the country is fully alive to what is going on; but lest there might be any unenlightened observers of the game, Mr. Chamberlain has taken the trouble to dot the i's for them. It is not the first time he has in his over-zeal rendered a similar service to the present Administration; but he has never yet done them a better turn, or in a more opportune or needful crisis, than when he stamped with the stamp of flagrant insincerity the whole present attitude of the Opposition by his attack in the name of Labour against the Third Reading of the Employers' Liability Bill. The Tory professions of friendship for this measure and for the Local Government Bill were never taken to be sincere. Lumbering and awkward, like the caresses of a bear, their hypocrisy deceived nobody. Mr. Chamberlain, however, if it were only for the sake of old times, might be supposed to have a genuine feeling for reforms which even Tories dared not openly oppose. He, if anyone amongst the Opposition, might really be expected to abstain from tactics, veiled or unveiled, designed with a view to wrecking such proposals. Yet it is he of all others who has made against them the deadliest and the boldest attack. It is true that Mr. Chamberlain surrounded his performance on Thursday night with a web of ingenious and insidious sophistries, intended to persuade the workers of these kingdoms that in stabbing their charter of protection he was really doing it the best service in his power. But his skill at this sort of legerdemain is Mr. Chamberlain's worst pitfall; it is continually betraying him into the fatal mistake of being too clever by half. Such dialectics may amuse the House of Commons, but they do not deceive the British working man or the British public. The people at large have the saving instinct of seizing upon broad facts, and judging by them, and the broad fact they see in this case is that Mr. Chamberlain, in the name of working men, speaks against a Bill of which the most bitter thing he can say is that Mr. Asquith in framing it let himself be guided too much by the working men's trades unions. With this fact before them, his analytical prestidigitation, his talk about the destruction of voluntary insurance, about accidents not caused by negligence, and so on—the more ingenious and dazzling it seems, the more the people at large, and the working classes in particular, resent it. They resent it as so much dust thrown at their eyes; they resent it as an insult to their intelligence; and they resent it, above all, because it comes into the stark and simple issues of their lives with the seal upon it of a repugnant dishonesty. Mr. Chamberlain has chosen, in the sinister attitude

into which his erratic course has forced him, to mock at the working classes. So much the worse for him. It must be the duty of the Government to see that his attitude at least does not have the effect of cheating them as well.

With respect to the Local Government Bill, which has made some headway in spite of much difficulty during the week, it is to be noted that he has placed himself in the same line with the Tory obstruction to this measure. He too, like Mr. Balfour and Mr. Goschen, has declared war upon the Poor-Law Clauses. In other words, it is plain that the Government will have to defend this measure against the full onslaught, which will henceforward be undisguised, of the Opposition. Under all the circumstances, the sooner they begin a rigid economy of the time at their disposal the better. The Government should declare their opinion of every obstructive amendment at as early a stage as possible, and give the Chairman the opportunity of coming to the rescue of the business of the House. The House itself has already shown by a large majority that it will be with them in such a course, and they may depend upon it that the country outside will heartily endorse their action.

DEMOCRACY AND EMPIRE.

QUITE a string of events during the week—Mr. Lecky's address at the Imperial Institute, the publication of Captain Lugard's book on Uganda, the attempt to blow up the Nelson monument at Montreal, the shareholders' meeting of the British South Africa Company, new developments at Bulawayo, new aspects of the anxiety as to the strength of the Navy—serve to illustrate somewhat forcibly a question which has no doubt been exercising minds a good deal of late. It is beginning to be realised that England, travelling round the circle by feudalism and Venetian oligarchy, has at length reached the stage of democracy; and democracy is beginning to understand that amongst its responsibilities are those of Empire. The question is, What view will democracy take of these Imperial responsibilities, and what capacity will it exhibit for dealing with them? We know there is one class of people, amongst them the entire Tory party, who look upon democracy and Empire as incompatible. They assume of democracy that it is permeated with the Colonial as well as the economic doctrines of the Manchester school, and they assume of themselves that only by such hands as theirs can the sceptre of Empire be wielded. Hence they hold that on the day on which democracy is firmly established in England the death-knell of our Imperial glory will sound. A much larger class of people than one might imagine, a class not at all confined to the Tory party, are nowadays given to think, or to *feel* rather than to think, like this. The growing race of pessimists (*le genti dolorose*) are, of course, with them: all those over-refined people, of whatever party, whose skin involuntarily creeps at the prospect of the rude Orson of democracy, with his ignorance and what Mr. Lecky calls his "lawless," "festering" passions, climbing upon his throne. Mr. Lecky may be taken as a typical example of this noteworthy frame of mind. His address at the Imperial Institute was, practically, nothing short of a declaration that the day of the British Empire was over. Though he laboured hard, out of regard for the circumstances under which he lectured, to prove that the ideas of the Manchester school were no longer popular with the English people, his pessimism in the end overcame him, and this is how he concluded: "Nations,

as history too plainly shows, have their periods of decay as well as their periods of growth. . . . Maxims and influences very different from those which made England what she is are in the ascendant, and the clouds upon the horizon are neither few nor slight. But . . . whatever misfortunes, whatever humiliations the future may reserve to us, they cannot deprive England of the glory of having created this mighty Empire—

"Not Heaven itself upon the Past has power;
That which has been, has been—and we have had our
hour."

Troja fuit, in fact! What a spirit in which to inaugurate a series of lectures for a building dedicated to the glorification of Imperialism!

Mr. Lecky has changed his opinions more than once on important questions, and he appears here rather as prophet than historian; so the remark will not be so presumptuous as it looks if we say that the present gloomy opinions of this eminent historian are due as much to a misreading of history as they are to temperament. He despairs of the Empire because of the growth of that very spirit which has hitherto been its salvation. The same sort of sinking of the heart always besets the same sort of men at every transition period in history when there is a shifting of the bases of power. It is perfectly natural. When power is slipping from your hands into another's, what more natural than to imagine that everything is going to the dogs? There was such a period in England about fifty years ago. It was when the Colonies were beginning to demand Home Rule and to show signs of democratic development. This spectacle upset the class of people who are now depressed by the prospect of Home Rule for Ireland and of the development of democracy at home. Men felt that in giving the Colonies autonomy they were cutting the painter. Lord John Russell, from whom Mr. Lecky quoted an *obiter dictum* against Manchesterism, declared that the idea of colonial autonomy was "entirely incompatible with the relations between the Mother Country and the Colony," and if it were listened to there would "soon be an end to these relations altogether." Yet it was Lord John's despatch to the Governor-General of Canada a little later which became the charter of "responsible Government" for the Colonies. He yielded to circumstances in a spirit of misgiving, and under the influence of a period when—as an eminent writer of the time put it—the desire to maintain the integrity of the Empire had ceased to have "the unanimous character of a national instinct." This was even before Mr. Cobden, anticipating Mr. Lecky, had cast "an eye of despair" over the Empire. England has lived fifty years since then, and she has seen the Empire which she had resigned herself to lose grow closer to her than ever before by virtue of the very measures which she believed would have been the instrument of severance. Let anyone whose heart misgives him compare the feeling which exists in England for the Colonies to-day and that which exists in the Colonies for the Mother Country with the corresponding sentiments which prevailed about the beginning of the Queen's reign. We venture to say that at no time in our history were the reciprocal feelings between Colonies and Mother Country so warm and so close as they are now, and at no time was the idea of Empire more pronounced. And this, we maintain, is distinctly due to the application, even against our will, of the principle of democratic government to our Colonial relations. If we turn further back in the past, we shall see that this principle has always appeared to our greatest minds as the true cement of Empire. That

great Irishman and most illustrious of Imperial statesmen, Edmund Burke, devoted the noblest efforts of his eloquence to urging that fact upon the statesmen of his day. His warnings were unheeded, and we lost the mightiest of all our Imperial possessions. Only where the principle has not been applied have we met with failure. It has not yet been tried in Ireland. Mr. Lecky reveres Burke, and endorses, as all posterity does, his American policy; but had he lived in the time of Burke he would probably have differed from him, because Mr. Lecky's is one of those minds which can admire progress in theory, but which rather shrinks from its aspect in the actual. Had he flourished five-and-fifty years ago he would have agreed with Lord John Russell in 1837 in refusing Home Rule to the Colonies, and he would have seceded from him, like the Dissident Liberals from Mr. Gladstone, after his Canadian despatch of 1839. Mr. Lecky was once ardently in favour of Repeal of the Union for his own country, but this was in the spirit of the Bourbon of 1814, who wished a simple law passed restoring everything exactly as it was before the Revolution. He would have been glad to see an Irish Parliament re-established, provided it remained exclusively in the hands of the landlord ascendancy. He recanted when he realised that the world has been moving since 1782, in Ireland as elsewhere, moving "towards democracy." It is only temperaments like this that despair of the Empire now the day of democracy has come.

There is nothing in democracy which should militate against the exercise of Imperial power—even its exercise over dependencies where the colour line precludes the unrestricted application of the democratic principle. Democracies are quite as susceptible to the attraction of Imperialism as autocracies and oligarchies, as the history of the French people, and indeed our own history, proves. The association of democracy with "parish politics" is partly due to the ignorance in which the masses had until recent times been kept. The Board School and the penny newspaper have changed all that, and the danger is now somewhat the other way. Imperialism may prove too attractive. Of the millions who can now follow daily the progress of colonial aggression many will, no doubt, be moved by the instincts of justice and humanity, which are always keenest amongst the masses of the people; but many more will find awakened within them by the narrative the old spirit of adventure and the passion of conquest. And let the *conquistadores* come home—the Rhodeses, the Selouses, the Lugards—and appeal to the popular imagination with books or speeches, and they will probably stand a better chance of capturing the support of the nation than they would have done formerly by ear-wiggling at Downing Street or private wire-pulling amongst influential personages. It is too soon for eminent historians to shake their heads over the British Empire. When we recollect the duration of the Roman Empire, the only one with which it can justly be compared, it may be said to be in its infancy. Our dominion in India is barely more than a century old; sixty years ago the city of Melbourne did not exist. It is true the world is filling up. There are no longer unknown, romantic Eldorados to tempt the Cortes and Raleighs of Europe with vistas of shimmering vastness. The European Powers are just now engaged in Africa in an undignified scramble for the last unclaimed scraps of earth that are left. But this fact will only conduce to making those who have hold on all the tighter to their possessions. At any rate, whether it be for good or for ill, we feel confident that as England grows more democratic she will not grow less Imperial.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

M. DUPUY has propounded his Ministerial programme to the new Chamber. It is a remarkable programme in many respects, though it is neither heroic nor dazzling; and in nothing is it more remarkable than in the audacious ingenuity with which it puts forward the coercionist bourgeois of 1893 as the defenders of the principles of the Revolution against M. Guesde's Socialists. This idea is a positive stroke of genius which makes us begin to think that M. Dupuy after all may yet "arrive." "Faithful to the declaration of the rights of man," he says, his Government repudiates all the doctrines, whether under the name of collectivism or any other title, set up to substitute the anonymous tyranny of the State in place of individual initiative and the free association of citizens; and it will repress with energy all attempts to cause agitation and disorder. The Socialists want to return to feudalism. M. Dupuy's respectable bourgeois will fight for the ideas of 1789. They will champion the eighteenth century against the fourteenth. What the success of this interesting programme is likely to be it is too early yet to speculate; but it is at least to be noted as a symptom of the stability of society in France at the present moment that a Premier in meeting a new Parliament should speak of a law-and-order policy in so bold and confident a tone.

It is hard to decide whether this stability renders more or less ominous the recrudescence of Chauvinism which has broken out in certain French quarters within the past few weeks. M. Dupuy will in any case do well, whomever else he puts down, in carrying out the policy of repression which he has announced, to put down as firmly and as promptly as he can these native *agents provocateurs* of whom M. Flourens and Prince Henri d'Orleans are the type. At a moment of extreme tension like the present it might, unfortunately, be in the power of such gentlemen as these to do a great deal of mischief. Nor are these persons in themselves wholly inconsiderable. They are adventurers, of course, seeking their own miserable little personal ends even by the exploitation of the lives of men and of the enmities of nations—one of them an ex-Minister manœuvring to get back to power, another a princeling striving to embroil the Republic which his father betrayed and the country which sheltered his family in exile, in order that he may fish for a crown in troubled waters. Yet grotesque and sickening though the spectacle must be to Frenchmen and Englishmen alike, these gentlemen are, nevertheless, in their way representative, and might have voice enough at a critical moment by their shouting to disturb the avalanche. M. Dupuy will therefore act wisely if he takes an early opportunity of making it clear that the truculent propaganda of M. Flourens, ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs, has no sort of sympathy from the present French Government, and that M. Develle does not mean to let himself be bullied by the agitation of Prince Henri d'Orleans and the *Eclair* out of his determination to settle in a friendly and satisfactory manner the question of the buffer state in Siam. We believe, if M. Dupuy has courage enough to evoke it, that the opinion of his country will back him up stoutly in such a course. That opinion, we are confident, is strongly on the side of peace and of friendly relations with England—more so than ever since these *fêtes*, which have naturally stirred the Chauvinists to fresh activity—and all it needs is a Minister or a leader who will give it voice and render it effective.

THE MAGISTRACY.

THE Radical Members of Parliament are not satisfied with Lord Herschell's reply. They have met and protested. They have sent their protest to Mr. Gladstone and he has written in answer. Injudicious candid friends of the Ministry have been saying in the press that Lord Herschell must remember that he is "the salaried servant of the House of Commons," while equally absurd opposing newspapers have represented the Lord Chancellor as a virtuous judge—a very mugwump in ermine—protesting against a corrupt attempt to pack the bench in a way that would have brought a blush to the cheek of a Tammany boss. The Chancellor of the Duchy has been compared with Lord Herschell, very much to Lord Herschell's advantage, and has learnt, to his surprise, that he is the nearest thing to Boss Tweed on this side of the Atlantic. Yet the whole affair is a mere storm in the teacup; all the temper, all the abuse, and all the praise is due to an unfortunate misunderstanding.

Let us see how the facts really stand. Liberal members have always contended—and in this we are thoroughly with them—that the present condition of the county bench is a public scandal. County justices are almost always landlords, churchmen, and Tories. They represent the most retrogressive section of English political thought. Driven from his old mastery in the House of Commons, eclipsed even in the politics of his own party by the *nouveau riche*, the squire still dominates the county bench, and his domination is not merely a menace to poachers, but a standing insult to worthy men of other classes who are deemed unfit to sit beside him. For six years a complaisant Tory Chancellor, in concert with the Tory Lord-Lieutenants of counties, had been merrily increasing the number of squire justices. The Liberal party when it came into office was bound to do its best to reform the bench, but it was faced by a number of difficulties—difficulties of law, of custom, and of machinery. The difficulty of law cannot be got over by the Lord Chancellor, yet it is incomparably the greatest difficulty. By an Act of 18 George II. no man may be appointed a county justice who is not possessed of land worth £100 a year or entitled to a reversion of £300 a year. By an Act of 1875 the restriction was so far modified as to allow a man to be appointed who occupies a dwelling-house rated at £100 a year. So long as these restrictions remain the Lord Chancellor cannot possibly redress the balance on the county bench. The ownership qualification is rarely to be found among Liberals except in those parts of the country where the yeoman has managed to survive. Even the rating qualification—a high one, be it remembered, for a dwelling-house in a country district—is usually confined to comparatively few Liberals. In some counties, especially in Wales and in the North, where Nonconformity is rich and strong, the field for choice may not be so limited. But in the Midland and Southern counties the total number of qualified Liberals would be found to be surprisingly small. While the statutory qualification remains necessary, no Lord Chancellor can do what is asked from Lord Herschell. The *Daily Chronicle*, for instance, must remember that, even if the Lord Chancellor appointed every Liberal applicant, whatever his character, who could prove his property or his rating sufficient, the reform would be a small one. It would only increase the power of those narrow middle classes which the *Chronicle* is so fond of girding at.

The Lord Chancellor may therefore very fairly say that Members of Parliament would be better

engaged in reforming the statute-book than in rating him for not attempting the impossible. But why then, they may reply, did you ask us to pass a resolution of the House of Commons depriving Lord-Lieutenants of their monopoly of recommendation? The retort is not altogether an unjust one, for it cannot be denied that, when last the Liberal members went to the Lord Chancellor, more stress was laid on the importance of such a resolution than the circumstances really warranted. But the real explanation is that the removal of the difficulty of custom was a necessary step, but not the only step, towards the reform of the magistracy. It opens the way at once to a section of the middle classes. It will help, in conjunction with the repeal of the statutes as to qualification, to allow the working classes also their representation. But it does not and cannot solve the whole question; for besides the difficulty of statute, and after we have got rid of the difficulty of custom, the difficulty of machinery remains. From whom is the Lord Chancellor to take his recommendations? He cannot be expected to know all the Liberals of the country. He has not got at his service a highly centralised administration with préfets and sous-préfets to send him up every detail of the past of every citizen whose name may be mentioned to him. Some of those who went to him on Mr. Morton's deputation seemed to think that the Lord Chancellor should leave the nomination entirely in the hands of the Liberal member or candidate for the division. Both on party and public grounds such a claim would be most unfortunate. There are still some remnants of patronage left to Members of Parliament. They nominate village postmasters and land-tax commissioners. But no one will say that the privilege is to the party advantage. For every one constituent who is pleased, half a dozen are made discontented. The time is past when constituencies were so limited and places so numerous that a member could keep his seat by the judicious use of "influence." Nor would it be to the public advantage that he should do so. There are Members of Parliament who know almost all their constituents, and who have the courage to refuse to make an improper recommendation. There are others who are neither so well-informed nor so courageous. Their recommendations, made without publicity and without responsibility, cannot possibly be accepted without inquiry. Inquiry means delay. And, after all, the Lord Chancellor asked only for sufficient time to make inquiry. If he gave his answer a little angrily, it must be remembered that the deputation was introduced by Mr. Alpheus Morton, and Mr. Morton, though an excellent man, has not the knack of putting his complaints pleasantly. The Radical members, after reading Mr. Gladstone's letter, evidently saw that they had been misunderstood, and their written statement puts their case more clearly and more justly. We agree with them that it is not usually advisable to pay any deference to the views of the Lord-Lieutenants, who have lost the right to be heard owing to their gross partisanship. To appoint some Tories and some lukewarm Liberals, by way of a compromise with the Lord-Lieutenant, is worse than making no appointment at all. The Radical members, if they still feel impatient, may be comforted by remembering that the Local Government Bill which they are discussing in the House takes from the county justice his rights as *ex-officio* guardian, and provides a new and better way of altering the inequalities of the bench by making the chairman of the District Council a justice of the peace. Soon Mr. Justice Shallow will have little to do except take affidavits without receiving the half-crown demanded by commissioners.

THE TRADE OUTLOOK.

SINCE 1879 trade has not been so depressed as it is at present, and unfortunately the depression is not confined to a few countries, it is universal. Yet, in spite of the gloomy feeling that prevails so widely, we are inclined to think that the worst has been seen, and that now that the unhappy dispute in the coal trade has been ended, improvement will set in. Paradoxical as it may sound, it is in bad times, as they are called, that the foundations are laid for increased prosperity. The depression was the result of over-speculation at home and abroad, and specially in North and South America, South Africa, and Australia, of the unwise currency experiment made by the United States, and of the fresh depreciation of silver. The break-down of the speculation led to a liquidation of bad business, and while that was going on credit was shaken, prices fell, employment became less plentiful, and business was carried on from hand to mouth, as the phrase goes. As a consequence, many who had been wasting their substance in gambling have been compelled to apply themselves to legitimate business, while a considerable proportion of working-men have left the towns and settled upon the land. In these ways the area under cultivation has been increased, the production of commodities has been augmented, and the general wealth has been enlarged. There were signs before the coal strike began of a general revival both at home and abroad. The strike put an end to the improvement, and made business worse than it had been before. Now, however, that the strike is over, we expect to see a very considerable improvement. Merchants of all kinds during the past three years have been buying as little as possible. They have been drawing upon the stocks they had previously accumulated, and those stocks are now lower than they usually are, and must be replenished. The instant it is seen that the consumption of the world is increasing, the demand for stocks will become large and prosperity will once more begin. It will, of course, be gradual, but it will be decided. In the coal trade itself the stocks held are almost exhausted, and there must be greatly increased efforts to supply the immediate demand. Likewise the interruption of other industries caused by the strike has led to a lessening of stocks, and there also there will be increased demand at home; while abroad, the augmented area under cultivation, giving more wealth to the working classes, will lead to a larger consumption. It is to be recollected also that during the past three years prices have been steadily falling, that merchants can now buy with greater advantage to themselves than for a long time past, and that they have a distinct inducement, therefore, to increase their stocks before the expected rise can come; while at the same time wages have been somewhat reduced, and every possible economy has been put into practice.

One other influence cannot fail to have a very great importance. Since the Baring crisis, investors in this country have been very wary. It has been impossible to bring out new loans and companies of any magnitude, and, consequently, the poorer countries have not been able to get the accommodation for which they are accustomed to look to the London market. But there is every reason to believe that the distrust which has been so profound and so general during the past three years is now passing away. The worst is known respecting Argentina; the currency crisis in the United States is very nearly over; the banking crash in Australia is at an end; Portugal and Greece have declared themselves insolvent, and everybody knows the difficulties of Italy and Spain. There is little that is very bad,

therefore, to look forward to. Of course, the silver difficulty is still with us, and the Trust crisis is not quite at an end. But, for all that, the liquidation of bad business has been carried so far, that most well-informed people know now that no further serious dangers are to be apprehended. Gradually, then, confidence will revive; investors will be willing to consider the advantages of new securities. All through the three years, in spite of the losses of which so much has been heard, the savings of the world have been upon a very large scale. In one of his Budget speeches, Mr. Goschen showed very clearly that the home trade of this country exceeds beyond all proportion the foreign trade; and it is a remarkable fact that in spite of distrust and crisis, the home trade continued wonderfully good until it was disturbed by the great coal quarrel. That quarrel for the moment threw it out of gear, but there is no reason to think that it has caused such a derangement as will not be very speedily recovered from. Those who have been engaged in the home trade, then, have been doing fairly well all through the three years. They have been saving as usual, and have not been investing upon the same scale; consequently the amount of money that is now waiting for investment is exceptionally large, and as soon as confidence completely revives, it will be possible for the poorer countries to borrow here once more. When they do, the City will rapidly recover from its present depression. The borrowers will spend most of what they raise in paying their agents in this country and in buying materials and machinery. Industry will extend, and a hopeful feeling will spring up once more.

It is quite true that there are some obstacles still in the way. The silver countries are suffering from the great depreciation in silver and the uncertainty whether the depreciation may not become even greater still before very long. The experiment being made by the Indian Government is also disquieting many persons; and Australia, which is always a very large buyer of British goods, is not in a position to buy upon the old scale. The banking crash was so unprecedented that it will be a long time before credit revives. Bank after bank closed its doors, people in business could not get accommodation, trade of every kind was disorganised, and distrust, therefore, will continue for a long time. Unfortunately, too, the Colonial Governments have not enforced retrenchment as they ought to have done. They still hope to be able to borrow freely in London, and while they go on doing this, there must be apprehension of what will follow. Moreover, the reform of the tariff in the United States is to begin next month. As a matter of course, merchants will not import largely from Europe when they are expecting that the duties upon imported goods will be largely reduced. If they were to do so, they would fear that their competitors would be able to buy more cheaply by-and-by and so to undersell them. A very considerable increase in the demand for our goods, either from the United States or Australia, or from the silver-using countries and India, is not to be anticipated, therefore, for some time yet. But everywhere else there are signs of returning prosperity and of an augmenting demand; while at home, now that the relations between employer and employed have become better in the coal trade, there will be a largely increased output, and every industry in the country can be carried on as in ordinary times. With the beginning of the new year, too, we may look for a more settled state of the Money Market. The autumn is always a time of disturbance in the Money Market, and this year the fear was that it would be exceptionally so, because of

the crisis in the United States and the renewed political anxieties on the Continent. When the new year begins, money will become plentiful and cheap upon the Continent, and it is expected that the withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England will cease, while there is every reason to anticipate that the American Government will be able to borrow all that it requires at home. On the other hand, it is always found that gold pours into London from all parts of the world in the first half of the year. Early in the new year, then, we may reasonably hope for a quieter and a cheaper Money Market; and that, added to all the other favourable influences acting upon trade, ought to bring about a decidedly better state of things.

FINANCE.

THE great operators in New York have grown tired of the stagnation, and have made an attempt this week to put up prices in the hope of attracting the public to the market. The lever they are making use of is a report that Messrs. Drexel Morgan, the great bankers of New York and Philadelphia, are about to charge themselves with the reconstruction of the Union Pacific and the Erie Railway Companies. It is very probable that the report is true; at all events, reconstruction is desirable. But even if it is undertaken, it does not justify much rise in prices. What the British public should bear in mind is that, after so great a crisis as the United States has just passed through, there is a vast deal of bad business that has to be liquidated, that distrust is widespread, that trade is depressed, and that an early improvement cannot be looked for, since the reform of the tariff is about to be taken in hand almost immediately. Therefore no prudent man will engage in speculation. The investor who carefully examines the stocks he intends to buy may place his money with great advantage to himself, but only a very reckless man will buy with borrowed money. In Paris M. Dupuy's statement has been very favourably received, and the Bourse hopes that if he is supported by the new Chamber, and is successful in converting the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cents., there will be a great increase in business. It is always rash to predict what speculators will or will not do; but it may safely be said that the time for attempting an active speculation is very unfavourable. The recent visit of the Russian fleet to Toulon has revived political anxieties, and while they last speculation must, in the nature of things, be very risky. Besides, it looks as if the expected crisis in Spain could not be much longer postponed; indeed, a report has been circulating this week in Paris that the Spanish Government is in such difficulties that it has under consideration the paying of its guarantees on railway obligations in silver instead of in gold. Right or wrong, the mere fact that such a report has been believed shows how low the credit of Spain has fallen. In Italy, too, the crisis is deepening, and in Greece a struggle is going on between the bondholders and a syndicate of French bankers. The latter have offered the Greek Government a new loan if it will transfer to them certain revenues already pledged to the bondholders. If M. Tricoupis accepts the proposal, he will not only commit a grave breach of faith, but he will ruin the credit of Greece in this country and in Germany. From Australia it is reported that several trading firms are in difficulties, and no one would be surprised if the report were to prove true, bearing in mind how great was the banking crash last April. The disorganisation of business, too, is very great in China, Japan, the Straits Settlements, and the other silver-using countries. On the other hand, there is a somewhat more hopeful feeling upon the London Stock Exchange, largely due to the return of

the miners to work. There is every prospect now, as pointed out elsewhere, that trade will begin to improve, and as soon as there is clear evidence of an improvement in trade we may hope that the depression which has lasted so long will be dissipated.

The India Council has at last this week been able to sell the full amount of 40 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers offered for tender. Since the closing of the Indian mints it has hardly been able to sell any of its drafts; this week it not only sold the full amount offered for tender, but it also disposed of a considerable amount by private sale, and there is every reason to expect that it will continue to sell freely for several months to come. Exports from India ought now to be on a very large scale. The indigo exports are beginning, after Christmas the cotton exports will be on a large scale, and a couple of months later the wheat exports will begin. The Money Market shows very little change. Bankers and bill-brokers are still apprehensive. A good deal of gold is being withdrawn from the Bank of England for foreign countries. There are fears of commercial failures, both Australian and Eastern, and the Trust crisis is hanging over the market. As we have often pointed out, whatever happens with regard to the Trusts, there is not likely to be very much disturbance of the Money Market; but for all that, bankers and bill-brokers are, properly, careful. They are restricting in every direction the credits they give, and are very carefully examining the bills offered to them. That being so, it necessarily follows that merchants are very cautious how they act. They are not sure of getting accommodation from their bankers, and will not, consequently, incur much risk. For all that, we are inclined to hope for a change for the better early in the new year.

A DOG AND HIS DAY.

IT was "A. K. H. B." who wrote, years ago, when the world was young, a charming little essay concerning Dogs and their Days. He had just produced his sixteenth or seventeenth volume of the "Recreations," and he lamented in print after his fashion that the event no longer caused the sensation in the reading world that it had been wont to do. Some five-and-thirty years ago—save the mark!—no polite person considered his duty done until he had read his "A. K. H. B." in the current number of *Fraser*, whilst the reviewers waited with sharpened pens for the volumes which dropped every few months from the press, and gave them the opportunity of discussing the genius of the essayist. Our youthful reader of to-day jeers at the statement. He has never read a page of "A. K. H. B." in his life; nor can he understand how any creature gifted with reason can ever have done so. Let the young man live on in his fond delusion—the delusion that no dog ever had his day before those of the present era—the poets, and essayists, and romance writers who pose and roll logs, and sing or tell tales divinely, and gossip about themselves and each other, like a parcel of old women, in the current periodical press. After all, we who *know*, we who have lived, who were not born yesterday nor the day before, know that among other dogs "A. K. H. B." had his day with the best, and was not undeserving of it either. Ay, and we know also that certain of the dogs who are at their bravest at the present moment, whose glorious day is at its noon, and who believe that, like Joshua, they can make the sun stand still in the sky above them, will find ere long what the chill shadows of the evening gloom are like, and will be looking back wistfully upon this year of grace, 1893, as presumably "A. K. H. B." looks back to-day upon the early sixties.

"A. K. H. B.!" Why should we have named him as an illustration of the fact that dogs have their day and no more? His day faded into night so long ago that we can imagine some of our readers asking

who or what he was when he stood in the sunlight. Since then a hundred other dogs have risen and flourished—as the old history primers say—and have drooped and disappeared beneath the horizon. Why even Mr. Swinburne is growing old, and the great heart of the public no longer beats expectantly when a new volume of verse from his pen is announced. And it was only yesterday, surely—yesterday or the day before—when his entrance into the old smoking-room of the Erechtheum filled us youngsters with a thrill of joy as we looked at the man who was going to take his place with the immortals. Who are the young poets about whom men are talking now as we talked about Mr. Swinburne what time *Atalanta in Calydon* was given to the world? Reputations in poetry grow so fast nowadays that one has scarce time to master even a mere list of names, much less to distinguish betwixt flowers and weeds. Yet are there, as we have said, many young dogs of verse-writers whose sun is still climbing in the heavens; who are the admired of the drawing-rooms of Bayswater and Kensington, and who are absolutely heedless of the fact that exactly twelve hours after noon has struck it is midnight by the clock. May their day be a bright one whilst it lasts; and when inexorable night descends, may it bring with it a wise resignation and calm acceptance of the inevitable. Other dogs will then be basking in the morning sun, as they are doing now.

Here is a dog who had a truly splendid day, and whose descent from the meridian is not yet so far accomplished but that the light still gathers about his head. The author of "King Solomon's Mines" and "Allan Quatermain" a bare six or seven years ago was emphatically the dog of his day. Before him paled the seasoned reputations of Black and Blackmore, to say nothing of Meredith and Hardy. The keen professor of the gay science, whose business it has been for years past to stand upon the watch-tower and announce the approaching footsteps of new sons of genius, had at last found, as he believed, the long-promised successor to the masters whose day had ended in the glorious night of the Abbey. He was here, the long-looked-for, the splendid, the noble; and English fiction was forthwith to be arrayed in new glories, more dazzling perhaps than she had ever known before. Nor can it be alleged that the critics were wholly without ground for the faith they professed. True, they failed to see the new writer in true perspective, and thus lost that sense of proportion which enables some acute minds to forecast the length of a particular dog's day whilst it is still morning with him. But the merits of "King Solomon's Mines" and "Allan Quatermain" were real as well as obvious, and they caught the public fancy in an instant. Who, indeed, could fail to be moved by such stirring tales as those which introduced South Africa into the field of English fiction? The brilliant romances sold faster than the Waverley novels ever did, or "Pickwick," or "Vanity Fair," or "Jane Eyre," or any other masterpiece that the reader cares to name. That was a day, indeed, such as few dogs ever had. It might have lasted longer had it been less brilliant, but the cloudless noon is sometimes followed by an early evening.

The mistake the critics made with regard to Mr. Haggard was in taking him for a new literary star of the first magnitude. It was not his fault, poor man, that they fell into this error. He had simply done his best in his own particular line, and if there had been less hunting and hallooing after him when he first appeared by enthusiastic scribes who believed that every other dog had died now that he was born, Mr. Rider Haggard would have stood to-day in a better position than that which he now occupies. But it is ever the way with this feather-headed public that the brighter the day, the shorter. Here is "Montezuma's Daughter," the latest work from Mr. Rider Haggard's pen, waiting for the recognition of the critics. Nobody, apparently, has been consumed with anxiety to possess and appraise it. We have not even been told that English

literature has been enriched by its appearance, whilst the literary gossips long ago found something to chatter about more to their taste than Mr. Haggard's new stories. Yet, though this dog has had his day, and is no longer the favoured child of the sun, common justice compels us to admit that in his own line he is producing as good work as he ever did. "Montezuma's Daughter" is, in all essential matters, fully equal to "King Solomon's Mines." In some it is indubitably superior. Mr. Haggard is now a more practised and more careful writer than he was a few years ago, and there are none of the curious slips and blunders in "Montezuma's Daughter" which disfigured his earlier works. But neither the survival of the old merits, nor the absence of the old blemishes, will induce the modern critic to discuss this last work seriously, for is it not the work of a dog who has had his day, who once hit the public taste with marvellous success, but who hits it no longer, not because his skill has failed, but because the fickle, many-headed beast itself has changed? It is cruel hard; but then it is the way of the world. For our own part, though we never went into raptures over Mr. Rider Haggard's work in fiction, and have a profound dislike for some of its characteristic features, we are bound to say that in "Montezuma's Daughter" he has written as good a story of the kind as anyone could wish to read. It is crammed with adventures; it reeks with the scent of blood; there is a murder or a torture-scene on every second page; old cities and vanished races live again before us, and justice descends upon the evil-doer in its most terrific form. What more could those who like this kind of thing desire? The majority of people liked it, or professed to like it, a few years ago, when "Allan Quatermain" was the popular hero of the hour. It can only be because the fashions have changed in fiction as in other things that it is not liked equally well now.

MEMNON AND THE BAGMAN.

QUESTION-TIME in the House of Commons furnishes us with our daily portion of comic interludes. An American observer, who has been lately amongst us, is very severe on this department of Parliamentary business. He thinks it is made ludicrous by the appetite of the Irish members for the trivial details of administration which the Irish people are supposed to be incapable of managing for themselves. He holds it to be nothing short of an outrage on reason that the time of the House should be occupied by some mischievous inquiry about the wages of a letter-carrier at Ballyhooley. But had he applied his mind to the study of Parliamentary questions in a more impartial spirit, he would have discovered that they are the channels through which the unconscious humour of an Empire is distributed amongst our jaded lawgivers. It is the province of questions, before the daily combat of party begins, to water the arena, so to speak, and refresh the gladiators for their customary sport. On Monday last Sir Henry Howorth handled the hose with great effect. He asked Sir Edward Grey whether the Government would recommend the Egyptian authorities to take the advice of archaeological experts before assenting to the proposal that the Temple of Philæ should be sold to provide funds for the storage of the Nile water. It seems that a zealous official named Willcocks has conceived the brilliant idea that, as the "general view of the Temple of Philæ is poor, though the details are magnificent, and it is not interesting to archaeologists, but only to pleasure-seekers on the Nile," the Egyptian Government would do well to "sell the Temple in detail to European museums." We can imagine Mr. Willcocks, with his soul dissolved in reservoirs, taking a bird's-eye view of Philæ through a field-glass, and catching con-

temptuous sight of a party of tourists quite destitute of any genius for the storage of water, and engaged in the futile pastime of admiring Egyptian antiquities on Egyptian soil. Mr. Willcocks has no patience with such folly; but it behoves him to be wary. Manifestly it will not do to represent the Temple of Philæ as utterly worthless; so the administrative Bagman suggests to his employers that it is of no value as it stands, but would be "magnificent" in lots. Probably he makes this entry in his note-book: "Lot 1: A pillar. Ridiculous in its present position, but positively priceless if stuck away in a dimly-lighted barn at South Kensington, where there is already an inextricable jumble of casts of Michael Angelo, Donatello, and Trajan's Column, a preposterous statue of Oliver Cromwell, bits of Old London, and a model of Alfred Stevens's design for the Wellington memorial at St. Paul's." When Dizzy bought the Suez Canal shares Tenniel drew the Sphinx winking at this new "Moïse in Egitto." We can see Memnon smiling with sardonic derision at the British Bagman on the Nile.

Perhaps it is useless to suggest to an official of this type that the poverty of his figure in the "general view" is not redeemed by any magnificence of detail; but we may express the hope that the Egyptian Government will let the Temple of Philæ alone, and that Lord Cromer and his colleagues will find a more reputable means of raising money for the Nile reservoirs than that of hawking fragments of antiquities amongst the archaeologists of Europe. It would be a sorry tradition of our occupation of Egypt that we supplied the needs of the people by selling the monuments of their ancestors. When Napoleon overran Italy, he despoiled the conquered principalities of many a precious statue and picture; but they were treasures which looked just as well in Paris as they did at Pisa; and had he remained master of Egypt it would never have struck him that the best way to pay for irrigation was to transport Philæ in pieces to the Champ de Mars. Besides, there is a growing regard in our own country for the sanctity of national memorials. We have more than one society for the preservation of ancient monuments. This laudable reverence is extending to scenery which is always threatened by the builder or the advertiser of patent medicines. There is spreading a wholesome belief that the misplaced boastings of unimpeachable soap may prove that cleanliness is next not to godliness, but to iconoclasm. We have before us the prospectus of the "National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty," and we are pleased to find on the provisional council artists, scholars, men of taste in several walks of life, including, appropriately enough, the First Commissioner of Works. It might be useful to establish a branch of the "Trust" at Cairo, and to keep a vigilant eye on Mr. Willcocks. The first object of this Association is to "accept from private owners of property gifts of places of interest or beauty, and to hold the land, houses, and other property thus acquired in trust for the use and enjoyment of the nation." One gift has already been promised in the shape of "a beautiful sea-cliff on the west coast of Wales." But it is plain that generosity of this kind must be comparatively rare: people are not often impelled to part with private ownership under such conditions. But the Association hopes that it will "in time accumulate funds, through gift, bequest, or otherwise, which will enable it to purchase places of especial beauty or interest as opportunity serves." Had it been suitably endowed two years ago, it might have saved "the top of Snowdon, the island in the middle of Grasmere Lake, and the Lodore Falls for the nation." Snowdon is not safe in the hands of Sir Edward Watkin, who is a sort of exaggerated Willcocks, and whose great mind is apt to perch itself on the summits of colossal towers or chimneys. There is a natural desire amongst the projectors of the "Trust" to have its

position regulated by Parliament, with a licence from the Board of Trade as a guarantee that the property of the Association, in the event of dissolution, shall not be "realised for the benefit of the members, but made over to such other body with similar aims as the members may choose or a court of law direct."

Now it would be greatly to our national credit if this enterprise could be placed upon a thoroughly practical footing. The difficulties are obvious, and it is quite certain that if the affairs of the "Trust" should ever come before the House of Commons, the spirit of Mr. Willcocks will rise in its place, and ask the First Commissioner of Works whether he seriously identifies himself with a privileged corporation for the purpose of restricting legitimate commerce in these times of industrial depression. To preserve a waterfall in its natural state instead of decorating it with mechanical appliances for the storage of something or other; to save a rock from the egotism of quackery which undertakes to renew your youth with a single dose; these are aims which the Bagman will feel it his duty to his constituents to withstand. You can never be sure that a legislator will not survey Nature with the eye of a bill-sticker. Conservative as Britons are in many ways, they are often indifferent to the Past when it is merely picturesque. When it supplies a political precedent it may be a sanctuary; but when it makes no appeal save to the imagination, it may sink into a lumber-room. The "National Trust" will do a great service by inducing the lovers of beauty and historic associations to coalesce, to make themselves a corporate power, instead of scattering their energies, and to carry on a systematic education of popular taste. It ought to be the business of local authorities to protect ancient monuments, and to resist the visitations of unsightly advertisements; but a good deal more culture is needed before representative government is developed on its æsthetic side, and before we can rest assured that some municipal Willcocks will not arise one day, and, without exciting universal execration, propose to sell Stonehenge to make a reservoir.

PAUL VERLAINE.

PAUL VERLAINE has been in England this week, shocking and puzzling and touching, with his wild, half-sinister, half-child-like mien, those devoted persons who went to hear him. He has been described as having the look of a village sorcerer. A few weeks ago he was in hospital in Paris, "not a young poet melancholy and pale, but an old vagabond tired with thirty years of wandering over all roads." With his great bald skull, coppery and bossy like an antique cauldron, his eye small, oblique, and glistening, his flat nose, his swollen nostril, his short, sparse, and hard beard, he resembles, says one of his friends, a Socrates, without philosophy and without possession of his senses. He has an air at once shy and wheedling, savage and familiar—an instinctive Socrates, or, better, a faun, a satyr, a being half-brute, half-god, who frightens like a natural force which is subject to no known law. So says M. Anatole France. To understand this high priest of decadentism, this modern Villon, it is clearly not enough to read his poems or even to see him; one must note the impression he makes on those friends of his who know him long and well. It is a very singular impression. He has inspired M. Anatole France and M. Jules Lemaitre to some of the most exquisitely tender and pathetic pages in all their writings. Thirty years ago he was, with France, François Coppée, Catulle Mendès, one of a band of young *parnassiens* who dreamt of setting the Seine on fire. One of their fads was to pretend that impassivity was the true attitude both of art and artists. Verlaine affected this impassivity as much as anyone, and believed he had reduced

the bourgeois to silence by this triumphant query: "Is she in marble or not, the Venus of Milo?" In recalling this query M. France breaks into the following apostrophe to his friend: "Without doubt she is in marble. But, poor sick child, shaken by dolorous shudderings, thou art none the less condemned to sing like the trembling leaf, and thou shalt never in life or in the world know aught but the troubles of thy flesh and of thy blood. Leave thy symbolic marble, friend, unhappy friend; thy destiny is written. Thou shalt never quit the obscure world of sensations, but lacerating thyself in the shadow we shall hear thy strange voice groan and cry from below, and thou shalt astonish us by turns with thy ingenuous cynicism and with thy sincere repentance. *I nunc, anima anceps.* . . ."

M. Jules Lemaitre says Verlaine is "a barbarian, a savage, a child; only this child has a music in his soul, and on certain days he hears voices which none before him have heard." M. France calls him "the most monstrous and the most mystical, the most complicated and the most simple, the most troubled and the most mad, but certainly the most inspired and the truest of contemporary poets." There was little in Verlaine's first volume, "*Poèmes Saturniens*," published in 1867, to indicate that one day two eminent critics would write of him like this. Yet the strange new note was there, and there were those who said it was a question whether Coppée, who made his *début* the same year, or Verlaine would go the farthest. The Verlainean characteristics—the odd, haunting harmonies of phrase and sentiment, the deep, troubling music which sometimes sounded from the midst of discords—were more marked in the "*Fêtes Galantes*," which appeared in 1868. Here is a sample from this volume, typical of its profound, peculiar charm:—

"Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur,
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,
Au clair calme de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres."

All of a sudden Verlaine disappeared from the ken of his friends, disappeared absolutely. For fifteen years no news was heard of him; until one day it was whispered that the poet, a penitent, was bringing out a volume of religious verse with a Catholic publisher. What happened in the interval no one knows. It is supposed that during these fifteen years poor Verlaine was a great sinner, and led the most deplorable career; that, like Villon, he was even in prison. Some colour is lent to the latter supposition by one of the most touching and quaint of his penitential poems, which has the air of having been written in a cell. We will be barbarous enough to put it roughly into English:—

The sky is above the roof,
So blue, so calm!
A tree above the roof
Rocks its palm.
The bell, in the sky one sees,
Softly rings;
A bird, in the sky one sees,
His sorrow sings.
My God, my God, life is there,
Tranquil, without renown;
That peaceful rumour there
Comes from the town.
What hast thou done, O thou who sittest there,
Weeping ceaselessly,
Say, what hast thou done, thou who sittest there,
With the youth of thee?

Verlaine's repentance, while it lasted, was, without question, intensely sincere. M. France declares he has written some of the most Christian verse in

French literature, and M. Lemaitre says there are strophes in his "*Sagesse*" which recall to him by their accent verses of the "*Imitation*." On reading "*Sagesse*" we are disposed to agree with these critics. There is quite an adorable simplicity and humility, utterly free from the taint of what decadentism means in its traffic with sacred things, about those religious outpourings of the penitent poet; they unite the fervour and the *naïveté* of the true mystic. Let us render one of these cries, an unrhymed, penitential psalm with the genuine accent of a mediæval ascetic:—

O my God, you have wounded me with love,
And the wound is still throbbing,
O my God, you have wounded me with love.

Here is my brow which has known only shame,
For a stool for your adorable feet,
Here is my brow which has known only shame.

Here are my hands which have done no work,
For the burning coals and the incense rare,
Here are my hands which have never worked.

Here is my heart which has ever vainly beaten,
To palpitate amidst the thorns of the cross,
Here is my heart which has ever vainly beaten.

Here are my feet, frivolous wanderers,
To hasten at the summons of your grace,
Here are my feet, frivolous wanderers.

Here are mine eyes, luminaries of error,
To be extinguished in the tears of prayer,
Here are mine eyes, luminaries of error.

But Verlaine's repentance did not last long. He soon lapsed again, and he signalled his lapse by the production of a volume in which he has blent the two sides of his nature, the satyr and the saint, and which, with its mingling of religiosity and brutality, is perhaps absolutely the most shocking embodiment of the decadent spirit. M. France says Verlaine is mad, and this is his excuse for "*Parallèlement*"; and he adds, "Take care that this poor madman may not yet have created a new art, and that people may not yet say of him, as they say now of François Villon, 'He was the best poet of his time.'"

We understand an English publisher is about to bring out some selections from Verlaine—in English. Let us hope two things: that the selections will be made from the angelic rather than the demonic side of the poet, and that the French will be given with the English. For if Verlaine is to live, it will be by the breath of divine music which sounds, "*sur le mode mineur*," through his daft reveries, and that music can only be realised in his own French. It depends so often on the mere magic of juxtaposition and cadence, full of suggestion in the sound, yet without articulate meaning; it is so often, as in his own wonderful, inexplicable line—

"Le rêve au rêve et la flûte au cor."

POETS AND PUBLISHERS.

II.

BUT, indeed, my image just now was both uncomplimentary and unjust, for, parallel with the change in the poet to which I have referred, a still more unnatural change is making itself apparent in the type of the publisher. It would almost seem as if the two are changing places. Instead of the poet humbly waiting, hat in hand, kicking his heels for half-a-day in the publisher's office, it is the publisher who seeks him, who writes for appointments at his private house, or invites him to dinner. Yet it behoves the poet to be on his guard. A publisher, like another person, has many shapes of beguilement, and it is not unlikely that this flattering deference is but another wile to entrap the unwary. There is no way of circumventing the dreamer so subtle as to flatter his business qualities. We all like to be praised for the something we cannot do. It is for this reason that Mr. Stevenson interferes with Samoan politics, when he should be writing romances. Just the desire of the dreamer to play the man of action.

But I am not going to weary you by indulging in the stale old diatribes against the publisher. For to speak seriously the honest truth, I think they are in the main a very much abused race. Thackeray put the matter with a good deal of common-sense, in that scene in "Pendennis," where Pen and Warrington walk home together from the Fleet prison, after hearing Captain Shandon read that brilliant prospectus of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which he had written for bookseller Bungay, and for which that gentleman disbursed him a £5 note on the spot. Pen, you will remember, was full of the oppressions of genius, of Apollo being tied down to such an Admetus as Bungay. Warrington, however, took a maturer view of the matter.

"A fiddlestick about men of genius!" he exclaimed. "I deny that there are so many geniuses as people who whimper about the fate of men of letters assert there are. There are thousands of clever fellows in the world who could, if they would, turn verses, write articles, read books, and deliver a judgment upon them; the talk of professional critics and writers is not a whit more brilliant, or profound, or amusing than that of any other society of educated people. If a lawyer, or a soldier, or a parson outruns his income, and does not pay his bills, he must go to gaol; and an author must go too. If an author fuddles himself, I don't know why he should be let off a headache the next morning—if he orders a coat from the tailor's, why he shouldn't pay for it. . . ."

Dr. Johnson, who had no great reason to be prejudiced in their favour, defined the booksellers as "the patrons of literature," and M. Anatole France has recently said that "a great publisher is a kind of minister for *belles-lettres*." Such definitions are, doubtless, more prophecies of the ideal than descriptions of the actual. Yet, fairly dealt with, the history of publishing would show a much nearer living up to them on the part of publishers than the poets and their sentimental sympathisers would be inclined to admit. We hear a great deal of Milton getting £5 for "Paradise Lost," and the Tonsons riding in their carriage, but seldom of Cottle adventuring £40 on the "Lyrical Ballads," or the Jacksons giving two untried boys £10—or, according to some accounts, £20—for "Poems by Two Brothers."

To open the case for the bookseller or the publisher, the poet, to start with, bases his familiar complaints on a wilful disregard of the relation which poetry bears to average humanity. You often hear him express indignant surprise that the sale of butchers' meat should be a more lucrative business than the sale of poetry. But surely to do this is to manifest a most absurd disregard for the facts of life. Wordsworth says that "we live by admiration, joy, and love." So doubtless we do; but we live far more by butchers' meat and Burton ales. Poetry is but a preparation of opium distilled by a minority for a minority. The poet may test the case by the relative amounts he pays his butcher and his bookseller. So far as I know, he pays as little for his poetry as possible, and never buys a volume by a brother-sizer till he has vainly tried six different ways to get a presentation copy. The poet seems incapable of mastering the rudimentary truth that ethereals must be based on materials. "No song, no supper" is the old saw. It is equally true reversed—no supper, no song. The empty-stomach theory of creation is a cruel fallacy, though undoubtedly hunger has sometimes been the spur which the clear soul doth raise.

The conditions of existence compel the publisher to be a tradesman on the same material basis as any other. Ideally, a poem, like any other beautiful thing, is beyond price; but practically, its value depends on the number of individuals who can be prevailed upon to purchase it. In its ethereal—otherwise its unprinted—state, it is only subject to the laws of the celestial ether—one of which is that it makes no money; properly speaking,

money is there an irrelevant condition. Byron, you remember, would not for a long time accept any money from Murray for his poems, successful as they were. He had a proper sense of the indignity of selling the children of his soul. The incongruity is much as though we might go to Portland Road and buy an angel, just as we buy a parrot. The transactions of poetry and sale are on two different planes. But so soon as, if you like, you debase poetry by bringing it down on to the lower plane, it becomes subject to the laws of that plane. An unprinted poem is a spiritual thing, but a printed poem is subject to the laws of matter. In the heaven of the poet's imagination there are no printers and paper-makers, no binders, no discounts to the trade and thirteen to the dozen; but on earth, where alone, so far as we know, books exist, these terrestrial beings and conditions are of paramount importance, and cannot be ignored. It may be perfectly true that a certain poem is so fine that, in a properly constituted cosmogony, it ought to support you to the end of your days; but is the publisher to blame that, in spite of its manifest genius, he can sell no more than 500 copies?

But to take another point of view, it is, I think, quite demonstrable that, compared with the men of many other callings, a poet who can get his verses accepted is very well paid. Take a typical instance. You spend an absolutely beatific evening with Clarinda in the moonlighted woodland. There is no necessity to elaborate details of your bliss, but suffice it that you go home and relieve your emotions in a sonnet, which we will say, at a generous allowance, takes you half-an-hour to write. Next morning, in that cold calculating mood for which no business man can match a poet, you copy it out fair and send it to a friendly editor. Perhaps out of Clarinda alone you beget a sonnet a week, which at £2 2s. a week is £105 6s. a year—not to speak of Phyllis and Dulcinea. At any rate, take that one sonnet. For an evening with Clarinda for which alone you would have paid the sum, and for a beggarly half-hour's work, you receive as much as many a City clerk receives for six hard days' work, eight hours to the dreary day, with perhaps a family to keep and a contract to pay. Half an hour's work, and if you can live on £2 2s. a week, the rest of the week as free as air! Moreover, you have the option of going about with a feeling that you are a vastly superior being to your fellows, because forsooth you can string fourteen lines together in decent Petrarchan style, and he cannot. And to return for a moment to Clarinda—it seems to me that your publisher, with all his ill-gotten gains, compares favourably with you in your treatment of your fellow-partner in the production of that sonnet. What about the woman's half-profits in the matter? For, remember, if the publisher depends on the brains of the poet, the poet is no less dependent on the heart of the woman. It is from woman, in nine cases out of ten, that the poets have drawn their inspiration. And how have they, in eight cases out of this nine, treated them? The story is but too familiar. Will it always seem so much worse to pick a man's brains than to break a woman's heart?

We touched just now on the arrogance of the poet. It is one of the most foolish and distasteful of his faults, and one which unfortunately the world has conspired from time immemorial to confirm. He has been too long the spoiled child, too long allowed to think that anything becomes him, too long allowed to ride rough-shod over the neck of the average man.

Mrs. Browning, in "Aurora Leigh," while celebrating the poet, sneers at "your common men" who "lay telegraphs, gauge railroads, reign, reap, dine." But why? All these—with, perhaps, the exception of reigning—are very proper and necessary things to be done, and any one of them, done in the true spirit of work, is every bit as dignifying as the writing of poetry, and often, I am afraid, a great deal more so. This scorn of the common man is but another

instance of the poet's ignorance of the facts of life and the relations of things. The hysterical bitterness with which certain sections of modern people of taste are constantly girding at the *bourgeois*—which, indeed, as Omar Khayyam says, heeds "As the sea's self should heed a pebble-cast"—is one of the most melancholy of recent literary phenomena. It was not so the great masters treated the common man—nor any full-blooded age. But the torch of taste has for the moment fallen into the hands of little men, anæmic and atrabilious—men with neither laughter nor pity in their hearts.

Besides, how easy it is to misjudge your so-called "common man." That fat, undistinguished-looking Briton in the corner of the omnibus is as likely as not Mr. So-and-So, the distinguished poet; and who but those with the divining-rod of a kind heart know what refined sensibility and nobility of character may lurk under an extremely *bourgeois* exterior?

Moreover, we live in an age of every man his own priest and his own lawyer. At a pinch we can very well be every man his own poet. If the whole supercilious crew of modern men of letters, artists, and critics were wiped off the earth to-morrow, the world would be hardly conscious of the loss. Nay, if even the whole artistic accumulation of the past were to be suddenly swallowed, it would be little worse off. For the world is more beautiful and wonderful than anything that has ever been written about it, and the most glorious picture is not so beautiful as the face of a spring morning.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

THE DRAMA.

MR. JOSEPH KNIGHT'S "THEATRICAL NOTES."

THERE is a strange and inconvenient dearth in this country of books of theatrical record. Germany has produced the masterpiece in this kind, Lessing's "Hamburg Dramaturgy" (1767-68), a masterpiece because, while it is the faithful chronicle from week to week of actual performances at a particular theatre, it is something very much more than that: it is a piece of sustained argument, a consistent exposition and development of fundamental principles of dramatic criticism. France has given, and is giving, a continuous series of works of this class—Gautier's "Histoire de l'Art Dramatique en France depuis Vingt-Cinq Ans" (1858); M. Vapereau's "L'Année Dramatique," covering the next decade; M. Jules Claretie's "La Vie Moderne au Théâtre" (1868); the "Annales du Théâtre" of MM. Noël and Stoullig; M. Auguste Vitu's "Mille et Une Nuits du Théâtre," and so forth, down to the "Impressions de Théâtre," which M. Jules Lemaitre is now issuing, to the great contentment of all who love wit and the polite letters, from year to year. But England in this matter makes a very poor show. Leigh Hunt's "Critical Essays" (1807) is a mere collection of histrionic portraits. The "Criticisms of the English Stage," which Hazlitt reprinted in 1817 from the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Champion*, and the *Times*, cover a period of only four years, though they certainly make up in depth of penetration for what they lack in extent of survey. They are, in fact, the acutest, the liveliest, the most human of English theatrical criticisms; they are also what some people vainly imagine to be a modern heresy, impressionism naked and not ashamed. "My opinions," says Hazlitt in his preface, "have sometimes been called singular; they are merely sincere. I say what I think; I think what I feel. I cannot help receiving certain impressions from things; and I have sufficient courage to declare (somewhat abruptly) what they are." A great gap occurs between Hazlitt and the next critic-annalist of repute, Professor Henry Morley, whose "Diary of a London Playgoer"

covers practically the same ground (the 'fifties and 'sixties) as G. H. Lewes's "Actors and the Art of Acting." Mr. Dutton Cook's "Nights at the Play" carries on the record for another fifteen years or so. The list might, of course, be supplemented by the names of many minor works, chiefly vague, untrustworthy anecdotal, or mere collections of reprinted playbills—neither kind falling into the category of serious criticism. For the stage history of the new generation materials exist in plenty, but they exist in the inaccessible files of newspapers, not in books. Our theatrical critics are really too bashful. Mr. Clement Scott has been recording the events of the playhouse, night by night, for over thirty years. Why does he not republish? Some of us might read him with dissent; but none, I am sure, with displeasure. Mr. William Archer, I believe, is contemplating a reprint of his *World* articles—for a single year, just by way of experiment. It ought to succeed, and to develop into a hardy annual. Meanwhile, another well-known critic, Mr. Joseph Knight, not less modest, but less secretive than his fellows, republishes, under the title of "Theatrical Notes" (Lawrence & Bullen) a selection from his contributions to the *Athenæum* for five years, 1874 to 1879.

"Well-known" is, perhaps, as an epithet for Mr. Knight, rather under the mark. Of all familiar figures in the playhouse on "first nights" his is probably the best-known. He towers a head and shoulders above the rest. His hearty laugh does not exactly shock the isle from its propriety, but has been known to make youthful pessimists nervously reconsider their position. There is, to my eye, something Rabelaisian, Pantagruelic—of course, I use the epithets in a purely Pickwickian sense—in his personality. He seems to me—I can intend no higher compliment than to compare him to one of my favourite heroes—an Abbé Coignard, with the Abbé's encyclopædic learning and catholic sympathies, but without the Abbé's vagabondism and other things not convenient. Here is a man who, had the conditions of theatrical life in this capital permitted, might, I cannot help thinking, have been our English Sarcey. We are sadly in need of a Sarcey over here, a veteran, a "cher maître," a "grand prier du bon sens," whom we can all look up to and feel an affection for, even when we cannot share a single one of his opinions. M. Sarcey has acquired this position, firstly, because he is a sound critic, but also because he is a "character." Mr. Knight is content with being a sound critic, and does what M. Sarcey could not do for the life of him—keeps his character as a man out of his writings as a critic. It is, indeed, almost heartbreaking for those of us who prize "character" in literature above everything to find how little of Mr. Knight's personality has been allowed to peep out in this book of his. The opinions expressed appear to exist *in vacuo*. They are excellent opinions, so far as they go. They are wise, they are definite, they are temperate; but the man whose opinions they are prefers obstinately to remain unseen. It is true that a life-like portrait of Mr. Knight embellishes the volume; but, perverse as it may seem, I cannot help wishing that he had stamped the coinage of his brain with his own image, instead of with the too discreetly impersonal superscription "Litterarum Humaniorum Respublica." But let us not too hastily complain. It is probably not the fault of Mr. Knight, but of anonymous journalism in general and of the *Athenæum* in particular. Personally, I am always ready to believe that any shortcoming in a critic is really attributable to his editor.

Be that as it may, it is, I am aware, unreasonable to look for personal impressions and opinions in what professes to be only a book of record, a contribution to stage history. Even anything like a general policy is hardly to be expected. If one were asked to what school of criticism does Mr. Knight belong, the question could hardly be answered from this

book—there are so few general ideas in it. I have succeeded in culling from its pages a bare half-dozen, which tend to show that Mr. Knight is of the school which (1) deploras long "runs," (2) holds that good plays cannot be written to fit certain players, (3) that tragedy should aim at terror, not horror, (4) that incident should always be subordinated to character, and (5) advocates a subventioned theatre, and (6) a school of histrionic art. But we are all of that school, are we not? This, of course, is only to say that Mr. Knight is never freakish or fantastic, that his judgment is always robust and sane. Add that his common sense is not the mere empiricism of the "practical man, sir," but based on learning at once solid and minute; that he is an optimist, who believes "that the stage is in a more flourishing condition now than any time in the last half of the century;" and that he writes in a style of sober reserve, with a fondness for the staccato sentence and a weakness for inversions which some purists perhaps may find excessive. "Inconceivably trivial and childish is the entire exhibition" (p. 63); "Not very valuable is perhaps the crop" (p. 71); "Not insensible was she, and there was a longing tenderness," etc. (p. 158)—these strike oddly on the ear. But we must not be cantankerous over a book so fair-minded, so modestly written, so erudite, so valuable to the dramatic student, as this. A second volume is promised; and it is to be hoped the promise will be promptly fulfilled.

A. B. W.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

THE Club's present exhibition is very like its former exhibitions. We find the same artists striving in the same direction. No one has improved, every one remains much the same—in a word, nothing has happened.

But as there are no pictures by Degas, Monet, or Sargent, the show is less striking than usual. Mr. Furse sends nothing, he is busy with his portrait of General Roberts; Mr. Arthur Tomson has an exhibition of his own in Brook Street, and sends little; Mr. Steer and Mr. MacColl are preparing for special shows of their works, which will be held this winter in the Goupil galleries. Mr. MacColl sends nothing; Mr. Steer sends a portrait which is better than the portrait he exhibited in the spring exhibition, and very far indeed from as good as the portrait which an eminent critic declared to be as good as a Romney. Still it is, perhaps, the best thing in the exhibition. Mr. Steer is a born artist, and, like all born artists, he pursues his ideal without fear of failure. There are no failures like the failures of the born artist—witness poor Mr. Gilbert's fountain in Piccadilly Circus. Mr. Gilbert knows that his fountain is quite hopeless. I am sure that he tells his cabman to avoid Piccadilly Circus. I am sure that he prays morning and evening for the dynamiter. How pathetic are the failures of the born artist! Mr. Steer's portrait of Miss Emma Froude is not one of his failures: it is a middling Steer; not very good, not very bad. Mr. Steer knows that there is as much variety in black as in any other colour, and he runs through the gamut of black effectively. The background may be a little slaty, a little wanting in delicacy, but blacks varying from grey black to purple black are harmoniously blended. The hat on the girl's knees is beautifully painted, and the yellow is in perfect keeping. But the flesh tones are muddy; in striving to bring them into the general scheme, Mr. Steer has lost all the delicacy and bloom of flesh. The drawing of the face is small and harsh. But notwithstanding his shortcomings, Mr. Steer is always the born artist, and this portrait, though far from being one of his best, is full of dignity and the grace of noble intention.

Notwithstanding the absence of anything especially striking, the exhibition is full of interest. It reminds me of a Christmas number written by writers of talent

who had nothing particular to say. There is Mr. Bernard Sickert, whose work I nearly always admire. He exhibits three pictures, all three well enough, only nothing very special has been said in any one. The view near Léhon, Brittany, I like least. "In Poole Harbour" is very well, and the same can be said about "Flags are flying in town and harbour." Both are nice pictures, quite free from vulgarity, only I do not notice any progress since last spring. I catch sight of a pretty water-colour, "Boulogne: Evening," by Mr. James Henry. It is a little lopsided in drawing and blotchy in colour, but it is a pretty thing withal. Close at hand are two water-colours by the now celebrated H. B. Brabazon. They are harmonious in tone; but, dear me, how very little has been said. A distinguished voice whispers—I do not catch what is said, but the sensation is agreeable—that is Mr. Brabazon. Underneath Mr. Brabazon is a charming coloured relief by Mr. R. Anning Bell, and just round the corner a portrait sketch by George Clausen. The old farmer's head is seen strongly, incisively, but the seeing is somewhat ordinary, and the execution is like the seeing—it is a trifle photographic.

J. E. Blanche sends two portraits, both remembrances of the English school of the eighteenth century. The hands and arms of the little girl are excellent in movement; the gesture is perfect, but the Gainsborough background seems to me too easily improvised. I see another portrait by the same painter at the end of the room. The very English beauty of the Hon. Mrs. Talbot is well expressed in our eighteenth-century formula. Even at this distance the head holds well in the canvas; there is light on the face, and the long veil is so well expressed that it does not hide the length or the beauty of the neck. But I am skipping one whole wall. Looking down, I see a delightful little pastel "Moon-rise," by Mr. J. Reffitt Oldfield, as soft and gracious as may be. There is a large picture, "Carlisle Pier," by Mr. C. E. Holloway; but it is not nearly so good as either of the two pictures he exhibited in the spring. It looks as if it had been painted with a broom, and a broom full of sand and dust. Along the bridge and round the arches of the bridge there are long ridges of paint very nearly a sixteenth of an inch high. Even if Mr. Holloway had had anything to say—and to my mind he had nothing to say—the ugliness of the execution would have spoilt the picture. As it is, he has only given a barbarous example of barbarous brushwork.

The place of honour has been given to Mr. Walter Sickert's picture of the "Hotel Royal, Dieppe." The picture may be measured out as follows—one-quarter rose sky, one-quarter white houses, one-half dark-green lawn on which women dressed in crinolines are walking. The picture is not without talent; it shows knowledge of the old masters, and appreciation of their work and their genius. It is eccentric, it is a divagation, it is not very sane; nevertheless, it is nearer to the old masters than Messrs. Fildes, Dicksee, Leader, and Herkomer. Therefore, I am disposed to ask a few questions.

Why crinolines? Mr. Sickert may answer, why not? And to this I reply, Mr. Marcus Stone could also answer why not, if he were asked why he painted eighteenth-century costumes. Either of two things: either Mr. Sickert thought that he would anticipate a threatened fashion or he introduced the crinolines because he could not banish from his mind Velasquez hoops, and could only see the green space filled up with them. But Mr. Sickert is not a costume painter, and the Royal Hotel, Dieppe, did not exist two centuries ago—the crinoline was the only way out of the difficulty he could devise.

My next question is more difficult to answer. Why that horrid rose sky? Is the colour beautiful in itself; is it intended to furnish a contrast to the green, or is it intended to harmonise with the

pink dress? Sky and dress seem to have been painted with the same brush. But if no more was intended than to contrast a purply pink with an olive green, Mr. Sickert ought to have taken into consideration the effect produced by juxtaposition—pink against green cannot be the same as pink against white. That purply pink is a great deal too low in tone, and it requires lightening before even an elementary value can be said to exist in the picture. Mr. Sickert admires the old masters. May I ask what is his authority for painting half his canvas with one uniform tint of green, not attempting anywhere a single gradation? Is a huge tint of olive green, rubbed over half the canvas as over a door, so beautiful in itself that for its sake the illusion of a lawn receding in the twilight may be sacrificed with impunity? I can only praise the houses, which seem to me to be excellent; the relation of the white walls to the lights in the windows was finely observed, and expressed with skill.

Mr. Condor comes to us with a Parisian reputation. It appears that he is famous in the New Salon. The Corot Condor, a tint of green spread over the canvas in the shape of a bouquet of trees, behind which rises a pale sky, is as full of delicacy of perception as it is of weakness. It is the painting of chlorosis, of consumption, of Bright's disease, of every languid malady. The other Condor, a lemon and orange peel arrangement, is equally languid; it seems to be at death's very door. We escape, it is true, in both pictures from the truthful copy of the place before which the artist set his easel. Mr. Condor is very different from the gentlemen who paint Folkestone at low tide and Folkestone at high tide. Nature passes through his brain before it appears on the canvas; only in doing so Nature is so thoroughly exhausted that one feels there is very little hope of her ultimate recovery.

Mr. Strang's "Bathers" is coarse and rough, but it is full of character. We find touches which do not express what it was intended they should express, but there is a nice quality of paint in the background, and the composition is vigorous. "Under the Willows" seems to me to be out of place in the New English Art Club; it ought to have gone to Suffolk Street. Miss Beatrice Malcolm's portrait of Miss Laura Hale seems to me a most unhappy piece of portraiture. Had it been sent to the Academy it would have been, very properly, rejected by the committee.

G. M.

A MISSION STATION IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

I.

BLANTYRE, B.C.A., September 1st.

BLANTYRE Church is a conspicuous object in the landscape. Standing on the highest point of one of the ridges which break up the level surface of the plateau, its white dome and red-brick walls form a bright point of colour among the dark masses of trees which surround it. The main road from Mandala to Zomba runs right past it and through the Mission grounds, and the stranger arriving from the former place is brought, by a sudden turn in the avenue, face to face with a very striking and, in Central Africa, utterly unexpected bit of architecture, framed in waving eucalyptus branches. It is built somewhat in the Byzantine style—but I must not betray a hopeless ignorance by straying into technicalities of architecture. What strikes the lay mind is a certain beauty of modest harmony and proportion—as if the church had *grown*, like some mediæval sanctuary, rather than the new church of to-day, with its suggestion of the contractor and the wholesale ecclesiastical furnisher, and its stained glass ordered from Munich. Here everything shows, not only the artistic spirit, but the loving personal care of the designer—the present head of the Mission. The building will seat about two hundred, but at the 10.30 native service on Sunday mornings it sometimes contains a good many more. The

bricks of which it is built were all made and burnt on the spot, including the ornamental mouldings, which are used with the happiest artistic effect. Perhaps the one thing to regret at present is the corrugated iron roof—but this is not very conspicuous among the buttresses and pinnacles, and is only temporary anyway. The permanent roof is eventually to consist of cedars from Mount Mlanji, the only place between Abyssinia and the mountains of Cape Colony—if we are not mistaken—where cedars grow in Africa.

The church stands in the middle of a large open space. On one side of it, at some little distance, are the school and an, as yet, unfinished building, which is the school dining-room; on the other the gardens, which curve along the slope of the ridge in a set of five semicircular terraces. They are watered every morning by the Angoni, whom you may see going about in twos, carrying between them a long pole, to which a couple of paraffin tins, or other receptacles of a similar kind not originally destined for such uses, are slung by an ingenious netting of bark. These are filled at a large water-hole conveniently situated about half-way along the terraces. The well which supplies the drinking water, by-the-by, is not here, but on the other side of the station, and is enclosed within a little brick building, always kept shut and padlocked. In addition to these precautions, it is boiled and filtered before use, so that even the most timid Pasteurist might well feel reassured on that score.

The gardens contain vegetables, and those of all sorts. Scarcely anything that appears at our English dinner-table has not been tried there, and most things succeed. English potatoes, in particular—often a difficulty in Africa—are remarkably good. Of fruit, pine-apples, bananas, pomegranates, guavas, Cape gooseberries, mulberries, loquats, oranges, and lemons are abundant, and attempts are being made to grow strawberries.

Beyond the church a well-kept road runs between—well, lawns are well-nigh an impossibility in most parts of Africa: the most accurate course, perhaps, is to say, carefully swept and tended pieces of ground, whereon it is evident that, when the rains come, there will be grass. That which stands for grass in the meantime is somewhat scanty, dry, and stubbly—except along the course of the rivulet, brought hither for irrigation purposes from the Nagolo stream, which supplies the well in the garden, and is called by the natives Ingelandi, because made by the English. The road is bordered on either side by an avenue of lemon-trees, now in bloom. Some way back from it, on the right-hand side, stands the manse—also known as the "Maganga" ("the stone house"—the original building, erected in Dr. Duff Macdonald's time, having been of stone)—a cosy-looking, one-storey house, built of brick, mud-plastered, and roofed with native grass thatched. A creeper-clad verandah runs along the whole length of the front, and round one end, and the front door is approached by a broad and stately flight of steps, shaded on either side by a splendid yucca-tree. Another verandahed house, with a trellis completely covered with climbing tea-roses, is the abode of Dr. Scott, usually marked, between the hours of seven and eight a.m., by a group of patients waiting round the surgery door. Bad cases are sometimes brought from a distance in machilas, and occasionally left for treatment on the spot, when they are installed in one of the native houses. It has not yet been found possible to begin the hospital so urgently needed and so greatly desired by the Mission.

These, and two other houses (which, with the brick-built store, stand facing the avenue at the other end of the station), comprise the dwellings of the white residents. Behind the manse is quite a cluster of buildings—the kitchen, laundry, dairy, boys' and girls' dormitories, various smaller houses where the boys who have left school, but still remain in the Mission, live by twos and threes—and, finally, further down the slope, a row of neat buildings

appropriated to the "married boys and girls." The latter almost form a small village, and are steadily increasing—in fact, two new cottages are now being built, one of which will most probably be occupied by a bride and bridegroom at Christmas.

A. WERNER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FOR THE MINERS' WIVES AND CHILDREN.

SIR,—Will you allow us, on behalf of the Women's National Fund for the Miners' Wives and Children, to appeal through your columns to those Liberal Associations who are collecting for our fund to send in their contributions *immediately*? We have already received substantial help from the Women's Liberal Associations at Plymouth, Carlisle, Colchester, Royston, Hartlepool, Sittingbourne, Maryport, Gorbals, and Poplar, besides others sent in the names of the treasurers or secretaries. But the need for help will, for a week or two, be more pressing than ever. Though the men are returning to work, it will be many days, and in some cases weeks, before wages can be received. Meanwhile there is grave danger of continued privation sowing the seeds of disease and death among the non-combatants. Now that a settlement has fortunately been arrived at, those who have hitherto scrupled to help can do so without fear of indirectly encouraging the men's resistance. The Women's National Fund is administered solely through the recognised local relief agencies, without costly organisation or charges. Contributions should be sent to the hon. treasurer, Mrs. Sidney Webb, 41, Grosvenor Road, Westminster, crossed Union Bank. Warm clothing, which is urgently needed, and gifts of food in kind, should be sent direct to addresses which will be furnished on application to Mrs. Hugh Candv, 101, Gower Street, London, and not to the undersigned.—We are, etc.,

FLORENCE BALGARNIE, hon. sec., Glenthorn, Muswell Hill, London, N.

BEATRICE WEBB, hon. treas., 41, Grosvenor Road, S.W.
November 23, 1893.

THE REFERENDUM.

SIR,—The principle of the Referendum having been mooted in this country, and apparently viewed with favour in some quarters, I venture to forward you a translation of a memorandum I have received from Dr. Theodor Curti as the result of certain inquiries recently made by me in Switzerland. Dr. Curti is a member of the National Council of the Canton of Zurich and a publicist of high repute, who has made a special study of, and written much upon, this question. His description of the practical working of the Referendum will, I feel sure, be of public interest owing to the fact that in England there is a singular dearth of information on the subject; but whether it affords any solution for remedying the evils of Parliamentarism, as pointed out by Mr. Harold Spender in the current number of the *New Review*, is an open question. It must be borne in mind that the abuses to which he refers would seem to be the result of concerted action on the part of different sections who are opposed to the advance of democracy, and are not attributable to the majority of the people's representatives. The following is a translation of Dr. Curti's observations in reply to queries drawn up by myself:—

I am an adherent [says he] of the Referendum as it exists in my country; and I believe it will also be adopted in the long run in other countries, subject to such modifications as may suit them best. It is a political instrument which tends to enlarge the rights of the people just as, in its day, the Parliamentary system has done. It is probable that this system is less corrupt in England than elsewhere. It has often given proofs of vitality there, and according to my view principally, as regards the House of Commons, in connection with the Irish policy of the present Government.

In Switzerland the representative system has never been very popular; and this method of stimulating legislation in a direct way by the people has existed from time immemorial in many of the towns and cantons.

The forms of direct legislation with us are—

(a) AS REGARDS THE SWISS CONFEDERATION.

(1) The Obligatory, and (2) The Optional Referendum. The obligatory Referendum applies to all constitutional questions. A federal constitution appertaining to any of the cantons has no binding force except it has been voted by a majority of the citizens and of the cantons.

(2) As to the Optional Referendum. This is applied to the laws. If 30,000 citizens by their signatures declare themselves opposed to a Bill brought in by the Federal Assembly, the Bill has to be submitted to the Referendum.

(3) But there also exists what we call the "popular initiative." Fifty thousand citizens can take upon themselves to propose the amendment of any article of the constitution. In that case, the chambers have to submit the project to the Referendum, and they can elaborate an alternative measure, and submit it when drafted to the popular vote.

(b) AS REGARDS THE CANTONS.

All the cantons, except Fribourg, have introduced the Referendum and other popular privileges. But these institutions are differently established in different cantons. Some have the Obligatory Referendum;

others, again, only the Optional. Some possess the right of the "Initiative;" others not. In Zurich we have (a) the *Obligatory Referendum*. All the laws here are submitted to the popular vote. And we have also (b) the *Initiative*. Five thousand citizens can ask for a revision of the constitution or a new law.

With reference to the Obligatory Referendum, this exists in all the cantonal constitutions as it does for the federal one. It is, in fact, a principle of public federal right that a new cantonal constitution must, before it can be enforced, be decreed by the people of the canton; that is to say, by the majority of the citizens who have voting power.

(c) AS REGARDS THE COMMUNES.

The rights of the communes are not the same in different cantons. As a rule, however, communal self-government is greatly developed in our Swiss cantons. We hold regular meetings ("comices") in the communes for appointing the authorities, for the discussion of matters relative to the Communal Budget, and for voting on all communal affairs of a certain importance.

As regards the results of the Referendum, they are excellent. Sometimes, it is true, they bring about a slight reactionary tendency; but nearly always we have acts of progress to record. There are, I admit, a few politicians who evince no sympathy for this institution; but, for my part, I look upon it as the *best corrective* I know to what may be termed the "excesses of Parliamentarism."

Many of the cantons, as is well known, have, of their own motion, decreed very large sums for elementary public instruction, for the construction of roads, the re-afforesting of forests in the mountains, for certain agricultural and trade purposes, and have used the Referendum to effectuate these various objects.

But now to reply to your question as to the probable effect of its introduction into England. It is for Englishmen to judge of this, not me, knowing the constitutional machinery ("appareil constitutionnel") of their country better than I do. But so far I will express a decided opinion. I think you are right in the view you take that the Referendum might be advantageously adopted, in the not distant future, in municipal matters.

Perhaps the application of this useful instrument to legislation of a minor character would lead to its being used in the case of questions of larger import. I have seen a letter by Mr. Oscar Browning on this subject in the English papers; he is right. In Switzerland the members of the Administrations (whether executive or legislative) do not vacate their posts, but remain in them all the same, when a certain Bill has been rejected under the Referendum. No new elections are required in such a case. After three years the people renew the National Council, the other, the Council of the States, being elected by the Great Councils or by the people of the cantons at certain intervals of time; and they can, if they choose to do so, mark their disapproval by refusing to re-elect the members; but it is very rarely that this is done. What they prefer to do is to reject the Bills to which they are opposed and await the preparation of other measures which their representatives ("mandataires") draft and submit later on.

It seems to me that in great countries like England the constitutional and legislative Referendum could only be applied, to begin with, in the case of questions of the first importance. If the two Houses are not in agreement, or if the Crown is out of harmony with the two Houses, it would be for the Government of the day to appeal to the people. Take an instance: instead of dissolving the Reichstag, the German Emperor might have consulted his people by the agency of the Referendum; and public opinion would have been better reflected in this way. Again, the Gladstone Administration might have made Home Rule the subject of a referendum. If the people had said "Yes," the House of Lords would have resisted in vain; had they said "No," would the Ministry have had to resign? This is a difficult question to answer; I am not certain what to say. It would depend on the ideas that the public have formed in your country as to Ministerial responsibility. Mr. Gladstone might have said: "It was my scheme, but because the majority of the people do not approve, I give it up on the lines so far laid down." On the other hand, he would have had to resign if he thought that his measure of Home Rule was the *sine quâ non* of his policy as a whole.

The Swiss Councils would say: "The people have adjudged this matter, we respect their decision, and we retain our portefeuilles." You would say, however, I presume: "It would be worse for the principle of Home Rule on a rejection by the people of the recent Bill." But if a substantial minority had declared for it, the idea itself would not suffer; the Bill would be resuscitated after a few years, and would eventually be adopted in another form. At all events, this is what has repeatedly taken place with us in Switzerland—namely, that large minorities at one period have subsequently become majorities.

I repeat that Englishmen best know what suits a great Power like their own, and all I have attempted to do is to discuss the question with a view of clearing up ambiguities; and I shall always be happy to contribute the results of any experience I may have in connection with the question on which my opinion has been sought.

In submitting the above to the readers of THE SPEAKER as an interesting contribution to the discussion of the question, I would venture to express an opinion that the principle of Home Rule was practically put to the test of a Referendum at the last election. Every voter in the United Kingdom knew that, in voting for Mr. Gladstone, he was supporting the Home Rule principle. Granted that the details of the measure recently passed by the House of Commons and rejected by the Lords were not before the country, it was, however, clearly understood that the Bill which, if Mr. Gladstone gained a majority, would be introduced would be based on the principle of Home Rule, and not be limited to an extension merely of the powers of local government. Consequently I contend that the principle of the legislative Referendum has *already*, to all intents and purposes, been carried into effect; but it may be matter for consideration whether, inasmuch as the principle has already been conceded and *actually applied* in the case of Free Public Libraries under the Acts dealing therewith, it might not be usefully extended to larger municipal questions without having an effect that all would deplore—I mean, the weakening of the strength of our representative system and of the dignity and responsibility so essential to its success and development.—

Yours obediently,

CHARLES HANCOCK.

Reform Club, November, 1893.

ST. PAUL'S.

THE pigeons of St. Paul's—
And all around the tired London folk—
The golden sunshine and the distant smoke,
The solemn shade that falls

Where all is noise, and men
Are restless, and are swiftly borne along :
Life's gifts are only granted to the strong.
The weak they wait; and then

Death stills them all : they lie
Beneath the shadow of his throne. And life—
She showers gifts on others in the strife,
St. Paul's will testify.

D. M. B.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

GALES ANCIENT AND MODERN.

IN an appendix to the capital narrative "Life Aboard a British Privateer in the Time of Queen Anne" (Chapman & Hall), which he has extracted from the Journal of famous Captain Woodes Rogers, Mr. Robert C. Leslie asks, "Are the storms at sea of this century heavier than those of the time of Queen Anne?" Be it understood that Mr. Leslie has a certain grim humour of his own, and inclines to exercise it at the expense of modern seamanship, concerning which I gather his opinion to be that

"the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former."

He does not indeed say so explicitly. But his preface starts off with the assertion that it is to men of Woodes Rogers's stamp, in command of small handy seaworthy vessels, that England now owes her great sea power, "rather than to the building of large unhandy expensive machines like our present first-class battleships; or even of mosquito-fleets of torpedo boats unable to keep the sea in an ordinary gale of wind. The construction of all such craft is really only a question of money, and may proceed much faster than we can ever hope to breed and train seamen of the Rogers type able to take charge of them."

Mr. Leslie's opinions are sufficiently indicated by the above sentences, and are illustrated by many trenchant *obiter dicta* in the course of his little volume. But in asking "Are the storms at sea of this century heavier than those of the time of Queen Anne?" he is poking his fun, not so much at modern seamanship as at the modern nautical novelist and the sea-stories which landmen nowadays devour. As a matter of fact, of course, the biggest gale in English history—the gale that "o'er pale Britannia passed," to the destruction of about 8,000 lives on and around her coasts—belongs to Queen Anne's reign. But Mr. Leslie is talking of the wide sea, not of vessels embayed or dragging their anchors close to a lee shore: and it is possibly true that the very safest spot to inhabit in a violent storm is a well-found, beamy sailing-vessel of the old type, handled, in plenty of sea-room, by a trustworthy skipper. It was on board a vessel of this sort that Jack used to "pity them poor folks ashore" when a storm arose; and nothing is more noticeable in reading accounts of old voyages than the truth of the saying that good captains always have fine weather.

To the question, "Are storms at sea actually more dangerous to ships than they used to be?" there are some reasons for answering "Yes." The storms themselves we may assume to be of the same violence. But in the first place the prevailing type of vessel was designed to cope with them, whereas in the present day it is designed to carry a certain quantity of cargo from point to point at the highest

possible speed. Captain Rogers knew that the timbers under his feet were made to last, and he had leisure so to train his crew that everything was made secure and in its place. An obviously different case is that of the men who, in Mr. Kipling's ballad, "threshed the Bolivar out across the Bay":—

"Racketting her rivets loose, smoke-stack white as snow,
All the coals adrift a-deck, half the rails below,
Leaking like a lobster-pot, steering like a dray——"

There we have the actual danger. "Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar," "Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder," and so on. Concessions must, of course, be made to Mr. Kipling's love of the picturesque: but, even so, we are left with an unhandsome residuum of hard truth.

And the danger is not only greater: it is a deal more ostentatious. Hear Mr. Leslie on this point. "A steamer plunges into a head-sea in a blundering sort of way, wallowing from side to side as she does so, and shipping water to port or starboard in the most uncertain manner. The power which drives the great hull against the rolling masses of water seems to have no sympathy with either the ship or the waves; and drenched from stem to stern the vessel reels and staggers on her way, kept only to her work by careful use of the helm." Now for the other picture:—"The sailing-vessel meets a head-sea, when lying-to under easy canvas, as though she knew just what to do with it. She is at one, so to speak, with the whole matter. Her long, tapering spars act pendulum-like, checking all sudden or jerky rolling; and as long as a stitch of canvas can be set she meets the waves in a give-and-take way, reminding one of the 'soft answer that turneth away wrath.'" It is small wonder therefore if the modern observer, as he clings to the rail of a steamship, finds the weather more impressive than it appeared to his forerunner who watched from the deck of a well-handled sailing-vessel.

Another point is that the speed of modern voyages gives the men little time to accustom themselves to the use of boats. It is true that on the good steamship lines they are regularly and frequently drilled to swing the boats out and in; but there would be a pretty deal of grumbling if this exercise were allowed to interfere with "record-breaking." Old Rogers, on the other hand, was for ever lowering his boats, in all manner of seas, and communicating with his consort, the *Dutchess*. Yet there is no record of a mishap to a boat or crew during the entire cruise. And Mr. Leslie reminds us in a note that—

"Forty or fifty years ago the crews of South Sea whalers were very smart sea-boatmen, and their captains thought nothing of lowering a boat in a double-reefed topsail breeze, to take a cup of tea or a glass of grog with the captain of a ship in company. Great simplicity was the main feature of boat-lowering gear on board these ships; but constant practice made communication between them so easy that it took place often under difficulties which now would be sufficient to entitle the officer in charge of the boat to a gold watch and chain."

Mr. Leslie points out that even comparatively recent sea-writers, such as Marryat and Dana, did not indulge in such sea-scapes as now lift the hair of Mr. Mudie's subscribers; but delighted to portray men at home on the sea and able to contend with wind and wave "rather than write of ships with sails torn to shreds and crews taking to drink as soon as they are caught in a close-reefed topsail breeze off Cape Horn": and he adds the tribute of one more good critic to the "nobly simple story" of St. Paul's shipwreck, where "the approach of the catastrophe is unattended by noise; there is none of the confusion and shrieking of cordage that mark the stagey shipwreck of modern fiction. Nor did those old shipmen yield the loss of their ship without a good fight; but after sounding twice they cast four anchors out of the stern, and quietly watched for the day."

As explaining, if not excusing, the more modern style of tempest, we must remember that it is

composed expressly for landmen; and that in seafaring matters landmen not only take *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, but, if they are Britons, insist on its being *magnificentissimum*. A Birmingham man finds all this straining of cordage and shipping of green seas immensely flattering to his pride of race. Nor is the solemn befooling of landmen such a novelty as Mr. Leslie appears to think. Our novelists may be tempted by the popular ignorance to dip their brushes somewhat deep in earthquake and eclipse: but surely the sea-novel has never yet matched the old sea-song in amateur foolishness. Dibdin, I believe (and I can well believe), was never at sea: but the public of Dibdin's (and Nelson's) day might have been expected to know more of the sea and sea-faring than to accept stuff of this sort—

"Now it freshens, set the braces;
Quick, the topsail sheets let go!
Luff, boys, luff; don't make wry faces!
Up your topsails nimbly clew!"

Or this—

"Though the tempests topgallant-masts smack-smooth should smite
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the decks, stow the yards, and house everything tight,
And under the foresail we scud."

"Ne'er an omnibus driver but could do better," said a seafaring man once to Mr. Clark Russell; and the same critic after perusing Gay's "Black Ey'd Susan"—

"William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below.
The cords glide swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands"

—very pertinently asked, "What sort of cords did he come down by—the signal halliards? And isn't it quite conceivable that, being on a man-o'-war and aloft on duty, he should drop his job to come down to his Susan without leave of the officer in charge?"

The fact is, that since it takes two people to tell the truth—one to speak, and another to hear—a storyteller must always depend to some extent on his audience. Captain Woodes Rogers wrote as a seafaring man for the information of other seafaring men: he is much more annoyed by a swarm of mosquitoes than by a stiff gale, and on one occasion, when at anchor across the tide in an overlaid boat, he says very frankly that, "though engaged about a charming undertaking" (i.e., the storming of Guyaquil), "he would rather be in a storm at sea than there." The modern novelist, on the other hand, writes for people who can take very little for granted. If we could ship the whole of Mr. Mudie's subscribers across the Atlantic and send them round Cape Horn, I foresee at least a dozen different ways in which the English novel might gain immensely.

But what puzzles me about landmen is this: in fiction they are willing, and even anxious, to credit the sea with at least three times its actual amount of horror; but when it comes to fact they hardly care a snap of the fingers for the disasters of shipping. During the last week hundreds of lives have been lost on our coast. Along one stretch of it, between Bristol and the Land's End, a dozen or so of good ships have gone to their account—and all for the simple reason that along that coast there is no harbour of refuge, and the public will not go to the moderate cost of building one. One may confidently say that if half the number of lives that were lost there, last Saturday night, had been lost in a mine—still more if they had been lost in a theatre—subscription lists would be opened, a searching Government inquiry held, and (the press insisting, and much popular emotion backing it) every possible step taken and no expense spared to prevent a second disaster of the kind. No steps will be taken, however, to prevent further shipwrecks on

that coast. They are easily prevented: they have always been happening: and nobody cares, unless it be the widows and orphans. For the limits of sympathy lie close to those of the imagination: and the limits of the imagination to those of the understanding.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

JANE EYRE'S GRANDFATHER.

THE BRONTËS IN IRELAND: OR, FACTS STRANGER THAN FICTION. By Dr. William Wright. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS is a most interesting and puzzling book. To determine how much of it is historical narrative, how much genuine tradition, how much pure myth, and how much lordly invention, is a task which might well engage the attention of a round dozen of German commentators. We confess it to be far beyond our powers.

Dr. Wright is thoroughly possessed by his subject. No humble retainer of a noble house was ever so permeated with a sense of its greatness as is Dr. Wright with the majesty and grandeur of the handful of obscure Irish peasants whom he always styles "the Brontës." He was brought up to believe in them. His first classical teacher, the Rev. William McAllister, of Finard, near Newry, used—we will quote Dr. Wright's own words—"to take me for long walks through the fields and tell me stories of Hugh Brontë's early life, which he assured me were just as striking and as worthy to be recounted as the Wrath of Achilles or the Wanderings of Pius Æneas." Mr. McAllister found an apt pupil, for in this book Hugh Brontë figures as a very demi-god, the hero of almost miraculous adventures, the father of Irish tenant-right, the all-unconscious promoter of both Irish patriotism and Irish temperance, and we know not what else besides. Who in the name of wonder was this extraordinary man, with this extraordinary and unheard-of name? Dr. Wright shall tell us:—

"Hugh Brontë, according to his own account, belonged to a large family of brothers and sisters. His father lived somewhere in the south of Ireland. . . . in prosperous circumstances. . . . Some time about the middle of last century, or a little earlier, the family was thrown into excitement by the arrival of an uncle and aunt of whom they had never heard. The children at first thought the new-comers were rude and common—they did not like the uncle's swarthy complexion and dark glancing eyes—but as they remained guests for a considerable time, first impressions wore off. Hugh believed he was then about five or six years old. He soon became a great favourite with the new-comers, who took him with them wherever they went and had him to sleep with them at night. They . . . proposed to him that as they had no children of their own he should go home with them and be their son. . . . Consent was given—the day, or rather night, came. . . . His father lifted him in his arms and carried him out into the darkness, and placed him gently between his uncle and aunt on a seat with a raised back, which was laid across a cart from side to side. Sitting aloft on the cross-seat of the vehicle, little Hugh Brontë began his rough journey out into the big world."

From that day to this the whole Brontë family, the stolen Hugh and his wicked uncle and supine aunt alone excepted, have never been heard of; they were numerous and in prosperous circumstances, but none the less they have disappeared. Dr. Wright solemnly refers to them as "the dispersed Brontës." Disguised as a peasant, Dr. Wright has wandered over Ireland in search of the early home of his hero, and of some tidings of his father and mother, brothers and sisters, or their descendants, but he has found nothing. Hugh thus becomes to the fervent imagination an Irish Melchizedek—a kinless loon—a figure full of mystery from the first. No sooner did the wicked uncle get little Hugh into his cart and out of earshot than "he brought his great hand down with a sharp smack on the little fellow's face," and when the tiny urchin of six in his distress cried out, "O God, if there be a God, let me die," the cruel but orthodox uncle turned suddenly round, "and with

his whip struck the kneeling child, and prostrated him." Dr. Wright proceeds:—

"Seventy years after that night Hugh Brontë used to tell the story with great vividness. . . . He would say, 'I grew fast that night. I was Christian child, ardent lover, vindictive hater, enthusiast, misanthrope, sceptic, atheist, and philosopher in one cruel hour. Undeserved blows from a hand we once loved fall heavy, and lead to many thoughts.'"

He was, indeed, a remarkable man, this Hugh Brontë, and though he only learnt to read late in life, he commanded, in his seventieth year at all events, as pure a literary style as Dr. Wright himself, who, indeed, seems unwittingly to have "learnt the great language" of his peasant-hero. The uncle's name was Welsh. He was picked up about the beginning of the last century by little Hugh's grandfather on board a vessel plying between Liverpool and Drogheda. He was then very young, very black, and very dirty. However, he wormed himself into the confidence of Mr. Brontë, and eventually contrived not only to marry one of his benefactor's daughters, but well-nigh to ruin and disgrace the whole family. His motive for carrying off little Hugh is not very plain, for he got nothing out of him, and (as we have seen) hated him from the first. With this villain, and his odious servant Gallagher, Hugh lived in the utmost poverty and misery till he was fifteen, when he ran away. Dr. Wright sees in this story the origin of "Wuthering Heights." The odd thing is that this very Hugh, when he came to have children of his own, called one by the hated name of Welsh.

Dr. Wright with great gusto tells us all about Hugh's courtship of the lovely Alice McClory, of the fearful scene with her Catholic relatives, and ultimately of his happy marriage. This joyful event took place on the very day which a Mr. Burns had intended to devote to the same business with the same lady; but how he was outwitted, and Hugh Brontë married, in 1776, in the Protestant Church of Magherally, to the grandmother of "Jane Eyre," is all written, with a wealth of detail and local colour "our own correspondent" might envy, in the animated pages of Dr. Wright. Whether Hugh Brontë ever went to the expense of advertising for his dispersed brethren, Dr. Wright does not tell us, but, like an honest Irishman, Hugh set to work to supply their places and begot ten stalwart sons and daughters, of whom Patrick, who was born on the 17th of March, 1777, at Emdale Cottage, in the parish of Drumballyrone, was the eldest. These Brontës were undoubtedly a remarkable race. A young cousin of the Rev. William McAllister, in the year 1812, encountered whilst on his travels a group of the Brontë bounding brothers.

"I think there were six of them, and they were marching in step across a field. . . . They were dressed alike in homespun and home-knitted garments, that fitted them closely and showed off to perfection their large, lithe and muscular forms. . . . They bounded lightly over all the fences that stood in their way, all springing from the ground and alighting together, and they continued to march in step until they reached the public road. . . . They did not seem to notice us, but proceeded with a match of hurling a large metal ball along the road, and the one who made it roll farthest was declared the winner. . . . We had never seen men like the Irish Brontës, and we had never heard language like theirs. The quaint conceptions, glowing thoughts, and ferocious epithets that struggled for utterance at their unlettered lips revealed the original quarry from which the Vicar's daughters chiselled the stones for their artistic castle-building, etc. . . . The match over, the sweepstakes secured, the brothers returned to their harvest labour as they came, clearing like greyhounds every fence that stood in their way."

The same eloquent cousin describes the whole family of Brontës, men and women, dancing in a glen—"One of the brothers began to thrum the fiddle, and quick as lightning two of the sisters and the other brothers were whirling and spinning airily over the grass. The scene was of the most weird and romantic character. . . . The sun was sinking in the west, etc."

Old Hugh Brontë, if he lost his potatoes by

blight, used to curse the Devil after a truly appalling fashion. He would gather a basketful of rotten potatoes, and carry them to the brink of the glen, and hurl them over "as a feast for the fetid destroyer." On these occasions his demeanour was frightful.

"I know a man who witnessed one of these scenes. He spoke of Hugh Brontë's address to the Devil as being sublime in its ferocity. With bare, outstretched arms, the veins in his neck and forehead standing out like hempen cords and his voice choking with concentrated passion, he would apostrophise Beelzebub as the bloated fly and call on him to partake of the filthy repast he had provided. The address ended with wild, scornful laughter as Brontë hurled the rotten potatoes down the bank."

It is as sublime as Ossian. Who need wonder that "it was believed that Hugh Brontë was actually seen in the Glen, standing with his hand on the mane of a magnificent black horse, but when any neighbour drew near the black horse dwindled into a great black cat, which kept purring round Brontë and rubbing itself against his leg"? But this terrible Hugh was a philosopher as well as a wizard, and the propositions of his discourse were never varied. His heads were these: (1) The Church is not Christ's; (2) The World is not God's; (3) Ireland is not the King's; (4) Irish Law is not Justice; (5) Obedience to Law is not a Duty; (6) Patriotism is not a Virtue. Although he does not appear to have ever reduced his sermon into writing, Dr. Wright heard it so often from his old tutor that he has no difficulty in reproducing it from memory. It occupies the whole of Chapter XVI., and is well worth study. Hugh Brontë was a tenant of Sharman Crawford, whose advocacy of tenant-right is well known, and it seems to Dr. Wright "not only probable and possible, but morally certain that Brontë's eloquent and passionate arguments were the primary seeds of the great agrarian harvest which is now being reaped by the tenant farmers of Ireland." But Dr. Wright's faith in this marvellous Brontë is capable of vouching for even more than this. Hugh was once a servant-boy in the Harshaw family, and one of the ladies of that family became the mother of the patriot, John Martin. "I think," says Dr. Wright, "there is no doubt that John Martin's beliefs and principles grew from seeds sown by Hugh Brontë, the servant-boy, in the sympathetic mind of his mother."

We have no space to pursue this fascinating subject further, but we certainly advise our readers to procure Dr. Wright's book and study it for themselves. They may find it less puzzling than we do, but we defy them to find it more interesting. The account of the visit to Haworth and London of one of Charlotte Brontë's Irish uncles, all agog to thrash the scoundrel who had assailed his niece's character in the *Quarterly Review*, is most touching. The book ends somewhat tamely with a chapter on the undoubted dual authorship of that article. Dr. Wright says he himself has seen the name Brontë painted on carts belonging to the family. It was pronounced "Brunty." Descendants of old Hugh are still living in Ireland.

AGNOSTIC SCIENCE.

METHOD AND RESULTS. By Professor T. H. Huxley. London: Macmillan.

DARWINIANA. By Professor T. H. Huxley. London: Macmillan.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has begun to republish, in a set of handy volumes, his polemical and scientific essays, many of which have furnished war-cries, arguments, and subjects of dispute to a whole generation, while some date from yesterday. It is a melancholy business going over battle-fields on which no harvest has yet ripened; but the Professor believes that he came off best invariably, and, like the Bourbons to whom he refers, he has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, in spite of the good-natured critics who were always intent on setting him right. From the amusing little sketch of himself prefixed to the first

volume, it appears that when he was a mere boy he preached in the style of Sir Herbert Oakley to his mother's maids, extemporising a surplice out of his pinafore; and Mr. Spencer has always ascribed to him strong clerical affinities. Mr. Spencer knows what he is saying. If it is the mark of a clergyman, as some would have us think, to be very sure of his position, dogmatic in expressing it, impatient of those who differ from him, scornful in his speech, unable to look at things, even for a moment, from the gain-sayer's point of view, and addicted to anathema, why, then, Professor Huxley may rely upon it that his clerical affinities have not remained in so latent a condition as he supposes. The great difference between him and his ecclesiastical brethren is that he denies their doctrines, not that he does not claim as much authority as they do. He is a lay or secular pontiff, and quite willing to say "Raca" when we hesitate to yield assent to his peremptory propositions. The exact opposite of all this was Charles Darwin, who cared more for truth than for victory. We do not by any means suggest—far be it from us—that Professor Huxley is indifferent to the truth. But whenever he becomes unfair, and when his arrows, however keenly pointed, fall short of the mark, the reason is that he borrows his weapons from the armoury of the vituperative cleric whom he hates and despises. He would understand Christianity, and perhaps even Catholicism, a little better, if he did not detest them so much. The most successful polemics, in the long run, are, we imagine, cool anatomy and deductions from a man's own account of his beliefs, not caricature and invective. Science, certainly, does not require to be enforced by passion; but Professor Huxley enjoys the sound of his own rage, and lashes himself, from time to time, into a sudden explosion of temper which is lively, but, alas! not convincing. He throws out more heat than light, and though protesting that he would not for the world indulge in rhetoric, he cannot resist the temptation to indulge in biting epigrams, some of which, as his practical identification of might with right in criticising Mr. Henry George, have in them a dangerous power of recoil.

We shall do well, therefore, to distinguish in these writings between what is strictly scientific, and the *obiter dicta*, though brilliant or incisive, which only put into words Professor Huxley's "pious opinions" regarding theology and the Christian Church. He is at his best when explaining or summing up the phenomena of biological science with which he is so deeply familiar, as in the admirable set of papers on the "Origin of Species," and the lectures on "Organic Nature," delivered to working men some thirty years ago. He is probably at his worst when plunging into the scholastic or Serbonian bog, in which whole armies have been lost, of mediæval commentaries on Aristotle, such as he attempts, all-daring as he is, to subdue in Father Suarez the Jesuit. This is quite going beyond his last, and not even the courteous permission granted by him to the late Cardinal Manning to exercise Papal infallibility in the precincts of Westminster, will rescue him from the charge of talking about matters which are too high—or too low—for an adept in biology. Neither, again, do we feel much confidence in a writer who, turning late in the day to economics, assures us that "the political problem of problems is how to deal with over-population." As if Malthus had sealed up the sum of wisdom, and the misery of the poverty-stricken districts in London, Paris, Vienna, or New York, did, in fact, mean that there was not food enough in the country to feed its inhabitants, or that population was growing faster than subsistence! Malthus pointed out a tendency, not a real state of things; and the problem is not one of "unrestricted generation," but of unrighteous and unwise distribution. It is well known that products have increased in a greater ratio than the people who produce them, and Professor Huxley would, we feel sure on reading certain of his pages, allow that the producers do not get

their fair share of what they have produced. In the brute world his Malthus may range at will, but in the human there is a sensible risk of the great cities eating up the inhabitants of the country until, as in Italy under the Empire, and for hundreds of years in Anatolia, Persia, and other parts of the misgoverned East, the peasants shrink to a handful and the land becomes a waste. The key to this door is assuredly not "over-population," but it may well be "under-consumption."

In his own department the words of wisdom which are scattered up and down these chapters have a singular *à propos* just now. "It is the customary fate of new truths," says Professor Huxley in celebrating the coming of age of the "Origin of Species," "to begin as heresies and to end as superstitions;" and many a one will accept the Darwinian theories who could never justify them, nor has marked their limits. "The importance of natural selection will not be impaired," he justly observes, "even if further inquiries should prove that variability is definite, and is determined in certain directions rather than in others, by conditions inherent in that which varies." No, certainly, its importance as an agency will remain, but the "conditions inherent" may lead us on to a fresh idea of stability and order which will more than compensate us for the elements of law, design, and purpose for the sake of which the doctrine of "separate creation" was unduly prized. It is interesting to know that, in Professor Huxley's idea, "there is very little of the genuine naturalist" in him; that he "never collected anything," and that what he cared for "was the architectural and engineering part of the business, the working out the wonderful unity of plan in the thousands of thousands of diverse living constructions, and the modifications of similar apparatus to serve diverse ends." There are those to whom such a "unity of plan" would suggest the existence of Thought behind the unity and manifested by means of it. Nor, if we take the Professor at his word, has he ever condemned their proceeding as a crime against science or reason. In a classic passage, we find it laid down that "the teleological and the mechanical views of nature are not, necessarily, mutually exclusive. On the contrary, the more purely a mechanist the speculator is, the more firmly does he assume a primordial molecular arrangement, of which all the phenomena of the universe are the consequences; and the more completely is he thereby at the mercy of the teleologist, who can always defy him to disprove that this primordial molecular arrangement was not intended to evolve the phenomena of the universe." But surely the teleologist can go a step farther. He can ask whether it is not self-evident that, in the absence of an "arranging" Thought or Mind, there could never come to pass such a thing as an "arrangement," primordial, or any other? And as for soothing us with the assurance, which Professor Huxley is kind enough to give, that "the working of the machine itself" "affords scope for all our energies," we beg to assure him in turn, on the testimony of our own consciousness, that it does not do so in the least, and that the end or purpose of human life is, on the same testimony, that which must bestow on our energies an abiding value. If, indeed, we can neither know nor fulfil any end beyond the "working of the machine," we hold that the last word of science will be pessimism.

For how can it comfort or inspire the human race to be told that, provided they work the machine, they need not trouble about immortal happiness or immortal justice—or, perhaps, any happiness or justice at all? The pursuit of final causes may have sometimes proved misleading in science, although if we read with due care Mr. Darwin's own volumes—*ex. gr.*, "On the Fertilisation of Orchids"—we shall see that it is also a guiding light to seekers after explanation of methods. But in ethics, in religion, and in the social order generally, the purpose which we aim at determines the nature and excellence of

the fabric we are constructing. That purpose never did belong to the class of "metaphysical teraphim"; it is a master idea, architectonic and essential. And though Darwin himself did not assert necessary progress in the struggle for existence, but was content to register the progress that he saw and inquire into its laws, yet the trend all through the periods of geology and down to the present day, which reveals a continual advance such as Mr. Spencer has summed up in his abstract formula of evolution, cannot leave us doubtful of a tendency, or a most definite direction, taken by the innumerable forces that make the universe. And what is the governing motive-power of that direction if it is not mind? The thought which will instinctively occur to many on laying down these volumes, abounding as they do in exercises of an intellect enamoured of process, order, and method, is one of astonishment that a man who is everywhere zealous to discover arrangements in detail, should not acknowledge the ground of them in a universal, all-pervading Reason working out its plan by limited instruments through ages without end. To recognise any single part of the world as having in it those elements which make it amenable to science—in other words, to intellect—is, it would appear, one of the grandest achievements of our race. But to put all these partial sciences together, and thence to argue that the whole world is simply Thought made manifest—and so that there is a Thinker whose mind has controlled it—this, in Professor Huxley's philosophy, would be superstition or superfluous belief. Surely it is easier to conceive that we are, in our science, reading thought out of the universe than that we are delusively reading thought into it. On which side, then, is the superstition?

MISS ROSSETTI'S "VERSES."

VERSES. By Christina Rossetti. London: The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

"THE voice of one crying in the wilderness": that is Miss Rossetti's poetry in our arid days. In literature the aridity of heart is intolerable, because so all-pervading. Scarcely one of our literary men or women but vaunts his or her agnosticism; if we have virtues, they be of Paganry. Zola is to the younger generation of literary men "the Master," and self-destruction as great a virtue as it was to Seneca or Cato. Almost alone among English poets Miss Rossetti keeps aloft the Standard of Christ—keeps it flying with an undaunted hope and a high endeavour, in a day when the Divine Martyr has come to be classed with Buddha and Confucius, and a subject of curious interest to the popular daily and the literary man in search of religion. Yet at the back of it all is there something inherently spiritual in the human heart. Thomas à Kempis, the maker of the most spiritual meditations of all time, is so much a brother to men that his "Imitatio Christi" is a companion to many for whom the road to Calvary was nothing but a common way to the Mount of Execution. Miss Rossetti would be far too humble and simple to call her poems "Imitatio Christi," but the name would fittingly represent the character of her thoughts. To her the unseen is the real world; this tangible earth and its joys—

"Roses on a briar,
Pearls from out the bitter sea—
Such is earth's desire,
However pure it be."

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness." Miss Rossetti sings not for time, but for eternity, and such songs as Crashaw made, Crashaw in Heaven, of whom his friend, Cowley, said exquisitely—

"Thou needst not make new songs, but sing the old."

Miss Rossetti owns not only the highest aim, but the clearest vision and the most delectable voice in modern poetry. One dares say that this volume, "Verses," will be an oasis of rest to many a one

whose desires are amid the dust of earth. It is a collection of the verse interspersed through her three prose volumes—"Time Flies," "Called to be Saints," and "The Face of the Deep." Its production is very dainty and beautiful. Its other-worldliness is not so transcendent that it takes no thought for this. Indeed, a constraining beauty in Miss Rossetti's poetry is its note of human loss and love. Hers is an autumnal world, in which she sighs as bereft as a November tree—

"The world—what a world, ah me!
Mouldy, worm-eaten, grey;
Vain as a leaf from a tree,
As a fading day,
As veriest vanity.
As the froth and the spray
Of the hollow-billowed sea,
As what was and shall not be,
As what is and passes away."

But she is not for ever in so melancholy a mood, because for her the joy of Paradise is more real and more surely coming than our earthly joys for us. Miss Rossetti's poetry has a felicity unequalled since the Elizabethans. She has a diction as clear as glass, and a most rare and distinguished music in her metres. She is as simple as Blake, of whom once or twice there is a suggestion—

"Little Lamb, who lost thee?—
I myself, none other.
Little Lamb, who found thee?—
Jesus, Shepherd, Brother.
Ah, Lord, what I cost Thee!
Canst Thou still desire?—
Still mine arms surround Thee!
Still I lift Thee higher,
Draw Thee nigher."

"Verses" seems to the present reviewer to be a spiritual book for all time, and in its poetical quality a book not to be excelled in our day.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF ECONOMICS.

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By J. Shield Nicholson, M.A., D.Sc., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Edinburgh. Vol. I. London: Adam & Charles Black.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Luigi Cossa, Professor in the Royal University of Pavia. Revised by the Author and Translated by Louis Dyer, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

PHILOSOPHY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY. By James Bonar, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION, 1776—1848. By Edwin Cannan, M.A. London: Percival & Co.

A GREAT change, which itself is the sum of many changes, has come over the science of political economy within the recollection of most of its older students. It is not merely that its professors are compelled to descend from the clear, calm world of the Abstract Idea into the concrete world of economic life, with its ever-changing manifold of coal strikes, and poor-laws, and tape prices, and currency problems, not to speak of ethical and political complications which are outside their proper sphere; or that it has become the most accessible field for the logic lecturer in search of intelligible illustrations of scientific method; or that its laws, once spoken of as universal and inexorable, now, as Professor Nicholson happily says in the work before us, may be anything "from the laws of nature to the opinions of dead men." Its professors are becoming conscious that their science has a history; they are writing its *Dogmengeschichte*, and tracing the development of its doctrines and the relation of those doctrines to the states of society in which they were first propounded. Gradually, we suppose, an Absolute Economics may be reconstructed, perhaps by the mathematical school; meanwhile the great feature of present-day economics seems to us its frank recognition of the fact that its doctrines are relative and provisional, generated by their economic environment, and constantly requiring to be substantiated

or corrected by an appeal to existing economic fact. We notice this tendency in all the books before us, and may, therefore, group them together, though the third and fourth were published some time earlier than the first two on the list.

Professor Shield Nicholson calls his book "Principles of Political Economy," but it is not so much an emanation of principles as a series of criticisms. It is based on notes of lectures on the text of John Stuart Mill; so that it follows Mill's order, and except for one brief and rather obscure chapter on the conception of "marginal utility"—which would be more intelligible to the ordinary student if he could be quite sure exactly whom the author is attacking—it deals almost wholly with Mill's doctrine and topics. The consequence is that we carry away, so to speak, not a whole plan of the science, but a number of parts, and of corrections of measurements and areas. This volume, too, only covers Production and Distribution, and we know Professor Nicholson best as a bimetallist. We have, however, found much acute and trenchant criticism of Mill's and other doctrines, a great deal of valuable information, and full consideration of the claims of economic history. We confess we were somewhat daunted to read in the Introduction that the business of political economy is, not to make your terms stand for provisional concepts used as guides to sort the facts, but to find out what the terms stand for in ordinary life. Here, we said to ourselves, are the Universal Definitions of Socrates and the Ideas of Plato, without the excuse afforded to these great thinkers by the non-development in their day of logical theory; and the result can be only a new scholasticism, more fatal than the old to familiarity with the facts. But we do not find that the author has followed out this conception; while on the other hand, after he has expressed an emphatic approval of the usual separation of ethics and economics, he tells us so much of the non-material and human elements in production that we feel as if he had rather departed from his salutary separation. Here, again, however, the general result is satisfactory. We may draw special attention to the timely and valuable defence of Malthus; a still more valuable citation of instances contradictory to the current commonplace that industrial society is divided into a few masters employing many men—in reality, Professor Nicholson points out, in the case of lawyers, physicians, surveyors, there are many masters to one man; a good condensed sketch of the English Poor Law, and some more debatable matter as to the limitation of bequest, State pensions, and the New Unionism. Professor Nicholson has a literary style, and is occasionally rather obscure; but this makes his book all the better exercise. We can cordially recommend it, though not exactly to beginners.

When Professor Luigi Cossa's work bearing the above title was first translated into English, it was introduced by Professor Jevons with the remark that English economists knew little of the history of their own doctrines. The present revised and enlarged edition will assuredly open up those doctrines to them, and the only objection they can make to it is that it overwhelms them with suggestions of new work. There are brief sketches and concise criticisms of all the leading economists of every country, and the book is a marvel of learning and compression. We think, indeed, it rather obscures the greater writers by its mention of a multitude of minor luminaries, but for serious students that matters little. We know no work like it save some of the *Dogmengeschichten* in German theology, and the monumental German treatise of Robert Von Mohl on the history and literature of political science. But this work is monumental, too, and it is short.

Mr. Bonar's book is more ambitious. It is a sketch of the economics of philosophers or the philosophy of economists, whichever the reader likes. It shows wide reading and great labour, but, as it largely consists of abstracts of doctrine, it leaves

a critic little to say. We think another relation is more important—we mean the relation of both sets of doctrines to their environment. It is not much use, for instance, giving the economic theories of Plato and Aristotle unless you add that their aim was to reorganise Hellenic life in restored and improved city communities because they saw it was breaking up. We have here good accounts of the doctrines of these two philosophers, of Machiavelli and Bodin, of Hume, Adam Smith, Malthus, Kant, Fichte, and Krause—the latter of whom we feel is hardly worth notice—and a careful and damaging criticism on Mill. We personally have learnt less from Mr. Bonar's summaries than from his *obiter dicta*—for instance, as to the neglect by Locke of social environment as a factor in production and the consequent claim of society to the product; as to the beginning of English economics in political theory; and its beginning in modern times from the taxation which is the product of the New Monarchies. It is easy to find lacunæ in so large a subject. We are rather surprised that so little is said of mediæval economics; that we hear nothing of Rousseau, whose "Contrat Social," as Mr. John Morley has pointed out, may easily be given a Socialistic turn; or about the dogma of Equality, which still awaits its historian to work out the suggestions of Sir Henry Maine. We do not blame Mr. Bonar for this, but we hope he will fill up these spaces by-and-by.

Mr. Cannan's book is a tolerably minute critical study of the doctrines of leading economists on production and distribution, from Adam Smith to Mill inclusive. He has little difficulty in showing that many of their conceptions are neither self-consistent nor tenable; but (it may be said) what, after all, does it matter? Granted that Adam Smith was not quite clear about the distinction between capital and income, we have seen it maintained by a high authority that the distinction is not natural in commerce, and that business men did not make it clearly until the Limited Liability Act. Granted that no economist has adequately defined wealth and national capital, or that one cannot quite say that a dock, though it is capital, is consumed, we feel inclined to reply, as the famous circus proprietor did when his dramatic author read him a new play, "Cut the dialect, can't you, and come to the 'orses." If you are going to make your definitions exact to start with, you will never get anywhere near your Silver Problem. Mr. Cannan's real service is in showing that economic theories are generated by practical needs—that much of the doctrine of Malthus and Ricardo is prompted by the old Poor Law, and that, as the Corn Law question was really one between the landlord class and the manufacturing class, the theory of Rent was a useful weapon against the former. But the Ricardian economics, as he points out, have generated Mr. George's doctrines, and also those of Karl Marx. We now want (if we understand him aright) a new theory dealing with the real nature of wealth, and its distribution not between classes, but between individuals. That, we hope, he himself will some day try to give us; but we do not think it will be what is at present known as economics.

FICTION.

- WOMAN AND THE MAN. A Story. By Robert Buchanan. In 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.
- AN ARMY DOCTOR'S ROMANCE. By Grant Allen. Illustrated. London: Raphael Tuck & Sons.
- THE ROMANCE OF GUARD MULLIGAN. And Other Stories. By S. Levett-Yeats. A. H. Wheeler & Co.'s "Indian Railway" Library. London: Walter Scott.
- A PRISONER OF WAR. By F. A. Inderwick, Q.C. Illustrations by W. Padgett. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Limited.
- A PREFATORY note to "Woman and the Man" informs us that the author has dramatised his story. Mr. Buchanan might have put the statement

differently, and, we imagine, more accurately. He might have said that he had turned a melodrama into a novel. Every page in "Woman and the Man" smells of the footlights; every entrance and every exit is made with the strictest regard to dramatic convention, and the reader can tell where each scene in the play ends by the imposing situations provided for the fall of the curtain. The characters, too, are the characters of melodrama and not of real life. From the moment when we meet the lovely and spotless heroine engaged in painting fancy-cards in a garret in Westminster beside a dying child and a drunken and brutal husband, to that when we see her at last freed from her marriage-bonds by the timely knife of a man who has to avenge himself on the husband aforesaid for his own dishonour, we live in the atmosphere of the stage and of unreality. The villain is unspeakable, the philanthropic clergyman unapproachable in his excellence, and the baronet, to whom the heroine will fall after her husband's exit, melodramatic after the fashion of the good baronet of the Adelphi. Mr. Buchanan, of course, does his work cleverly enough. His is no 'prentice hand, and he executes his task with enviable deftness and precision. But the melancholy conclusion of the reviewer is that the task itself was not worth doing. As a play, "Woman and the Man" will probably be a distinct success. It has all the characteristics of a popular melodrama. But one has only to read this story in order to see how completely melodrama, even good melodrama, is divorced from literature. Our readers may go to see the play when it is produced. They will probably enjoy themselves if they do so; but we defy any human being to get pleasure or profit out of a perusal of this particular "book of the play."

An "Army Doctor's Romance" is a comparatively slight specimen of Mr. Grant Allen's powers as a writer of fiction, but it is not without merits of its own. The plot is distinctly ingenious, and has one refreshing variation from conventional fiction. Besides, Mr. Grant Allen, with his wonderful instinct for actuality, has laid the chief scene of the story in Matabeleland during a war between the whites and the Matabeles. There is a vivid description of an attack upon an English lager, which is probably quite as accurate an account of the recent fighting as anything we are likely to get from the special correspondents. How did Mr. Grant Allen succeed in being so completely up to date, seeing that his story must have been printed long before the recent operations began? "An Army Doctor's Romance" is beautifully printed and handsomely illustrated, whilst it contains in addition an excellent likeness of the author.

The influence of Rudyard Kipling is visible on every page of the "Romance of Guard Mulligan." But if the author has imitated Mr. Kipling in some of the less pleasing features of his style, he is certainly not without very distinct merits of his own. Some of these stories are, in their way, quite worthy to be compared with Mr. Kipling's Indian tales; and though we miss the vivid presentment of native and military life, we have many shrewd sketches of European and Eurasian human nature. The book is well worth reading, if only to show that Mr. Kipling's departure from India has not robbed it of its only writer.

The pleasant and unpretending little story which Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., has just given to the public hardly needed the "Apologia" with which he has felt constrained to preface it. "A Prisoner of War" has merits of its own, quite sterling enough to carry the tiny volume successfully through the ordeal of public criticism. In this story the author has aimed at reconstituting the period of "the darkest hour of our national history;" that is to say, the period immediately preceding Waterloo, when the tremendous shadow of Napoleon lay like a blight upon England's prosperity and commerce. Romney

Marsh is the scene in which the tale is laid, and an effective picture of the ancient Cinque-Ports is that presented by Mr. Inderwick, who evidently knows and loves the quaint old towns so intimately associated with the history and archaeology of England. The plot is of the slightest, for, as might be anticipated, it is the social and political aspects of the period, rather than its more dramatic side, whose significance is brought into relief by Mr. Inderwick's sympathetic pen. The "prisoner of war" who gives the title to the book figures, in fact, very dimly in the story, which concerns itself chiefly with the municipal misdoings of the Government Agent who connives at his escape, and who, being detected in accepting a bribe from the French Government, is prosecuted by the Treasury, and condemned to endure the degradation of the pillory. There are some well-drawn sketches of minor characters, serving to give interest to this birdseye view of the great drama of our century; but the story is of too slight a fabric to bear analysis. To many persons its chief charm will lie in the Washington-Irving-like appreciation of old scenes and old customs which the author betrays in every line—an impression heightened by the very dainty and artistic illustrations with which the book is adorned. In the matter of type and paper "A Prisoner of War" is equally fortunate, and we can confidently predict for it that favourable verdict for which Mr. Inderwick so humorously and so modestly pleads.

THE LITERATURE OF GOLF.

GOLF: A ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME. Edited by Robert Clark. (London: Macmillan.)

WHEN Mr. Clark privately printed the first edition of this work, eighteen years ago, he did for the game of golf what probably has never been so artistically attempted on behalf of any other popular game of any nationality. He gathered together all that had been said or sung in praise of the game, with the exception of Henry B. Farnie's "Golfers' Manual," which ought to have been included, as its directions for playing the game have never been excelled in any volume. Though Stewart's "Golfiana Miscellanea" contains a considerable part of the same collection, it wants the beautiful engravings and fine artistic finish which are the characteristic features of Mr. Clark's work. This new edition will therefore be heartily welcomed by every true golfer who is desirous of making himself acquainted with the history of the game. It is a pity that the author did not carry out his original intention of giving some of his own experiences of golf, for twenty-five years ago he was in the front rank of amateurs. Few the men could tackle the player with iron nerve, stiff heavy driver, and "thirty" balls. In a match he was a most powerful opponent; yet he frequently carried off first honours on the medal days at St. Andrews, the Doncaster of the game. With Mr. Gilbert Mitchell Innes he played the famous three-balled match against Tom Morris, thus introducing a fresh test of play. Here we have his portrait, beautifully executed in photogravure, to remind us of many hard and determined struggles of old. Though golf has "boomed" over the whole world, Mr. Clark has restricted his sketches to the days gone by, long before "record-breaking" became a mania. Of making of golf-books there is no end, and he has wisely left untouched everything modern, confining himself to the ancient days which were truly the royal days of the game. He lets us see Mary Queen of Scots engaged in the keen play on St. Andrews Links, and Charles I. and James II. delighting in the game on the Links of Leith. When the nationality of the sport was challenged by two English noblemen, James II. (then Duke of York) took an Edinburgh shoemaker to play against them in order to decide the controversy for ever. After the Scottish victory "Far and sure" was cut on the lintel of the house given to the shoemaker by his royal partner as a memorial of the important match. The prominent figures in the volume are the great Montrose, Lord President Forbes, St. Clair of Roslin, Sir Henry Raeburn, James Balfour, and the Cock-o'-the-Green. This last worthy spent his life on Brunsfield Links, about the beginning of the century; there he would be found practising at the short holes by lamp-light. His golf-hating wife once carried his dinner and his night-cap to him; but, blind to the satire, he told her that she "cou'd wait if she likit till the game was dune, but at present he had no time for refreshment." With Allan Robertson, the champion of the days of old, has now been associated Tommy Morris, the greatest player of modern times; and Andrew Lang's Ballade is added to the poetry of the volume. The work undoubtedly holds the highest place in the history and literature of the national game of Scotland.

BLUFF, philanthropic representation in the H three year his full political body rec word wa classical financial religious pleasant world. Robert F borrow but in h with a d welfare amongst been re after all wider fa which M at home then at turned familiar this mo journals congrat to plac several collecte vigorous pages. it is no have be thestre of the m It i the Gr seem i who tr like M his wh cannot itinerar rustic memor chester meetin far fro alterna Dorset —a to convic Weym nooks to find for in which Chure born. and T a veri pencil closing pixies John Charl Engli replac court placal count gentl

* SIR F S FROM in BRIT D V & ON T V C COTT R b

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

BLUFF, genial, outspoken Sir Robert Fowler, banker and philanthropist, sturdy Churchman and old-fashioned Tory, and representative of the City alike in the Lord Mayor's chair and in the House of Commons, has found his biographer. Less than three years ago Sir Robert Fowler was still amongst us, taking his full share, with characteristic energy and goodwill, of the political, religious, and social work of the community. Everybody recognised him for what he was, an honest man whose word was as good as his bond, a scholar of wide reading and classical attainments, predestined by family claims to the financial wear and tear of Lombard Street and Cornhill, a religious man who, whilst always loyal to his principle, was as pleasant a companion to meet as a most accomplished man of the world. In other respects there was nothing unusual about Sir Robert Fowler's busy and beneficent career. He was born, to borrow the homely phrase, with a silver spoon in his mouth; but in his case, from the outset to the end, wealth was handled with a due sense of responsibility and a genuine concern for the welfare of others. He was a blunt plain man—born and bred amongst the Quakers—and in reading this monograph we have been reminded more than once—though perhaps the likeness, after all, was only superficial—of a man of greater brains and wider fame, the late W. E. Forster. It is a pleasant picture which Mr. Flynn gives of Sir Robert Fowler at work and play, at home and abroad, busy in the City, now at the Guildhall and then at the Bible Society, or away in the country—an honest Cit turned squire—riding hard with the Badminton hounds in the familiar and becoming buff and blue. After all, the charm of this modest record consists largely in snatches from letters and journals and bits of characteristic talk, and Mr. Flynn may be congratulated on the judgment and skill which has enabled him to place the pith of "thirty-eight large volumes of diary and several hampers of letters, besides a mass of newspaper cuttings collected during twenty-six years, into the easy compass of a vigorous and brightly-written book of three hundred and fifty pages. By way of frontispiece there is an etched portrait, but it is not altogether satisfactory, for tell-tale lines and wrinkles have been obliterated, so that the portrait fails to do justice to the strength of character which, beyond all else, was characteristic of the man.

It is a long way "From Paddington to Penzance," even in the Great Western express, but the road, we should think, must seem interminable to the man with knapsack and oaken staff, who tramps from London to the Land's End—unless, indeed, like Mr. Harper, he strikes out a path for himself, follows his whims wherever they lead him, and loiters by the way. We cannot pretend, in two or three lines, to sketch our artist's itinerary, much less to give more or less choice examples of rustic wit and local tradition. He went by Eton, with its memories of the terrific Dr. Keate; halted awhile in Winchester, basked in Bournemouth, and struck out for Swanage, meeting some mild adventures, and the churl, as landlord, not far from Poole. Then Mr. Harper, sketch-book and note-book alternately in hand, rambled along the wild romantic coast of Dorset until he found himself on the trim parade of Weymouth—a town where George III. is patron saint, which "lives on convicts, Portland stone, and the Channel Islands." From Weymouth to Exeter is not a far cry, but some lovely little nooks and corners await the tourist whose soul is not too big to find delight in the scenery of his native land. Abbotbury, for instance, Bridport, Charmouth, and Axminster—hard by which is the farmhouse where, in May 24th, 1650, John Churchill, victor of Blenheim and Duke of Marlborough, was born. Afterwards the way ran—or rather crept—by Dawlish and Teignmouth, Torquay and Kingsbridge, and so to Plymouth—a veritable wonderland for anyone who is able to handle the pencil with skill and at least a touch of imagination. The closing chapters of the book describe this land of "fairies and pixies, and of prodigious saints and devils," the land which John Taylor, the water poet, writing in the year in which Charles I. was beheaded, thus describes in quaint, full-flavoured English:—"Cornwall is the cornucopia, the compleate and replete home of abundance for high churlish hills and affable courteous people; they are loving to requite a kindness, placable to remit a wrong, and hardy to retort injuries; the country hath its share of huge stones, mighty rocks, noble free gentlemen, bountifull housekeepers, and handsome beautifull

women. In briefe, they are in most plentiful manner happy in the abundance of right and left hand blessings." Polperro, Looe, Truro, Redruth, Marazion, St. Michael's Mount, Newlyn, and a score of other places figure in Mr. Harper's narrative at least to the extent of a passing remark—not always, however, in the best of taste. There is a vein of smartness which runs occasionally into vulgarity in the book, and the attempt to be witty at all hazards is a stale and unprofitable device, and one which falls flat. Yet the good-humour of the narrative is unmistakable, and the shrewdness of the social verdicts which now and then cross the page is scarcely less open to question. After all, the charm of the volume lies in the pictures, and they, with very few exceptions—born of the desire in a pictorial sense to be funny—are admirable and artistic. At the same time, we liked Mr. Harper better when he was on "The Brighton Road," and that was, if we remember rightly, just twelve months ago.

Hitherto most books on "British Locomotives" have been either altogether technical and scientific in character, or else have dealt with the subject from an entirely superficial and non-professional point of view. Mr. Bowen Cooke has tried to strike a mean between the two extremes, and, as a matter of fact, he has written a manual which appeals to all who take an intelligent interest in railway working and machinery, and which at the same time contains a good many hints that practical railway men will probably be the first to appreciate. The book enters to some extent into the details of construction of modern locomotives, and it also traces the historical development of the iron horse from the commencement of its career down to the latest triumphs of contemporary engineers. Mr. Cooke is himself an official of the North-Western, and he has had the assistance of a number of experts in the railway world, the outcome being a valuable and, to a certain extent, an authoritative manual. There are many illustrations, diagrams, and working drawings in the volume, and they go far towards making the author's meaning plain.

A pleasant book of travel is "On the Indian Hills," by Mr. Lester Arnold. It describes with graphic vigour the author's rough experiences of the pioneer work amid the southern jungles of Hindostan, and the life of a coffee-planter in a region where Europeans are few and widely scattered. Mr. Arnold writes sympathetically of the natives, and he makes the reader understand at what a low ebb, even in times of prosperity, the common people of India live. The book is racy and picturesque, and it has the further advantage of brevity.

The new volume of "Cottage Gardening" has just made its appearance, and it is full of practical hints on flowers and fruit, bee-keeping, poultry, allotments and small holdings, and a thousand and one other things which working men in town and country, with a taste in this direction, are sure to want to know. The brief essays are written with simplicity and knowledge, and in other respects this wonderful halfpenny magazine is worthy of hearty praise.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- AFTER SCHOOL. By R. Overton. (Jaird.)
 HAIDAR ALI AND TIPU SULTAN. By Lewin B. Bowring, C.S.I. (*Rulers of India.*) (Oxford: The Clarendon Press.)
 REMBRANDT. His Life, his Work, and his Time. By Émile Michel. From the French of Florence Simmonds. Edited by Frederick Wedmore. Two Vols. (Heinemann.)
 NATURAL THEOLOGY. The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1893. By Professor Sir G. G. Stokes, Bart. (A. & C. Black.)
 LABOUR AND THE POPULAR WELFARE. By W. H. Mallock. (A. & C. Black.)
 THE ORIGIN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER. A Historical Inquiry. By Percy Gardner, Litt.D. (Macmillan.)
 READINGS FROM GREAT ENGLISH WRITERS. With Biographical Notes. By J. C. Wright. (W. H. Allen.)
 MY ARCTIC JOURNAL. By Josephine Diebitsch-Pearry. With an Account of the Great White Journey across Greenland. By Robert E. Peary. (Longmans.)
 THE RELIGION OF A LITERARY MAN. By Richard Le Gallienne. (Mathews & Lane.)
 THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE. The Hulsean Lectures for 1871. By Fenton J. A. Hort, D.D. (Macmillan.)
 OUR VILLAGE. By Miss Mitford. With an Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. (Macmillan.)
 MEDIEVAL RECORDS AND SONNETS. By Aubrey de Vere. (Macmillan.)
 IN THE HIGH HEAVENS. By Sir Robert S. Ball, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. (Lubster.)
 THE RISE OF OUR EAST AFRICAN EMPIRE. Early Efforts in Nyasaland and Uganda. By Capt. F. D. Lugard, D.S.O., etc. Two Vols. (Blackwood.)
 LOVE'S MUSIC, AND OTHER POEMS. By Anne Matheson. (Sampson Low.)
 MY AUNT CONSTANTIA JANE. By Mary E. Hullah. (*The Story Book Series.*) (Bliss, Sands & Foster.)
 A FIRST LESSON IN FRENCH. By François Gouin. (G. Philip.)
 FAMILIAR LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. Two Vols. (Edinburgh: D. Douglas.)
 IN SUGAR-CANE LAND. By Eden Phillpotts. (McClure.)
 A BOOK OF PICTURED CAROLS. Designed under the direction of Arthur J. Gaskin. (G. Allen.)
 THE POETICAL WORKS OF SAMUEL BUTLER. A Revised Edition, with Memoir and Notes. By R. B. Johnson. Two Vols. (*The Aldine Edition.*) (G. Bell.)

* SIR ROBERT N. FOWLER, BART., M.P. A Memoir. By John Stephen Flynn, M.A. Portrait. (London: Hodder & Stoughton.) Demy 8vo.

FROM PADDINGTON TO PENZANCE. By Charles G. Harper, author of "The Brighton Road." Illustrated by the author with 104 Drawings. (London: Chatto & Windus.) Crown 8vo.

BRITISH LOCOMOTIVES: THEIR HISTORY, CONSTRUCTION, AND MODERN DEVELOPMENT. By C. J. Bowen Cooke, of the London and North-Western Railway Department. (London and New York: Whittaker & Co.) Crown 8vo.

ON THE INDIAN HILLS. By Edwin Lester Arnold, author of "The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phenician." Illustrated. (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.) Crown 8vo.

COTTAGE GARDENING. Edited by W. Robinson, author of "The English Flower Garden." Vol. II. Illustrated. (London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co.) Small quarto.

- KEY-NOTES.** By George Egerton. (Mathews & Lane.)
- A RANDOM ITINERARY.** By John Davidson. (Mathews & Lane.)
- THE GROWTH AND INFLUENCE OF CLASSICAL GREEK POETRY.** Lectures delivered in 1892 by R. C. Jebb., Litt.D., M.P. (Macmillan.)
- TWILIGHT DREAMS.** By the Right Rev. W. B. Carpenter, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Ripon. (Macmillan.)
- THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.** By the Rt. Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., LL.D., etc., etc. Fifth Edition. (Macmillan.)
- A TEXT-BOOK OF ELEMENTARY DESIGN.** By R. G. Hatton. (*Science and Art Series.*) (Chapman & Hall.)
- EGYPTIAN ART.** By Charles Ryan. (*Science and Art Series.*) (Chapman & Hall.)
- THE DELECTABLE DUCHY.** Short Stories and Studies. By "Q." (Cassell.)
- ENGLISH WRITERS.** An Attempt towards a History of English Literature. By Henry Morley, LL.D. Vol. X. Shakespeare and his Time: Under Elizabeth. (Cassell.)
- SEVEN CHRISTMAS EVES.** By Clo. Graves, and others. (Hutchinson.)
- WHAT THINK YE OF THE GOSPELS?** By the Rev. J. J. Halcombe, M.A. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)
- THREE BRACE OF LOVERS.** By Harold Vallings. (Bristol: Arrow-smith.)
- PRINCE RICARDO OF PANTOUFLIA, BEING THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE PRIGIO'S SON.** By Andrew Lang. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)
- GOLDEN HOURS.** (Dean & Son.)
- PEEPS INTO PARADISE.** (Dean & Son.)
- TOY BOOKS.** (Dean & Son.)
- ST. WYNFRITH.** By Evelyn Everett Green. (Jarrold.)
- BY MOORLAND AND SEA.** By Francis A. Knight. (Elliot Stock.)
- AN EMBASSY TO PROVENCE.** By T. A. Janvier. (Unwin.)
- MARKHAM HOWARD.** By J. Heale. Three Vols. (Unwin.)
- HUGH DARVILLE.** By E. L. St. Germaine. (*The Independent Novel Series.*) (Unwin.)
- SIDE LIGHTS.** By James Runciman. With Memoir by Grant Allen. Introduction by W. T. Stead. Edited by J. F. Runciman. (Unwin.)
- THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULIUS.** Translated out of Latin by W. Adlington, Anno 1566. Introduction by Charles Whibley. (D. Nutt.)
- BOGLAND STUDIES.** By Jane Barlow. Second Edition. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
- THE IRON PIRATE.** By Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)
- BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF BATH CELEBRITIES.** By J. Murch. (I. Pitman.)
- INDUSTRIAL ARBITRATION AND CONCILIATION.** Compiled by Josephine S. Lowell. (Putnam's Sons.)
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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: engaged during the week in considering the Local Government Bill in Committee. Some progress has been made with the measure, and several points of importance have been decided. But amendments continue to accumulate on the notice-paper, and it is quite clear that at the present rate of progress it will be impossible to send the Bill to the House of Lords before Christmas. There may, of course, be an acceleration of the pace. The Opposition, seeing that Ministers are in earnest, and perhaps not un-influenced by a natural desire for a holiday, may abandon the merely obstructive tactics to which some members have resorted. But it would be un-wise to reckon too confidently on this. Ministers will have, therefore, to consider what steps must be taken to save their Bill. Happily, there is no reason why, under any circumstances, the time already spent upon the measure should be wasted. It is well within the power of the House of Commons in the last resort to carry the Bill over to next session. We should greatly prefer to see it carried during the present year; but, failing that, the carrying-over process by which the Bill would be taken up next session at the point reached before the prorogation, seems to be the wisest mode of dealing with the matter.

THE reception by the House of Commons on Monday of Mr. Gladstone's plain declaration that Ministers do not intend to accept the proposal of the House of Lords for the appointment of a joint committee to consider the question of betterment, may be regarded as the most important political event of the week. The cheers which greeted the Prime Minister's statement showed how strong is the feeling of the representative Chamber with regard to the action of the House of Lords. The peers, it must be confessed, took a singularly maladroit, as well as cowardly, way of escaping from the odium they have justly incurred by their refusal to do justice to the ratepayers of London. If they had been wise men, they would have frankly admitted the mistake they made in dealing with the betterment clauses of the London Improvement Bill. Being, however, the reverse of wise, they seem foolishly to have imagined that they could induce the House of Commons to cover their retreat. They have made a mistake, the consequences of which will yet fall heavily upon them.

ON Thursday the second reading of the Employers' Liability Bill was moved by Lord Ripon in the House of Lords, and carried after a brief but interesting debate. The interest was mainly supplied by the striking contrariety of view shown by two of the chief speakers in the debate—both of them colliery owners—on the question of contracting out. Lord Dudley spoke strongly against the contracting-out clauses, and evoked repeated cheers by his announcement that he would withdraw his contribution to the insurance fund on his colliery if the Bill were passed into law in its present form. Employers, he said, would not "stand up to be shot at on both sides. They would simply withdraw their contributions and transfer them to some insurance office which would relieve them of all liability imposed by the Bill." The Marquis of Londonderry, if we mistake not, is a larger colliery owner than Lord Dudley, and he dissented flatly from the latter peer, both as to the probable general practice of employers and as to his own action. Speaking for himself, he said that whether the Bill became law as it stood or not, unless some circumstances of an altogether unforeseen character occurred, he should in no way alter his practice in this regard. There is not the least doubt that this will be the general practice of all good employers, for there is nothing in the Bill inimical to the advantages their wise action has hitherto procured them. The object of the clauses preventing contracting out is to protect the workers against bad employers, and not to cripple the freedom of good employers.

THERE was one incident of the debate in the House of Lords on the betterment question which seems to deserve passing notice. We refer to the conduct of the Duke of Argyll in reading, during his speech, a long statement purporting to be the case put forward by the London County Council in defence of the principle of betterment. This statement, which was a dull rigmarole of mingled extravagances and fallacies, was given in the report of the Duke's speech in inverted commas, so that readers were led to suppose that he was quoting from a document actually issued by the County Council. Instead of this being the case, the statement was an invention of the Duke's own, and bore no resemblance whatever to anything which has been issued on the authority of the Council. The Duke has defended himself from the charge of having wilfully tried to deceive the House of Lords and the public by the statement that he merely set forth the "propositions involved in the paper issued by the County Council." It is surprising

that the Duke should have offered so flimsy and jesuitical an excuse as this for one of the most serious offences of which a controversialist can be guilty. But his Grace appears to be going from bad to worse. Having exhausted the vocabulary of abuse, he has now taken refuge in something like deliberate misrepresentation. In future it will be necessary on all occasions to verify his quotations.

LORD SALISBURY'S speech at Cardiff on Tuesday was a lively performance, and Liberals will readily admit that it was free from those blazing indiscretions of which he is so often guilty. But the most curious fact about the speech is that it would be searched in vain for any indication of the speaker's opinions on the important political questions which at this moment engage the attention of the country. He had nothing to say, for example, as to the merits of the Local Government Bill, or the Employers' Liability Bill. All that he did was to jeer at the Government for having introduced measures for which he declared there was no public demand, and to insist that the autumn session would have been better spent in discussing the state of the navy than in carrying out any domestic reforms whatever. Here the voice of the true Jingo was heard. To leave every domestic evil unredressed, to abstain from every kind of social or political reform, and to concentrate the attention of the country upon one question alone—that of the strengthening of the navy—is exactly the policy which a Tory Jingo loves. On one point we are entitled to draw a very clear inference from Lord Salisbury's speech. If he and his colleagues had been in office last month, there would have been no settlement of the coal strike; but then we might have had, instead, another clumsy and panic-devised measure, like the Naval Defence Act, to make amends.

It must not be supposed, because Liberals, with good reason, criticise the blatant Jingoism of the Tory leader on the question of the Navy, that they are themselves indifferent to that question. Mr. Gladstone's statements on the subject in the House of Commons should satisfy all reasonable men that the contrary is the case. Some Tory newspapers, acknowledging the fact that the Liberal press is discussing the question of the Fleet just as earnestly as the organs of the Opposition, seek to attribute the movement of opinion in the Liberal party in favour of the increase of the Navy to the alarmist utterances of Conservative journals. This is distinctly unjust to the Liberal press. Not to go beyond our own columns, we can point to the fact that we began to discuss the necessity of reinforcing the Fleet before the question had been touched upon in the Tory newspapers. The subject is one which has been, and is, engaging the close attention of the Government, and there is no reason to doubt that when the proposals of the Board of Admiralty are laid before them, they will be found to be entirely satisfactory.

ON Wednesday, both at Cardiff and at Newport, Lord Salisbury continued his flouts and jeers—with this addition, that he gave some slight indication of his opinion of certain measures, and, what is more to the purpose, of the policy he intends that his Standing Committee in the Lords shall adopt towards them. The Local Government Bill has "really something farcical about it"; the Employers' Liability Bill is not to be tolerated unless it permits contracting out; Welsh Disestablishment is "sacrilegious and unjust"; the Registration and One Man One Vote Bills are to be attacked in the "oblique" manner by a claim for the disfranchisement of Ireland. These indications of opinion and policy tally with cer-

tain hints which we noted at the time given in Lord Salisbury's speeches of a few weeks ago, and also in some speeches of Mr. Goschen. The Government will have to be prepared for a double onset of attack on each of their measures—an onset of obstruction in the House of Commons, and an onset of the familiar kind in the House of Lords. Forewarned is forearmed, and happily the Government have long ago been fully prepared to deal with these manoeuvres.

MR. LABOUCHERE has been calling attention with much vigour and persistency to the question of the treatment of the wounded Matabele after the several actions in which they had fought against the Chartered Company's forces. We agree with Mr. Labouchere that this is a subject on which inquiry is desirable. We disagree with him in so readily assuming that British troops, irregulars though they be, commanded by British officers, could possibly be guilty of the conduct which he imputes to them. His suggestion is that the wounded Matabele were massacred either by the Mashonas who were supporting the Company's troops, or by some of the white men themselves. In either case he hints that there are next to no wounded Matabele in hospital at Bulawayo, and he treats with incredulity the answer furnished from the Cape to Mr. Buxton, that the Matabele carried off most of their wounded from the field. Seeing that they were being mowed down by the hundred by Maxim guns until they turned and fled, and that when they fled they were hotly pursued by mounted troops, this statement does seem at first sight rather to tax the imagination.

BUT it is possible the Matabele did carry off some of their wounded, and it is possible also that, with the new and terrible arms of precision which were brought to bear for the first time on a large scale during these engagements, there was a smaller proportion of wounded to killed than has hitherto been the result of musketry fire. This is one of the questions which surgical inquiry will be most anxious to determine when the next great war furnishes its horrible data. Certain it is that during the recent Chilian war it was found that the effect of the fire of the Mannlicher rifles was deadly to an unprecedented extent. In some instances four men were found pierced through with the same bullet. The French surgeons report that the fire of the Lebel rifles during General Dodds' campaign in Dahomey produced results similar to what might be expected from explosive bullets. We do not know whether the Maxim guns have earned for themselves a record as frightfully lethal. We should say it is extremely likely that they have. In any case, the whole question is one for rational and humane inquiry. We do not expect that the outcome of such inquiry will give absolute satisfaction to every phase of opinion. War is a dreadful thing, and in nothing more dreadful than the effects it produces on human nature when, under its frenzy, the most savage of passions are unloosed. It does not do to sit in judgment too curiously on everything that happens, once the sword is drawn. But we feel confident that the result of such inquiry will show that troops under the command of British officers and acting in the British name have not wholly forgotten the obligations of civilisation and humanity in conducting this wretched campaign; and that is a point on which the public opinion of the nation has at least a right to be satisfied.

THE dynamite outrage in Dublin last Monday, and the murder which followed hard upon it, afford melancholy proof of the fact that we have still to deal—in Ireland as elsewhere—with crimes of an anarchical character. It has been known ever since

the conviction of the Invincibles that some traces of the criminal conspiracy which was then exposed and punished lingered in the Irish capital. The police have for years past been carefully watching every manifestation of life which the Anarchists have made; and happily the authorities have been able to prevent any serious consequences from the criminal acts of these desperadoes. That their proceedings have any connection with the present state of political feeling in Ireland, or that a single responsible politician has any sympathy with their crimes, no sensible person believes. Indeed, it is even more emphatically true in Ireland than in other parts of the world that the dynamiters are the worst enemies of constitutional agitators and reformers. The only political result of last Monday's crimes in Dublin is to justify still further the action of the Home Secretary in refusing to release men who have been convicted of offences of this atrocious description.

THE conference on "the living wage" recently held, without much definite result, in the Jerusalem Chamber, continued its labours on Wednesday in the Holborn Town Hall with better success. Orthodox economists are not likely to quarrel with its main conclusions, for, indeed, they have often said as much themselves—see Senior, Mill, General Walker, and Professor Marshall *passim*. Their assumption has commonly been that the minimum wage is partly settled in each trade by the "standard of comfort" expected by the workers, and is secured by the exertions of those workers themselves; and it has generally been maintained of late years that in order that labour shall be efficient the standard of comfort ought to be high. But the "orthodox economist" might perhaps point out that if the "living wage" is to be such as to maintain the worker and a large family besides, it involves a dangerous disregard of the simple truths associated with the name of Malthus. Moreover, the "minimum wage" doctrine, logically enforced, must inevitably lead to competition for the field of employment instead of competition in that field—that is to say, in a time of depression, instead of a reduction all round, some men will get their minimum wage as usual, others nothing at all. But, unfortunately, many excellent people are persuaded that such difficulties can be met out of the "surplus" which constitutes rent, profit, and interest, without any diminution of its volume, except that caused by the subtraction necessary to meet them. What is true in the doctrine of the conference is already in abstract economics; but it is just as well that a strong body of public opinion should be formed to keep it applied in practice; and the extensions we have noted as dangerous are, after all, no part of Christianity.

So the London School Board has failed after all—even in the unworthy task which the majority of its members were elected to carry out. It has actually, according to Mr. Barnes' statement on Thursday, spent £121,000 more than any Board which has been charged with extravagance, and yet it has done its best (at the cost of considerable injury to the work) to reduce salaries and limit the number of permanent teachers. Nor has it made any proper effort to keep on the children in the upper standards or in continuation schools during the period which is probably, intellectually and morally, the most important in a child's life. However, it is a comfort to reflect that the present, as Mr. Stanley said, is the third year of the Board's misspent life, and that it is also the last.

THE international anarchism which has ABROAD. recently been chiefly manifested in Barcelona has taken a new departure this week. The infernal machines sent to the German Emperor and the Chancellor were posted, indeed, at

Orleans, but the French Press is arguing, with some show of reason, that they were not despatched by a French hand. The letters which accompanied them were not French either in construction or handwriting: indeed, they are said (though this may be French patriotism) to betray rather a German origin. Unfortunately an extensive robbery of dynamite at Zürich has probably supplied the party with fresh materials for outrage; and disquieting discoveries are reported from Marseilles. We need not necessarily suppose a widespread and organised conspiracy; indeed, separate and isolated working is the note of anarchism. But the increase of this form of criminality must demand the special and collective attention of European Governments—as soon as there are Governments again.

ALL over Europe there are Ministerial crises in progress or in sight. With the two most conspicuous instances we deal in detail elsewhere. "Republican concentration," thanks to M. Carnot, is dying harder than the Conservative Republicans had hoped, and it cannot be denied that the division of the party into Moderates and Radicals which they had so long been demanding, and which seemed so difficult to effect, was very nearly effected last Friday, and was primarily hindered by the disclosures of their intention by the seceding Ministers and by the ingenious tactics of the Radicals, headed by M. Brisson. But the real obstacle has been the President. The tendency to a division has been intensified by the long deadlock, and by the final acceptance by M. Casimir-Périer of the Premiership; but the presence of M. Spuller in the Cabinet is only one of many indications that the day of "concentration" is not yet over.

THE collapse of the Italian Ministry surpassed expectation in its completeness and suddenness. Never before has a Ministry predicted that the first important division would give it a majority of 100, and then resigned on the very first day of the Session without daring even to face a debate. The report of the Panamino Committee was far more severe than the first telegrams indicated; the ex-Premier was convicted by it both of positive falsehood and of reckless disregard of the irregularities which he knew to exist; both he himself and another Minister were mixed up in awkward monetary transactions, and a series of Premiers was shown to have connived at the scandals; and a number of Deputies, mostly not very eminent, but including an Under-Secretary and Signor Crispi, were proved to be heavily in debt to the banks. Explanations, more or less satisfactory, have been given by some of those concerned, but the result will probably be a considerable clearance in Italian public life. "Panamino" has indeed been disastrous, and yet there is probably much more behind; and the Extreme Left are determined to drag it into the light. A "Crispi boom" is in progress at Berlin, at Vienna, and in the telegrams of the *Times* correspondent at Rome; but a Crispi Cabinet would probably mean European war sooner or later. The Zanardelli Cabinet, which has been formed, will probably only exhibit the hesitation and incapacity of the late Ministry over again; and the same may be said of a Brin-Saracco "business Ministry," which may be the alternative if Signor Zanardelli's efforts fail.

THE first struggle of the present session in the German Reichstag has ended unfavourably for the Government. The Conservative Protectionists, on whose support, be it remembered, the Chancellor must rely for his new taxes, have violently attacked

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

the new commercial treaties with Spain, Servia and Roumania, and have secured their reference to a committee, which will probably subject them to a good deal of revision. As a treaty with Russia would be somewhat on the same lines as that with Roumania, there is little hope of a speedy termination of the tariff war which has so completely revolutionised the relations of that country with Germany. Both this debate and that on the Budget have been remarkable for the extreme acrimony displayed—especially by Ministers in reply to criticisms—and indicate that still stormier scenes are in prospect when the new taxes come up for discussion. The tax on wine seems to have been opposed in the Federal Council by the representatives of several South German States; the tax on tobacco may, as Herr Miquel says, be a desirable check on excessive smoking, but the people really damaged by it are the producers and manufacturers of tobacco—not so much because it decreases consumption as because the system of Government inspection proposed under it strains the endurance even of a people whose philosophers have deduced their bureaucratic system from the ultimate laws of Nature and of Thought.

Two curious features of the debate on the commercial treaties are—first, that the Chancellor has been compelled to look to the Liberals, and even the Socialists, for support; secondly, that as the “Agrarians” are mostly Prussian, he appears as the champion of the other States against Prussia—which for the official representative of Prussian hegemony is an anomalous position indeed. A little more light may be thrown on the situation by the debate proceeding as we go to press on the recall of the exiled religious orders. The Catholic Centre is not by any means irreconcilable; but any attempt to gratify it in this direction would probably further estrange the “Agrarians”—or, at least, that Evangelical party which has numerous influential representatives among the Prussian squirearchy.

THE new Austrian Coalition Ministry seems likely from its programme to be little more than a *Cabinet d'affaires*—a business Ministry with no common principles, and therefore no decided tendencies in any direction. The Premier, indeed, announces a measure of electoral reform; but it is suspected that this is rather for show than for use, and that if it should really be pressed it will prove entirely unacceptable to the unenfranchised masses whom Count Taaffe professed himself so anxious to conciliate. The formation of the Ministry has led to a fresh grouping of the heterogeneous elements which Count Taaffe generally managed to keep more or less in equilibrium. The German Conservatives are likely to break into two parties; the Croatians and Slovenes have formally withdrawn from alliance with them, decomposition being occasioned in both cases by the presence of a German Liberal element in the Cabinet; the Poles have begun to assert their national aspirations, and have raised the standard of Galician autonomy; the Ruthenians are awaiting the development of the situation; and the Czechs, it need scarcely be said, are preparing to give an infinity of trouble. Hence, though the great Slav coalition is not yet effected, it can hardly be supposed that the life of the new Ministry will be so tranquil or dull as its programme suggests. Trouble is brewing, too, in the other member of the Dual Monarchy. The Catholic clergy are preparing a vigorous opposition to the Civil Marriage Bill; the ultra-Nationalists may possibly join them; and it is hardly likely that the democratic patriotism of the latter will be conciliated by the concession of a separate Hungarian Court (with Lord Cupbearer and Grand Carver complete), which varies the ordinary staples of foreign

intelligence this week with a curious bit of mock mediævalism.

EASTERN Europe, two years ago a hotbed of war alarms, is at present comparatively tranquil—except for the signs of coming storm, noticed elsewhere, at Constantinople, and for the Ministerial crisis in Greece and Servia. In the latter country the friction with Austria, owing to the new duties levied on produce coming from that country, has precipitated the resignation of the Premier, M. Dokies; and the result will probably be a greater preponderance of the more advanced Radicals—that is, the warmest friends of Russian influence—in the Ministry, or else a division in the Radical party, which may probably come to the same thing in the end. M. Dokies, moreover, as the King's former tutor, had greater influence with him than anyone else; and the ex-King Milan, again at the end of his pecuniary resources, is thought to be contemplating some bold stroke. Roumania, on the other hand, is just now the only Continental country (except, in the interests of strict accuracy, Switzerland and Denmark) that is not undergoing, or in sight of, a Ministerial crisis. Bulgaria has received the body of her exiled Prince, more fortunate in death than in life. Greece is rearranging her affairs in a manner more satisfactory to herself than her foreign creditors, except the “Ornstein group”; but this, after all, is an argument for giving the country a larger taxable area when the time comes to divide the heritage of the Turk.

THE reception of the Tariff Reform Bill in the United States this week may have reminded European observers of the famous doctrine of Rousseau—that corporations which are in a State, but not part of its organisation, are among the greatest dangers to its well-being. The Bill has roused the opposition of all the “interests” affected—some very powerful indeed—depreciated industrial trusts and stimulated their resistance, and detached some Democratic manufacturing districts from the party, in view of their own special industries. There can be little doubt that the majority of the voters want a reduction of the tariff, and the present Bill involves a very comprehensive one—its weakest point being undoubtedly the extensive application of that *ad valorem* principle of taxation which is so great an offence against the canons of sound economics. Unfortunately it will necessitate fresh, direct, and therefore extremely perceptible taxation; and the attack of Protection is unfortunately one of the cases in which minorities are often stronger than majorities.

MEXICO this week presents the pleasant and unwonted spectacle of a Spanish-American State gallantly struggling against her financial difficulties, and making efforts to surmount them which it is to be hoped may be crowned with success, but which involve the borrowing of an additional three and a half millions sterling. In Argentina, too, another, though not a final, step has been taken in settling with the European creditors, by the approval of Signor Romero's arrangement with the bondholders. From Brazil news is extremely scanty. President Peixoto's telegrams indicate that much is hoped for from his fleet, now on its way from New York, but the rumour that he is negotiating with the insurgents is not improbably nearer the truth.

THE statements which have appeared in some of the literary journals regarding Mr. Barrie's new story are not well founded. The author of “The Little Minister” is not hurrying over the completion of his task, and it will probably be near the end of next year before the serial publication of his new novel begins. Mr. Conan Doyle has another

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historical novel far advanced. He has been engaged for some weeks in the delivery of literary lectures in various parts of the United Kingdom, and has everywhere met with an abundant success. He leaves England in a few days for the Engadine, where he proposes to spend the winter on account of the rather delicate health of a member of his family. Mr. Stanley Weyman, whose great story, "A Gentleman of France," has been published this week, is engaged upon a series of short stories dealing with French history, which will appear shortly in one of the leading English journals. Next to Mr. Weyman's novel, the most interesting book of the week is Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Life of Mr. W. H. Smith*.

THE unveiling of the Lowell Memorial in the Chapter House of Westminster on Tuesday formed the occasion for one of those interesting international celebrations which ought to take a large share in stimulating a mutual intellectual sympathy between the English-speaking race on both sides of the Atlantic. Times are certainly changed since the second issue of the "Biglow Papers"; and we may be heartily glad to welcome to a place among our illustrious dead one who had not merely earned his place among them by his work in literature and literary criticism, but had fulfilled the rarer and more valuable function of political satirist and moralist at the period when such a personage was most needed, and had done as much as any man to dispel the dense ignorance and hostility to things American that formerly reigned in cultivated society on this side of the Atlantic. But who in the year 1863 would have dreamt of the possibility of Wednesday's ceremony?

THE editor of the *Statist*, Mr. T. Lloyd, has recently published in that paper a series of criticisms on the received economic theory of value, which will probably attract the attention of scientific economists as well as those who are more directly concerned with the phenomena. Briefly, the position which results from his examination is that value is not an objective relation between things, but a "function of opinion"; that the relative values of things are determined, not by the "relation between supply and demand," even taking those terms in the non-natural senses usual in the text-books, but "by the local and temporary estimates of the probabilities of obtaining in sufficient quantities" those things which are best suited to gratify human desires; and that "these estimates are themselves mainly determined by the strength of the desires and the efficiency of labour." The strongest desires being normally desires for necessities, it is only as these desires are satisfied that other things come to have value at all—in other words, as labour becomes more efficient; and that same efficiency, stimulated by the strength of the desires, tends to reduce values in the progress of time. We are not quite sure that Mr. Lloyd and the economic text-books are talking of precisely the same conditions—he seems to give us a genetic theory of value, while they give a theory of the terms of exchange for separate and isolated cases, and we think, moreover, that he looks too exclusively at the purchaser's or demander's side of the bargain. But the subjectivity of value and its history are points well worth discussion, and the essays ought, at any rate, to initiate a valuable debate.

LAND snails seem to be distinguished by an extreme tenacity of life in every stage of growth. Dr. R. Stearns, in his report on the mollusc fauna

IN connection with the Christmas Holiday, MIDLAND EXCURSION TRAINS will be run to various parts, particulars of which will be announced later. A résumé of its general Train Arrangements will be found in our advertisement columns.

collected during the voyage of the American ship *Albatross* in 1877-88, tells of one snail living without food for at least six years, and being apparently no worse for the long fast. This wonderful creature belonged to the variety *Helix Veatchii*, and was given to Thomas Bridges after being found by Dr. Veatch in 1859 on Cedros Island, off the coast of Lower California. Long after the death of its owner it was found to be still alive. A well-known case, as some of our readers may remember, occurred in our Museum, where the specimen *H. Deseritorium* lived without food for four years, less a few days; and another was that of some specimens brought home by Professor George Davidson of the United States Coast Survey, who collected them in March, 1873, while at San José del Cabo, Lower California. These were put into a box, where they remained undisturbed until June 23rd, 1875. They were then placed in a glass jar containing chickweed and a small quantity of tepid water, and "soon woke up and began to move about, apparently as vigorous as ever after their long nap of two years, two months and sixteen days."

A LARGE circle of personal friends, and OBITUARY. an immense number of young readers, will mourn the death of Mr. Talbot Baines Reed, one of the best of all the writers of books for boys, and one of the most lovable of men. Mr. Reed's manly character was reflected in his tales of school life, which were absolutely free from any mawkishness of sentiment, and inspired by a healthy and noble spirit. His untiring activity led him into many different fields of labour, in all of which he did well. But the pressure he put upon himself was too severe, and he has died whilst still a young man. Sir John Drummond Hay was an English diplomatist of the old type. When he retired from his position as our representative at Tangier, he was the oldest member of the diplomatic service. Acute, patriotic, learned in all the arts of his craft, Sir Drummond Hay made an admirable representative of the interests of England in such a country as Morocco, and he acquired there an influence far greater than that of any other Foreign Minister.

MR. HENRY WEST, Q.C., Recorder of Manchester and Attorney-General for the Duchy of Lancaster, had represented Ipswich in two Parliaments as a Liberal, but was best known for the Draconian severity of his sentences, which offered a striking contrast to those passed by his brother of Liverpool. Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing had represented Dumbarton in the Conservative interest for four-and-twenty years. M. de Kermenguy, the Deputy for Morlaix, was a typical example of the French Legitimist which the Pope's interference in French politics has practically extinguished; he was over eighty years of age. On the other hand, M. Juteau, Bishop of Poitiers, was one of the earliest Republican prelates of modern France; indeed, his Republicanism had caused a scandal on his elevation, and provoked an inquiry into the soundness of his theology, out of which he emerged triumphant.

THE COWARDICE OF THE PEERS.

THE first steps in a great struggle, which before it is ended must have far-reaching and momentous consequences for the people of the United Kingdom, have been taken during the past week. The House of Lords is just now engaged in considering the Employers' Liability Bill. We shall pay their lordships the compliment of not pretending to know the precise amendments which they mean to introduce into that measure; though, indeed, if we were disposed, we think we could forecast those

amendments with sufficient accuracy from the recent utterances of the leader of the Tory party. But whatever steps the Peers may take for the purpose of altering the Bill, there is one point upon which no reasonable person can entertain a doubt—that is, that every step will be taken in the interests, not of the employed, but of the employers. The fatal and incurable defect of the House of Lords as at present constituted is that it represents the interests and desires, not of the nation, but of a class. It has taken the Employers' Liability Bill into its consideration in the spirit of a committee of masters eager to defend their own order against what they regard as the unjustifiable encroachments and demands of the working man. A few amongst them—a mere handful in point of numbers—are striving bravely to make themselves heard on behalf of the great multitude outside. They might as well try to drown with their voices the roar of the Atlantic. The overwhelming majority of the Upper House have ranged themselves permanently on the side of the capitalist, and no attempt to plead the cause of Labour has the smallest chance of being listened to in this assembly, which represents alone the privileged few. This is the plain truth with regard to the position of the House of Lords, not merely on this question of the Employers' Liability Bill, but upon all similar questions that are submitted to it. No one who considers the state of things which thus exists will wonder at the fact that the great question of contemporary politics which threatens soon to dwarf all others in importance is that of the position of the House of Lords under the Constitution. Is it possible, indeed, to conceive a more ridiculous spectacle than that which we are now looking upon? The representative House, elected by all classes and composed of members of all parties, has, after full debate, agreed upon a measure which it believes to be not only just in itself, but necessary for the protection of the working population of the country. This measure is now placed at the mercy of a body composed solely of members of the capitalist class; and this body of great land-owners, merchant-princes, brewers, bankers, and millionaires is allowed to have just as much influence in shaping the Bill, in altering it and amending it, as the House of Commons, representing all classes and all shades of opinion, has. We know beforehand what the result is likely to be. It would be just as wise to submit the measure for final revision to the directors of the London and North Western Railway. Indeed, we believe that any body of men engaged in the daily clash and clang of commercial business would be more likely to deal wisely and justly with the questions raised by the Employers' Liability Bill than a House, many of whose members are so far removed by their position from the realities of daily life that they have lost touch with the rudimentary principles of social equity, and have become incapable of considering any question except from the narrow standpoint of their own interests and prejudices. Yet the Constitution decrees that to such a body the fortunes of this Bill must be committed. Is it wonderful that the working classes should await the results of the operation with a feeling not far removed from derision?

The best friends of the Peers must acknowledge that nothing characterises their action more strongly than the amazing maladroitness they constantly exhibit in their attempts to hide their true character from the country. They are a House of Tories, of landlords, of capitalists. All their instincts and all their interests compel them to take one particular side of every social and every political question which is submitted to them. And, as a rule, they take that side with indecent alacrity, save only when their own cowardice causes them to hesitate. But

not infrequently, when they have been guilty of some flagrantly audacious violation of justice, committed in the interests of themselves and of the order to which they belong, their tardily awakened fears lead them to try to retrace their steps. And what a spectacle of shuffling cowardice and ineptitude they then present to the world! We have only to refer to their proceedings last week on the subject of Betterment for an illustration of this truth. A few months ago, with Lord Salisbury at their head, they rejected with ostentatious exultation a proposal, the only fault of which was that it enforced a principle the justice of which men of all parties united in affirming. That the owners of property, the pecuniary value of which was increased by improvements carried out at the expense of the ratepayers, should contribute a fair proportion of that expense, is surely a principle which no honest man outside of Bedlam would be prepared to deny. Unquestionably, there is no legislative body in the world, except the House of Lords, which would have dared to deny it. But the Peers, resolute in defence of the selfish interests of their order, rudely set at defiance the opinion which the House of Commons had by a large majority affirmed, and kicked the principle of Betterment into the streets. Even their toadies in the press and their champions in the House of Commons stood aghast at their folly, and none but their bitterest enemies rejoiced. But the cold fit has set in with severity. Every Peer—except, perhaps, the Duke of Argyle—now admits that it was in something like a fit of temporary insanity that the House of Lords, at the bidding of Lord Salisbury as the representative of London ground-landlordism, refused to allow the House of Commons to redress in even the slightest degree the grievous burden of injustice laid upon the ratepayers of London. They know how their action has been regarded, even by their own political friends, and most of them are probably conscious that their decision on the Betterment clauses of the London Improvement Bill was nothing less than an act of selfish and inexcusable dishonesty. Having at last arrived at this consciousness, they are manifestly anxious, not to retrace their steps, but to cloak the real nature of their conduct, and, if possible, deceive the public. So Lord Morley is put up to move a resolution suggesting that a joint committee of the two Houses should be appointed to consider whether the owners of property, the value of whose estates has been clearly increased by the expenditure of public funds, can be equitably required to contribute to the cost by which they have thus benefited. Was ever so ridiculous a proposal submitted even to the House of Lords before? As well might a Committee of Co-respondents propose, as an alternative to a divorce case, an inquiry into the justice and expediency of the Seventh Commandment. The Government would have been wanting in its duty, both to the House of Commons and to the country, if it had not instantly rejected a proposal at once so foolish and so insulting. The Peers must find some other way of deliverance from the position in which they have seen fit to place themselves. The country is hardly likely, even to save the House of Lords from a dire humiliation, to allow the fundamental principles of common honesty to be submitted to the jurisdiction of a joint committee in which the ground landlords of the metropolis will have an equal voice with the representatives of the nation. But the disdainful refusal of Ministers even to consider the miserable proposal by which the House of Lords is seeking to escape from the consequences of its own act marks the beginning of a grave era in our political history. The chamber of the few has trampled, in the interests of the few, upon the rights of the many; it has done so before, and, by the

weakness of the House of Commons, has been allowed to evade the punishment it had so justly incurred. The case is different now, and the House of Lords is left to bear the full consequences of its own misdeeds. It will be edifying to see what further acts of cowardice it will commit in its attempts to escape from the inevitable penalty.

PROGRESS IN PARLIAMENT.

THE Opposition press is jubilant over the state of business in the House of Commons. Ministers, if we are to believe the *Times* and kindred prints, are bereft of their senses if they suppose that they can possibly carry out their programme for the Autumn Session. Here is the beginning of December; Christmas will be upon us in three weeks' time; and here, on the other hand, are countless amendments to the many clauses of the Local Government Bill still waiting to be considered. How can the Ministry possibly imagine that it will be able to complete its work for the year before the 31st of December? This is the question which is being constantly put in the Tory newspapers; and it is, as a rule, accompanied by a demonstration of the utter absurdity of the notion that the present Session can be continued for an indefinite period in the new year, until the work which ought to be done before Christmas is at last accomplished. Now it is too true that, according to present appearances, the legitimate expectations of the Government with regard to the progress of business are not likely to be realised. All along it has, indeed, been clear that those expectations were founded upon the calculation that the Opposition would desist from deliberate obstruction. Mr. Balfour and his party had professed a great desire to "assist" in the passing of the Local Government Bill, a measure which not one of them ventured openly to oppose. It was only courteous to take them at their word, and to calculate the probable duration of the Session and the rate of progress with business in accordance with these repeated declarations on the part of the Opposition. Unfortunately, as we now know, the members of the Tory party—or at least some of its members—never meant what they said when they talked of assisting the Local Government Bill. For a few weeks their attitude towards that measure has been halting and uncertain. They allowed everybody to see that they did not like it; but at the same time they were careful to resort to no steps openly hostile. Now, however, their tactics have been changed. Obstruction as wanton, as open, and as unblushing as that which was employed against the Home Rule Bill last summer is now being used for the purpose of killing the Local Government Bill. The Tory party, after pretending during the last General Election to be in favour of some scheme of reform in rural administration, is now doing its best to destroy by means of Parliamentary obstruction the great measure brought forward by the Liberal Government. We by no means wish to be understood as asserting that all the Tory amendments and Tory speeches are merely obstructive. There are certain gentlemen on the Opposition benches who are genuinely interested in this question of village government, and who are really trying to improve the Bill according to their own point of view. But this does not affect the fact that another and a very powerful section of the Opposition has deliberately taken up the weapons of obstruction, and is now seeking by their use to delay and defeat the measure.

This being the case, it is obvious that the calculations which were based on a belief in the good faith

of the Tory party can no longer be maintained. If Sir Richard Webster and his friends are resolved to obstruct, then the Local Government Bill cannot possibly get through Committee before Christmas, and may possibly not get through before the end of January. It follows that Ministers must either submit to a severe defeat, or must take special measures to prevent the loss of their Bill and of the Autumn Session. The resolve which they formed some time ago, and to which Mr. Gladstone has more than once referred, to continue sitting until the Bill was actually carried, no matter how much the debates might be prolonged, becomes a very difficult measure in face of deliberate and systematic obstruction. For, as experience has taught us, obstruction if persisted in without remorse can be prolonged almost indefinitely. The Closure can, of course, do something to defeat it; but in the case of such a measure as the Local Government Bill the application of the Closure could under any circumstances be nothing more than partial. The Bill is necessarily so complicated in its character, and deals with so many different points of the greatest importance, that the guillotining process applied to the Home Rule Bill could hardly be adopted in this case. The only course for Ministers, therefore, if they should resolve to carry the Bill through the House of Commons and to send it to the House of Lords during the present session, will be to resort to something like continuous sittings, and to force the measure through the Lower House, no matter what amount of obstruction it may meet with. We are still inclined to hope that the knowledge that they will under no circumstances allow the time already devoted to the Bill to be wasted, and that if necessary they will take this course, will produce its due effect upon the Opposition, and lead to a withdrawal of purely obstructive amendments. There is another course open to Ministers, to which we may expect that they will resort if the Opposition should persist in wasting time by the adoption of dilatory tactics. The Bill can be carried up to a certain point during the present session; and the House may then order that it shall be taken next session at the point which it has then reached. There is nothing irregular or unconstitutional in such a proposal as this. It has long been regarded by many authorities as one of the most efficient means of combating the growing spirit of obstruction, and of preventing the waste of Parliamentary time which all now deplore. If this course should in the end be adopted with regard to the Local Government Bill, we might hope to see great progress made in Committee before Christmas. Some of the most important points in connection with the measure have already been decided, and there is still plenty of time in which to deal with many other contentious questions. When the Christmas adjournment takes place the House might be prorogued, and next session Parliament could again take up the Bill at the point at which it was left for the present year. We do not know whether Ministers will adopt this method of meeting an unexpected emergency; we do not even know whether it will be necessary to resort to this procedure, for when the Opposition understand that the Government are thoroughly in earnest, and that under no circumstances will they allow the time already spent upon the Bill to be wasted, they may reconsider their course and adopt a wiser and more moderate policy. But it is just as well that we should bear in mind the fact that this course is open to Ministers, and that even if the flagrant obstruction which is now threatened should be persisted in, it will have no other effect than to delay by a few weeks or months the final passing of the Local Government Bill.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

LORD SALISBURY may be excused for being fascinated by the spectacle of Europe at this moment, and for talking in his portentous way of the general sense of insecurity which the sudden transformations that befall the fairest prospects spread amongst observers. Last week the French Government, confident, almost triumphant, with the prestige of the Russian *fêtes* behind it, was meeting a new Chamber with a boldly Conservative programme and the moral certainty of a compact majority. In one quarter of an hour it fell—fell, not in the usual way, but in a way which multiplies and spreads around the possibilities of catastrophe. It is surrounded in Europe by a ruck of fallen Governments and Governments labouring in the trough of difficulty. Italy, Greece, and Servia are without Ministries. In Germany, Chancellor Caprivi is facing the Reichstag with danger and uncertainty before him. In Austria, Count Kalnoky *vice* Count Taaffe *hors de combat* is leading a forlorn hope. The Sagasta Government in Spain has only avoided disaster by escaping to Melilla—and war. In presence of this situation of the European nations—which Lord Salisbury happily compares to that of a squadron of formidable ironclads, a mistake at the helm of any one of which might produce frightful calamities—the management of England's helm calls for the utmost vigilance and dexterity: a truth of which readers of our letter from Constantinople to-day may gather some idea. It would be impossible, indeed, to exaggerate the gravity of the position. If this were a superstitious age, the impending extra-big eruption of Vesuvius which the meteorologists threaten would, with all these other signs and wonders, be taken as a portent of some dire event. Ghosts do not squeal and gibber in the streets as they did before the Ides of March, but the imaginative might claim that the spectres of Anarchism were a fair modern substitute. Let us at least say *absit omen*, and pray that the Continental Ides of March may continue to be delayed. It is a moment to realise anew that civilisation in Europe is carrying on its work under the constant menace of such a date.

The crisis in France is the most interesting of the week's series. There is something almost fatalistic in the way the first promising effort to start the Third Republic on the career of party government has been brought to grief at the very outset by a trivial and irrelevant accident. M. Dupuy determined to break with the tradition of Republican concentration and go in for a homogeneous Cabinet. He resolved to get rid of his three colleagues from the Left, and was only dissuaded by M. Carnot from doing so three weeks ago. It was all arranged, however, in the smoothest manner: the three would leave immediately after the Government got its vote of confidence from the Chamber. Half an hour before the vote was to have been taken—half an hour too soon—one of the three disclosed to some friends his intention to resign. A scene ensued, amid which the arrangement was upset on the spot; and not only was the Dupuy Ministry broken, but the whole prospect before the Chamber was in an instant rendered chaotic and problematical. The Chamber is a new one; most of its forces are unknown quantities; the new elements are inexperienced; those who have experience belong, for the most part, to that class of deputies who have already brought the Chamber to disgrace; a violent group of Socialists possess a double capacity—for frightening the timid *bourgeois* towards the Right on the one hand, and for attracting and crystallising the discontent of the Left on the other; but, as M. Raynal's meeting the other

day showed, the Moderates are the principal element in the Chamber, and have it in their power to bestow a working majority on the Minister who knows how to use it. It is a situation from which a strong leader, taking it at the right moment, and relying on the predominant moderate spirit and on the gratified national sentiment of the country outside, might, by giving it leadership, have educed order and power; but once let go to pieces, the mirror once broken, it is a situation with possibilities in it of the gravest mischief. With the Socialists emboldened; with the Moderates disheartened by the disappointments to which Parliamentary government is continually subjecting them; with Chauvinism raising its head; with the unsmirched men of experience all but used up, and those old Parliamentary hands, the Panamists, back almost to a man, the fortunes of the Chamber, are anything but so fair as they might have been had M. Dupuy not made his stumble on the threshold.

A significant feature of the crisis is that M. Carnot has been blamed a good deal for his share in precipitating it. It is said that he interfered too much with M. Dupuy. We do not sympathise with this complaint, for we hold—and have held since the Panama crisis last year—that the fault of M. Carnot is that he interferes too little, that he uses the powers which the Constitution gives him too little to secure what he believes to be right. It is the fault of all the governing men of France at the present hour. None of them appears to have will enough, or force of character enough, to do something bold for his own opinion. M. Dupuy let himself be persuaded against his judgment by M. Carnot when he wanted to reorganise his Cabinet three weeks ago, just as MM. Terrier and Viette let themselves be over-persuaded into waiting in a false position by M. Dupuy; and M. Peytral let himself be swayed to the same purpose by his wife, who did not like to forego a children's party she was giving at the *Ministère*! Twelve months ago M. Carnot might have saved the Republic from a danger from which, be it noted, it has not yet escaped; he might have cleared its Augean stable from a moral rottenness from which it has not yet been cleared; but when the country, amid the anarchy and shame of those days, looked to the seat of supreme authority for a sign, a gleam of direction, a word of command, it saw only a silent and elusive shadow. France would have forgiven then even some going beyond the Constitution to a President who showed he could govern and not merely preside. But, as a matter of fact, as M. de Vogüé has pointed out, a strong President in France has no need to go outside the Constitution. What M. Carnot clings to with helpless persistency is not the Constitution, but a false and spurious tradition. The powers of the Chief of State in France are more than ample. For example, the President may initiate laws equally with the members of the two Chambers; he disposes of the armed forces; he nominates to all civil and military appointments; the President may communicate with the Chamber by messages which must be read by a Minister; the President may call on the Chamber to deliberate on a matter a second time, and the demand must be obeyed; the President may adjourn the Chamber for a month twice in the same session; with the consent of the Senate he can dissolve the Chamber of Deputies at any time; besides, there is no limit to his choice of Ministers, and there is nothing to prevent him addressing messages direct to the country. One can imagine what a Gambetta or a Cleveland would make of such powers. The French Republic has two alternatives to anarchy in the near future: the system of party government, or a strong President who will make use of his

constitutional prerogatives. M. Dupuy has failed to give her the one, and from the aspect of the Chamber it does not seem likely that she will get it from his successor; M. Carnot has so far failed to give her the other. The resentment manifest in many quarters at his interference now—when a new presidential election is at hand—must be helped in no small degree by the recollection of his inactivity when his interference was really needed.

In Italy the crisis is less interesting but more dangerous than that of France. France, with its wealth and the superb strength and solidarity of the nation at large, can afford for some time yet the burden of its anarchic politicians; but every change and every hour brings Italy deeper into that state her inevitable advance towards which has long been the chief menace to European peace. There too the need of the hour is for a strong man, or at least one who will have the courage to put his opinions to the proof of action. Every Ministry starts out with its great programme of retrenchment, but when it comes to action, one after the other loses its resolution. The Giolitti Cabinet, having fallen over the "Panamino," is succeeded by a Zanardelli Cabinet; but who believes that Zanardelli will have, any more than Giolitti, either the ability or the nerve to carry out the only policy capable of saving the country from bankruptcy? The one respectable party now in the Italian Chamber are the Radicals of the Extreme Left, and they are as yet too few to be more than destructively effective. Things seem shaping ominously for the return of Signor Crispi, than which a more undesirable event could not befall. Signor Crispi's "strong-manism" could only work in the opposite direction to that of peace, retrenchment, and reform; under him, "the Father of the Triple Alliance"—the person chiefly responsible for the financial *gâchis*—the temptation which always besets nations threatened with bankruptcy to escape from its humiliations by rushing into war would grow stronger than it is—and even now that alternative is being canvassed in Italian periodicals. The best we can hope for Italy at the present moment is a speedy General Election in which (*per impossibile!*) the Catholic vote might be allowed by the Vatican to take part in co-operation with the Extreme Radicals.

IRISH ANARCHISM.

IT deserves to be noted as a gain for reason and light in the treatment of a great controversy that the English press generally has discussed certain occurrences of the past week in Dublin without suggesting that they furnish any materials for the argument against Home Rule. For our own part we see little ground for doubting that there is a connection between the murder of the man Reid and the placing of a package of dynamite beside the wall of a Dublin barracks, or that the perpetrators of these deeds acted with a view to what they considered "political" ends. Reid was probably shot, as an informer or an intending informer, by the secret society to which he belonged, and the dynamite was probably placed by gentlemen (of the same society) who were animated by a desire to "make history," like the colleagues of Mr. James Carey in the Phoenix Park. That is one's first impression on reading the news, and we shall be greatly surprised if it does not turn out to be the right one. Nevertheless no one now, not even the *Times*, ventures to pretend that there is any relation between the authors of this form of political action and any party or section of known politicians in

Ireland. This, we say, is a great gain, which in part we owe to the good offices of the *Times* itself (in the matter of the Parnell Commission), and in part also to the way in which the public mind in this country may now be said to be familiarised by the eight years' controversy with the genuine realities of the Irish question. We all know how greedily at a previous period—while we yet sat in comparative darkness—some of us would have sought to obtain party capital out of these occurrences. On this occasion only Mr. Carson, and he is not an Englishman, has made a half-hearted, chillingly-received attempt at exploitation by a question in the House of Commons. We have arrived at that wise and decent stage when we can envisage at least this phase of the Irish Question without party bias. We can all be frank about it. It is too serious, we perceive, to be made the sport of the cruel levities of electioneering; it is not serious enough to be taken *au grand tragique*. Just as the Governments of Europe are about to take concerted action in regard to Anarchism in general, so Englishmen and Irishmen of all parties may agree to keep their political differences out of the way of a right study of the particular form of the disease which has its habitat in their own islands.

It is really a disease, we believe, in Dublin, as in Barcelona. Irish Anarchism has its own peculiar features—features of origin, causation, manner, and so forth—which render it distinct from the Continental form, and even from the form which can be diagnosed in Trafalgar Square; but it does not differ from the general type in that it too is a species of insanity. What the German Emperor is reported to have said of the persons who sent him and his Chancellor infernal machines this week, namely, that such persons were "ripe for the madhouse," is equally true of the perpetrators of the Irish outrages. The Irish Anarchist, as well as his Continental brother, is a criminal and dangerous lunatic. One of the points, however, in which he differs from his Continental brother is that generally there is less evidence of method in his madness. His intelligence is not merely perverted, but it is of the lowest type. Driven on by a blind instinct of revolt against what he deems to be tyranny—in his case the tyranny is embodied in the representatives of Dublin Castle, as in the case of the Social Anarchist it is embodied in the person of the "bourgeois"—he oftener than not so contrives his deeds as to give the impression that he was an enemy not of the tyranny, but of the enemies of the tyranny. The system of Castle government in Ireland is an evil one, which Mr. Chamberlain has condemned in language of befitting severity; but the creatures who professed to strike at it when they slew Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke gave it a new lease of life, and for the time being a new justification in the eyes of all men. Their real blow fell upon that political party whose constitutional efforts were steadily and surely leading to the reform of the system. Indeed, in injuring the cause of constitutionalism these men feel a special satisfaction—a satisfaction which is a mark of the revolutionist everywhere. They feel that constitutional reform is their chief obstacle; if the constitutional movement could be destroyed, they, they argue, could have the field to themselves. A miserable vanity, the egotism of lunacy, possesses them. The Prefect of Police in Paris the other day announced that the Anarchists love to be advertised, to hear themselves spoken of; and he warned the press against publishing their portraits. Ravachol, he mentioned, had intended to go to the scaffold singing an abominable song which he had composed for the occasion, but he broke down and died like a coward

when he found the execution so arranged that there was no procession and no opportunity of posturing before the crowd. The anarchists of London are passing votes of thanks to Mr. Darling for getting them made the subject of a debate in the House of Commons. The benighted wretches whose souls fester in the squalid Dublin purlieus where they foregather have a tremendous notion of their importance, and look not merely with hatred, but with withering contempt, upon all the Lords and gentlemen who play the game of politics in the parliamentary arena, and upon all the powers and resources of the British Empire. The trial of the Invincibles brought this feature of the psychology of the Irish anarchist out with great distinctness.

The present splutter of anarchism in Dublin is manifestly due to certain dregs of the conspiracy which was crushed out under Lord Spencer in 1883 being galvanised into a spasm of life by the anarchic mania which is spreading like a contagion over all Europe; and perhaps helped also by the partial disorganisation which the constitutional forces have suffered owing to the terrible ordeal of the split. The outbreak, we believe, is of the slightest, and, in any case, the Dublin police, who have always shown themselves singularly well able to deal with such conspiracies, may be trusted to see the matter through without extraneous aid. What seems to us to be the most valuable, as well as the justest, observation to make upon the subject is to note it as a dying flicker of a phase of Irish crime which has for some years past been steadily passing away. Anarchism, a violent manifestation of discontent by disordered brains, there will doubtless be in the Ireland of the future, as there will be in the Europe and the America of the future; but under a Home Rule Constitution there will be an end of anarchism of this particular kind, and in the Ireland of Home Rule we believe there will be less anarchism of any kind than in any other country. In a natural state—that is, in a state the result of a sufficient period of just representative government—the Irish population should be the least promising soil in Europe for the seeds of anarchism; it is the sombre ages of misunderstanding, ignorance, and oppression which have produced the soil out of which all Irish political and agrarian crime has sprung. Undoubtedly the dregs of conspiracies that still exist are the remnants of a malady not yet wholly eradicated, and not to be eradicated except by the drastic remedy of self-government. The improvement of recent years, notwithstanding a variety of provocations, the fact that wholesale evictions have been attended by an unprecedented absence of crime, the marvellous patience with which thousands of evicted tenants have been bearing their sufferings year after year—it is all due, as every honest observer knows, to the healthful influence which the near approach of that remedy has already spread throughout Irish society. Mr. Carson, in his speech at Oxford, alluded to “what always happens as soon as the reins of government are relaxed in Ireland.” He forgets that the Invincible conspiracy grew up under the influence of the severest coercion *régime* that Ireland had known for thirty years. We will not say what might happen if all the hopes which are keeping Ireland wholesome were defeated and the people flung back upon their despair again. We refuse to contemplate that contingency, for we believe it will never arise. The governing men of both English political parties are at heart determined that it never shall. To the candid mind what is certain is that since Home Rule came within the region of practical politics, the forces of criminal disorder

have steadily diminished in Ireland, and the forces on whose help the law can count for the extirpation of crime have enormously increased.

THE TRADE OUTLOOK.

WE have received several communications in reference to our article of last week on The Trade Outlook, most of them giving expression to the opinion that we were too optimistic in our views. The communications are very interesting, and some of the facts mentioned would be worth quoting. Unfortunately they are private, and we can only refer to them in the most general language. Broadly they come to this, that the state of business in the City is worse now than it has been for forty or fifty years, and that trade is leaving the country in an alarming way. In support of the latter statement several facts are cited. We would remind our correspondents that depressions in trade recur every few years, and that each time similar complaints are loudly made and generally are accompanied by an agitation for reciprocity, fair-trade, and the like. Has it not occurred to our correspondents that a complaint which is made every few years and then dies out, and which is contradicted by the unquestioned fact that the country has all the time been growing in trade, population, and wealth, must be based upon a misconceived interpretation of the economic phenomena? As a matter of course we must lose certain branches of our trade as time goes on. This country was the first to start forward in commercial expansion, owing to its geographical position, the inventiveness of its people, its vast accumulated wealth, and its pre-eminence in machinery. For a while we had practically the markets of the world at our disposal. Gradually other countries have begun to develop, and as they have grown richer they have established manufactures of their own. It would be as reasonable for a father to complain of the independence of his sons as it would be for us to make a grievance of the fact that other nations are growing in intelligence and commercial energy. But while we are thus losing certain branches of our trade we are founding new industries more valuable, and we are developing the higher forms of the old industries, and so we are retaining our old superiority. It is perfectly true that the Norwegians, to take an example, are competing with us actively in the carrying trade. But the Norwegian merchant navy is practically a wooden and a sailing navy, while ours is mainly a steamer navy; and we still retain as large a proportion of the carrying trade as it is reasonable to expect.

The manufacturing development of foreign countries has been accompanied by the imposition of high protective duties. The very object of those duties is to prevent the people of the countries adopting them from buying much from foreigners, and where the duties are high enough they have succeeded in the object to a certain extent. The high protective duties, then, have unquestionably restricted our trade; but they have done much more injury to the countries imposing them, for they have disabled those countries from obtaining the best and cheapest goods in the free markets of the world. The real effect of prohibitive tariffs has been to impoverish the protectionist countries, though to some extent, no doubt, they have restricted our trade. We, however, have opened up new countries, and thus we have to a large extent made good our old position. Thirdly, it is unquestionable that the gradual demonetisation of silver has led to a continuous fall in prices during the past twenty years, and thereby has exercised a bad influence upon

trade. The purchasing power of gold has become greater than it was; prices necessarily have fallen, therefore, and every fall has compelled producers to lessen for the time being their output. That, however, is a circumstance that affects foreign countries more than it does ourselves, and, besides, it is temporary in its influence. After a while trade adapts itself to the new circumstances, and then a fresh period of prosperity sets in. We think, as we said last week, that such a period is now beginning. The depression from which we are suffering is universal. It is worse in North and South America, in Australasia, in the Far East and upon the Continent than it is with ourselves. It is only necessary to look at the number of Governments which have had to declare themselves insolvent to satisfy oneself upon that point. The depression was immediately the consequence of overtrading, over-speculation, overissuing of loans and companies, overbuilding of railways, and so on. The bad business accumulated by this overtrading had to be liquidated; the liquidation has been going on now for fully three years, and we are inclined to think that it is very nearly at an end. The monetary crisis in the United States is over, Argentina is emerging from its difficulties, the banking crash in Australia is working itself out. Upon the Continent, Portugal and Greece have broken down; and though the crisis has not yet reached its acutest state either in Spain or in Italy, yet every careful observer sees how it must end. Thus the world is very nearly coming to an end with the clearing away of the *débris*, and the ground is prepared for the new construction. Moreover, the United States seems intent upon adopting a wiser customs policy. In a very few days now Congress will begin the discussion of the Bill for reforming the tariff. If reasonable duties are adopted, after a while the United States will become a much better customer of this country than it has been for a generation, and more active trade with the United States will stimulate industry all over the globe.

We are not in the least blind to the difficulties that will continue, nor do we deny that there is great discouragement in the City, and that the feeling is gloomier than it has been for a long time past. On the contrary, we expressly stated last week that trade is worse now than it has been since 1879. But with very much respect for the City, we do not look upon it as a very good judge of the signs of the times. Its bankers and merchants are excellent in their way, but they are not very far-seeing; they are too much immersed in daily details. As yet they do not see the signs of a marked revival, while they are feeling the consequences of the great coal strike. But the consequences of the strike will soon pass away. Stocks, as we said last week, are lower than they have been for a long time past, and those stocks will have to be replenished. It is not in the nature of things that we should pass from gloom to cheerfulness in a single day, or even in a few weeks; it will take time. But as stocks are being replenished, as employment becomes more general, as one industry after another becomes more active, the feeling of the City will gradually alter. Then distrust will disappear, and by-and-by we fear there will be as extravagant confidence as there is now undue discouragement. We shall have wild speculation. No doubt in this journal we shall have to denounce much of that speculation, to warn the City of the dangers it is incurring, to advise investors not to be led away by specious promises. Then we shall be denounced as alarmists, just as now we are told we are too optimistic because we assure the public that the existing feeling is as much overdone in its way

as the rashness of the period from 1887 to 1890. The world's population grows year after year, the world's savings accumulate, the world's demand for commodities grows larger and larger. Trade, therefore, must expand; and the country which has the greatest available capital, the highest mechanical skill, the most enterprise, the vastest accumulation of machinery, must always keep its place at the head of competing communities.

FINANCE.

THE investing public are growing tired of leaving their money on deposit with bankers. For some weeks now they have been buying on a fairly large scale consols, Indian Sterling stocks, Home Railway Guaranteed and Preference stocks, and other first-class securities. There are signs this week of the demand extending. We have prepared our readers for this from time to time, and we may say now that the time appears to us favourable for investment, if the public does not pass rashly from distrust to over-confidence. The investor should remember that, whenever he begins to buy actively, the Stock Exchange puts up prices against him, for speculators purchase in the hope of selling to him at a profit. Should this happen now, we would recommend investors to hold aloof for a time, for this is not a favourable moment for speculation, and therefore the investor need not fear a very sudden rush up of prices, or, at any rate, if it occurs it cannot be maintained. It is quite true, as we pointed out last week and we repeat this week, the liquidation rendered necessary by the crisis through which the world has been passing for three full years is nearly completed, and therefore we may reasonably look for a better state of things by-and-by. Still, there are dangers ahead which will prevent much speculation. Foremost among these is the political apprehension on the Continent. Another is the state of Italy. That country must either reduce its naval and military expenditure or become bankrupt. But if it reduces its expenditure fears will arise respecting the continuance of the Triple Alliance. A third reason for our prediction is the apparent inevitableness of a crisis in Spain. Investors, then, need not be in too great a hurry to buy; but, if they exercise judgment, they can purchase favourably to themselves at present. There is no doubt, of course, that if a great war does break out there will be a general fall in prices. It is for investors themselves to decide whether there is any reasonable probability of such a war. If they think not, then, we repeat, the time is favourable for investment. The end of the coal strike has contributed powerfully to produce a better state of things. So has the report of the Committee of the Argentine Congress in favour of sanctioning the arrangement of the debt made with the Rothschild Committee. So likewise has the vast accumulation of unemployed money in the United States. In our opinion, however, very much activity on the New York Stock Exchange is not to be expected. We are now at the beginning of the discussion of the tariff question. That endangers, or at all events seems to endanger, the interests of such powerful and such numerous classes that it is very unlikely there can be much speculation. On the contrary, we are inclined to think that the markets will be very sensitive, and trade will be very quiet throughout the greater part of next year.

The price of silver is slowly falling. It was no better on Wednesday than 32d. per ounce, while silver to be delivered next week was considerably lower. Unfortunately, it is only too probable that the fall will go on. No doubt there is still a very strong demand for China, Japan, and the Straits Settlements. Probably these countries may absorb

more of the metal than is now thought probable, and, on the other hand, mines may be closed in very great numbers. But the immediate prospect, nevertheless, is of a further fall in silver, and if the Indian Government decides upon imposing a heavy duty upon it the fall will be intensified. The India Council met with a fresh disappointment this week. On Wednesday it offered for tender 50 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, and succeeded in selling little more than 10 lakhs. For all that, we still expect that the Council will be able to sell pretty freely for the next five or six months. Exports from India are not large yet, but at the end of this month they ought to increase very considerably, and to continue large until the end of April or, perhaps, the middle of May. As usually happens at the end of the month, the supply of short-loan capital has been scarce in the open market this week, and the rate of discount has decidedly risen, applicants in considerable numbers having to go to the Bank of England; but the scarcity will probably prove temporary. Up to Christmas it is possible that rates may be fairly well maintained; but with the beginning of the New Year there is every reason to look for a decided falling off in the demand, and a considerable increase in the imports of gold from abroad.

THE HUMOUR OF WOMEN.

PERHAPS the most common complaint which man makes of woman is that she has so little humour. There is something like a conspiracy of great writers to represent her as wholly lacking that divine quality, and to suggest by implication that on the whole she is better without it. This league and covenant is comparatively modern, for you find no trace of it in Shakespeare and Cervantes. Woman's humour is the merriest in "Don Quixote," and it is needless to cite Rosalind, Portia, Beatrice or Maria, to illustrate Shakespeare's appreciation of feminine wit. And observe that it is a wit which is not circumscribed by any imaginary limitations of sex, but constantly beats man at his own weapons, matches his richest fantasy, makes a fool of him in precisely that vein of folly of which the masculine mind is now supposed to have the exclusive relish. Clearly Shakespeare was no party to the assumption that woman misses the rarest enjoyment of the human comedy. Orlando is a witless youth compared with his disguised Ganymede in doublet and hose. Bassanio, and the whole majesty of the law in Venice, have not a tithe of the mother-wit which enables the lady of Belmont to turn the tables on rapacious Jews and unwelcome suitors. It may be that in Shakespeare's day women took a larger view of humanity than their modern sisters—a view by no means dependent for its breadth on specific schemes of emancipation. Life was not oppressed then by the zeal which passes for conscience in these days—a conscience which is sometimes as sick with self-love as Malvolio's vanity. Or it may be that Shakespeare endowed his women with gifts and graces which owed their substance mainly to his prodigal imagination, and in no sense represented a philosophical estimate of the feminine intelligence. The dark dame of the Sonnets may have prompted some of this lavish largesse of merry fancy; but very little can have been inspired by the mature and lymphatic personality of Anne Hathaway. In the boundless expanse of his resources, Shakespeare had no need to rely on portraiture. He drew ideal women, full of health and animal spirits, and wholly unashamed of the richness of the blood which courses through their veins. In our morbid age this bounty of Nature is either repressed as indecorous and even shocking, or (as there is too much reason to suspect) it has fallen to so low an ebb that sometimes one marvels how women have

blood enough to get through the irreproachable duties of a single day.

Are we, then, to explain this deficiency of feminine humour by a slow circulation? Some colour is given to this by the observation that there is so little geniality amongst our modern women. In literature, when they have any conscious wit at all, it is usually of the satirical and even sardonic kind. George Eliot had humour which, at times, was of almost Shakespearian breadth, but there is very little in the women she created. Mrs. Poyser is always amusing, but she is caustic, not genial. Mrs. Cadwallader says excellent things; but they are all like her epigram about Mr. Casaubon's great soul—"a great bladder for dried peas to rattle in." They have a sting, not a mellow flavour. The real humour of George Eliot was lavished on a man like Mr. Brooke, who was perfectly unconscious of it, and who, as a type of exquisite fatuity, is as actual still as if he sat behind Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons. Here is geniality in plenty; but what would we give for a touch of it even in the stately Romola, who might have saved Tito from abject scoundrelism if she could only have laughed at him! But no; the genial humour of Florence in the fifteenth century seems to have been monopolised by barbers. If you take the masculine novelist's women of our own century, there is, as I have said, a conspiracy to make a jest the antithesis of maidenly and matronly perfection. Becky Sharp had a sense of fun; but, good heavens! what a bringing up! Those paragons of virtue, Helen and Laura Pendennis, could not have cracked a joke to save their lives. It is lamentably plain that Thackeray wholly disbelieved in the existence of a good woman who had any real zest for the comedy of life. Such a zest is incompatible with an attitude of perpetual severity towards the errors of humanity. Now Laura had not the slightest capacity for relaxing her censorship of morals. In the original edition of "Pendennis" there is a symbolic picture of a young man with wife and child gently pulling him one way, and an artful siren beckoning him another. You see at once that all the fun of the fair is on the side of the minx, and all the virtue, with never the smallest dash of joyous vivacity, on the side of the matron. There is nothing in the English language which can compare with the delicacy of Thackeray's sentiment about women, with his persuasive grace and eloquence when he extols their infinite patience and forgiveness for the perversity of man. But never are we suffered to forget that all this goodness is mated with a frigid austerity even towards the most venial offence. The views of Mrs. Arthur Pendennis are narrow, pragmatical, and priggish; and it is clear that in Thackeray's opinion they represented the only moral and intellectual code by which our virtuous womankind can keep man from absolutely wallowing in the trough of self-indulgence. In Dickens woman plays a purely negative part. In Scott she is like the lady in Calverley's poem, who was

"All, more than all my fancy painted.
Once, when she handed me a wing
Of goose, I thought I should have fainted."

You may swoon at the sight or thought of her charms, but she is not in the slightest degree entertaining. In George Meredith woman is, in some ways, desperately feminine; but when she contributes to your amusement it is by her brilliant ingenuity in concealing from a polite society the fact that, although a countess, she is the daughter of a tailor.

These great authorities would seem to have determined that woman is not a humorous animal. Indeed, I am by no means sure that to call woman an animal at all will not be condemned as serious disrespect, if not downright outrage. She is too often treated as a figment of sentimentalism or merely as a factor which reproduces the physiological and recurring decimal of humanity. She is "uncertain, coy, and hard to please" one moment,

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and "a ministering angel" the next; but never, or very seldom, a healthy, robust creature, with the keenest capacity for true enjoyment, and with that outlook on human affairs which does not divide the world into half-bred zealots and irreclaimable sinners. This is why such a book as "Adventures in Mashonaland" is welcome far beyond any pretensions to literary merit. The authors are two hospital nurses, Miss Rose Blennerhassett and Miss Lucy Sleeman, one of them bearing an Irish name that does honour to the "Celtic fringe" from which we derive so much that is humanising in our national existence. These ladies have not produced a piece of literature, but a narrative of privations in a pioneer camp where gentlemen who got drunk strove to extinguish a fire by moral suasion, and complained of "green spiders and other abnormal reptiles"; and where the pestilence walked by day and the lions by night. This unconventional community, half orgie and half hospital, was kept in order by two women, who neither preached nor cajoled, but surmounted every trouble by sheer good humour and good sense. The honest fun which bubbles in nearly every page of this volume may be commended as a wholesome tonic to dull though well-meaning people who imagine that no woman has a right to be happy save in an atmosphere of invocation or reproof. Here, at all events, we have the genial tolerance which is so rare in women, and which caps the paradoxes of womanhood by suggesting the hospital as a school of humour.

L. F. A.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

SUCH a title as that of M. Frédéric Masson's new book, "Napoléon et les Femmes" (Paris: Paul Ollendorff) is not exactly calculated to inspire confidence. Revelations concerning the alcoves and the secret stairs of palaces, royal or imperial, are at the best half lies, and at the worst sheer pornography. But M. Masson's book is of a different order. It is written with sobriety and discretion. It shows us a side of Napoleon's life and character which it imports us to know, if we wish to arrive at a complete judgment of the man. M. Masson is understood to have spent a lifetime in the collection of documents about the first Napoleon, and his documents seem to have yielded a residuum of new fact. Seem, because we have to be content with the evidence of internal probability and common-sense. M. Masson emphatically declines to give his authorities. The nature of his subject-matter, the risk of offending the legitimate susceptibilities of people still living, sufficiently account for this reticence. Besides, M. Masson professes to have no desire to persuade those who are not already convinced of his honesty. Virtually he hands us his book with a Montaignesque epigraph; "ceci est un livre de bonne foy, lecteur." We may take it or leave it.

If it were not an established fact that women played a large part in Napoleon's life, we should be sure of it beforehand. He was a Corsican, with the full-blooded temperament of the South. He was a soldier, and a soldier at a time when armies had rather the licence of the mediæval "free companies" than the iron discipline of the modern military machine. He was an Emperor, the master of Europe, the greatest of living men, that is, a figure of irresistible fascination for most living women. The current tradition, based upon memoirs of doubtful authenticity, represents him as behaving with uniform baseness and brutality to the women in whom this fascination took practical shape. But this tradition—part and parcel as it was of the Corsican Ogre myth—is now suspect; it certainly finds little confirmation in M. Masson's pages. There we see Napoleon rather as a man compounded in equal parts of sentiment and sensualism—it is a common mixture—a passionate lover, a doting husband,

generous beyond measure to women who repaid him with ingratitude and desertion. His youth, it is clear—so far as such things can ever be clear—was chaste. Against a single conversation with a "daughter of joy" in the Palais Royal—one of the first instances on record in which the young lieutenant of artillery displayed that trick of cross-examination in which he afterwards rivalled Socrates—must be set three boy-and-girl attachments of idyllic purity. The most lasting of these was for Eugénie Desirée Clary, the sister-in-law of his brother Joseph, and subsequently the wife of Bernadotte. But it is fairly evident that until Napoleon met Josephine de Beauharnais, "his heart," as the phrase goes, "had not spoken." Then it spoke out with a vengeance. As so often happens in such cases, the lady was the elder of the twain; indeed, like the statesman in *Utopia, Limited*, she was "an old campaigner in the fields of love." Napoleon was twenty-six, Josephine thirty-two. On the marriage-register, however, through the complicity of friends and of a mayor with a passion for equality, their respective ages appeared as twenty-eight and twenty-nine. Wives, says Bacon in the *Essays Civil and Moral* that you wot of, are young men's mistresses. This was true in every sense of M. and Mme. Bonaparte; "on avait pris des avances sur la lune de miel," as M. Masson puts it. Napoleon passionately adored this Creole from Martinique, six years older than himself. "J'aime ma femme," he said to Mme. de Staël. The fervid love-letters he wrote to her from Italy show that, like the other men of his generation, he had not escaped the influence of Rousseau. "Ah! je t'en prie, laisse-moi voir quelques-uns de tes défauts; sois moins belle, moins gracieuse, moins tendre, moins bonne surtout; surtout ne sois jamais jalouse, ne pleure jamais; tes larmes m'ôtent la raison, brûlent mon sang. . . . Viens me rejoindre, et, au moins, qu'avant de mourir nous puissions nous dire: Nous fûmes tant de jours heureux!" Not otherwise wrote St. Preux to Julie. But Julie was already consoling herself for her lord's absence with a certain M. Charles. Then came the Egyptian campaign—and Mme. Fourès. They met, 'twas in the Tivoli Egyptian, a sort of tea-garden, at Cairo. The lady had been apprenticed to a mantua-maker, in fact, "a little French milliner," at Carcassonne, and was now married to a lieutenant of Chasseurs. What followed reads like a comic parody of the story of David and Bathsheba. Lieutenant Fourès was sent off to Paris with despatches for the Directoire, and, the ship in which he sailed being captured by the English, returned, liberated on parole, to find his wife installed in a palace, riding on parade in full general's uniform, and nicknamed by the army "Cleopatra." There was nothing very extraordinary in the uniform; there were few headquarters of the Republican armies unadorned by the presence of ladies *en militaire*. General officers were accustomed, even as late as the Spanish campaigns, to take their wives or mistresses to the wars; for example, Masséna in 1810-11. All the same, Fourès was furious, and "pour se soustraire à ses emportements," Madame obtained a divorce. On Napoleon's return to France there was an understanding that she should follow him by the next ship. She did; but again the troublesome English interfered. They captured the ship, and months elapsed before Mme. Fourès could reach Paris. She arrived too late. Napoleon's heart had returned to the safe keeping of Josephine. It is odd to think that this Mme. Fourès was still living within a year of the Franco-Prussian War. She died at the age of ninety-two; a year or two more, and she would have fallen a prey to the modern interviewer. As it was, she told nothing, and burned all Napoleon's love-letters.

The list of this lady's successors is almost as long as Leporello's *mil e tre*. Both the lyric and the dramatic stage furnished what it would perhaps be a rhetorical flourish to call a Maiden Tribute. There was the Grassini, who conquered the conqueror in

his Italian campaign, and is said after Waterloo to have transferred her venal attractions to the conqueror on that field. "Les cigales sont-elles tenues d'avoir du cœur?" says M. Masson. Tragedy—the only form of drama, by the way, for which Napoleon cared—was represented by Mlle. Duchesnois and Mlle. George. Two other items in the catalogue have real political significance. Both Éléonore de la Plaigne and the Countess Walewska had sons, whose paternity was not doubtful. It was at this time that Napoleon was meditating a divorce from Josephine because she was childless. He hesitated, fearing that there might be reasons personal to himself why he could never hope for an heir. Éléonore and the Walewska settled that doubt for him; and the divorce from Josephine was straightway decided on. Of the subsequent marriage with Marie Louise, M. Masson gives a curious account, which is, however, too long for transcription. Suffice it to say, that Napoleon showed that he, at any rate, had not rounded Cape Turk. He had the lady guarded, night and day, by "femmes rouges" as jealously as though she were the inmate of a harem. If he never loved her as he had loved Josephine, he treated her with infinitely greater respect. Indeed, he appears to have made her the most generous and loyal of husbands. How she rewarded him when he fell, everybody knows; and the unedifying chronicle of her subsequent "goings-on" with Count Neipperg and others is to be found in M. Masson's book. The gossips who delight in the little foibles of great men will learn from M. Masson that Napoleon admired small hands and feet—of a lady who had not these advantages he would say, "Elle a les abatis canailles"—and that he prided himself on his taste in feminine costume—"Vous savez que je me connais très bien en toilettes," he wrote to Savary. He would not allow the ladies of his court to wear sombre-coloured dresses. It is surprising, perhaps, but surely not displeasing, to find that Imperial Caesar was a bit of a man-milliner.

MR. ARTHUR TOMSON'S CATS.

THE question is whether domestic cats afford sufficiently rich subject-matter for twenty or thirty pictures. I shall, perhaps, be reminded that I have always maintained that what is known as subject is not of consequence to the artist. What the public knows as subject is the anecdote related; what the artist knows as subject is the opportunity for arrangements of colour or of line. Understood in this sense, subject is to the artist what the mould is to the gardener. If the subject is poor, his fancy will not thrive; and however he may cultivate the sterile soil, the harvest he reaps will be scanty, and of little worth. His fancy cannot exercise itself in space; and it seems certain that if a man is gifted with the sentiment of form and the instinct of anatomies, he will do well to choose a group of bathers and not a rat crouching in the corner of a coal-cellar. Also, it seems certain that if a man is gifted with the sentiment of colour harmonies and the instinct of contrasts, he will do better to choose a school of embroidery, and not a cage of white mice.

It is his genius that leads him to the subject. By the light of genius alone may the great subject be discovered and its richness revealed. Take one of Turguéneff's. The nightingales are singing so loud in the garden that a young servant-maid cannot sleep; she gets up, but slips as she goes down the steps leading to the garden, and becomes a cripple for life. For the ordinary writer this subject is barren of interest. But in narrating this simple little anecdote Turguéneff leads us up to the very verge, and for a moment it seems as if we saw across the abyss into the mystery of life. Take the motive of Mr. Whistler's portrait of his mother. An old lady sitting in strict profile, her

feet on a footstool, her hands on her lap; her dress is black, and on the left of the picture a black curtain drops in straight folds down to the old lady's feet. On the grey wall there are two engravings in black frames. Had this arrangement been proposed to an ordinary painter, he would have said, "I'm afraid it will be a little monotonous." But Mr. Whistler knew before he put brush to canvas every link in that exquisite harmony, extending from purple-black to the tenderest greys.

Genius discovers passion, tenderness, and divine pity where the ordinary man sees only the bare rock of commonplace; but it does not follow that every aspect of nature affords equal opportunity to the artist. For instance, I find some difficulty in believing that human genius will ever succeed in extracting a beautiful picture from a view of the Crystal Palace on a bright sunny morning, and I think that neither a white mouse nor a blue-bottle will ever furnish a theme sufficient for a masterpiece. The best-established theory is overturned by the simplest fact, and one day an immortal mouse may whisk a tail of scorn around my vain prophesying. Until then I shall continue to believe that twenty pictures of mice would be vain labour; and, though affording wider opportunity for artistic treatment, I incline to the opinion that the artist cannot live on cats alone any more than cats can live on mice alone.

Nor do I think that Mr. Tomson got all that is in the domestic cat of grace of movement, subtlety of line, and richness and delicacy of colour. The most ordinary movement—the extended paw, with the claws half unsheathed—has not once been completely rendered; the drawing of the paw as the cat unsheathes the claws is very beautiful, and would require very rare and refined drawing; nor the movement of rolling over on the back in play, with the accompanying whirl of the tail, and I take these movements as typical of a series of movements in which the beauty of the domestic cat is strikingly obvious. Of the grace and animation of the cat I find no adequate rendering; the drawing is often wooden and laboured, and Mr. Tomson does not appear to me to possess any instinct of anatomies. 41, "Selima," will suffice my purpose. In equality of work this pastel is excellent—so good, that on that a great deal may be forgiven to it; but we are arguing a different point, and I ask if any of the grace and subtlety of line so characteristic of the domestic cat are in that drawing. It is more like a small rabbit than a cat, and it is more like a wooden rabbit than a live rabbit.

And this drawing summarises what I have to say about the exhibition. Mr. Tomson seems to me to be a painter; his painting is often excellent in quality, but he does not seem to me to be in any marked degree an animal painter. No doubt he is deeply interested in cats; probably tame cats have been his study for years, and I do not question that these canvases are the result of years of patient observation. A good deal of the idea is always lost as it passes from the brain to the canvas; it is curious to hear an artist explain his own work, for he always tells you of what he failed to put into it; hence the value and the interest of prefaces. But if Mr. Tomson has not succeeded in expressing all the intimate and lovely animality of the cat, he has not failed to produce some excellent pieces of painting—excellent in tone and colour. Perhaps the most perfect piece of painting is 15, "At Breakfast." The cat represented is a large dark tortoise-shell; the background is a dark green, and there is a blue and white plate in the foreground. The quality of the painting is excellent; the touch is large and loose, fluent and sure. There are no hesitations; the painter knew what he wanted to say, and he said it simply, without striving after effect. The colour is strong, sober, and harmonious, and the totality of effect which is obtained in this canvas produces in the spectator sensations of pleasure and satisfaction. 24, "In

the Boudoir," is also worthy of praise. It is a fine, manly piece of painting, the black and white fur is excellent, and it goes well with the green background—in this picture the green is lighter in tone. But there is little observation of the animal; nor is the cat beautiful, and I think the painter wished to paint a beautiful cat. I am not sure that beauty was his intention in 37, "Supper." However that may be, the cat seems a poor, unhappy, mangy creature. The head is badly drawn, but the painting is as good as in 15 and 24.

G. M.

FRANCE AND THE ANGLO-GERMAN TREATY.

THE Governments of England and Germany have just signed a treaty for the delimitation of their respective territories in West Africa, which is presumably a good one, because it satisfies both parties. A line is drawn which settles the boundaries. England has pledged herself to make no acquisitions east of it, and Germany promises not to go west of it. Thus Yola, the staple market of the Niger trade, is left to England, and Germany has promised to abstain from any encroachment on the territories stretching up to the left bank of the Nile; whilst England has abandoned to Germany the larger part of Adamawa and the river Shari, with its tributaries, so that to German colonists the road to Lake Tchad lies open. It may be that in consenting to this settlement, by which the Upper Benue and possibly Baghirmi and part of Bornu is left to Germany, England, as the *Times* says, was prompted by the desire of getting a friendly buffer state between the territory of the Niger Company and the frontiers of the French Congo, and leaving the Germans to deal as best they can with the French. But perhaps for the same reason the French Press raises an outcry against this treaty, pretending that it violates their claims, and that the two Powers had no right to dispose of territories which do not belong to them. This pretension is entirely unfounded, as is proved by the terms of the convention between France and Germany of December 24th, 1885. By Art. 1 the Emperor of Germany renounces in favour of France all claims of sovereignty or protectorate on the territories which have been acquired by German subjects south of the river Campo, and promises to exercise no influence south of a line drawn from the mouth of that river to the point where it meets the meridian, situated 7 degrees 10 minutes of longitude east of Paris, and from that point till where it meets the meridian situated 12 degrees 40 minutes of longitude east of Paris. The French Government on its side renounced all claims north of that line, and acknowledged the German protectorate over Togo and Little Popo. Thus the "Hinterland" of the Cameroons was left to Germany. But the French did not keep this treaty. Free commerce and navigation were secured to the subjects of both parties in their respective territories. The French, however, sent armed expeditions into the German "Hinterland," such as that of the famous Lieutenant Mizon, who went to Ngundere. Povel concluded treaties with the chiefs there, Maistre did as much on the Shari. Upper-Shanga, Khadir, and Mombasa were occupied, and they now raise claims in Muri and Adamawa, whilst they maintain that Baghirmi and Muri are independent. But all these roving expeditions, of which the last is that of Monteil penetrating from the Songha, are clear violations of the Franco-German Treaty of 1885, and destined to cut the Germans from the road to Lake Tchad, which is to be made a French lake. In Africa, as in Siam, the French invoke the right of the first discovery, but it is an uncontested principle of international law that the discovery of a region confers no right, unless it is accompanied by lasting possession with the *animus possidendi*. Prince Henri d'Orléans maintains that the left bank of the Mekong belongs to France, because Garnier first went up that river,

which he did only with the help of the Siamese Government and Siamese passports. He maintains that that region belongs to the French "puisque nos troupes y ont passé," and now writes indignantly in the *Figaro* that the territory between the Nam-On and the Mekong shall remain Siamese. The French have enforced their will upon the weak government of Bangkok, but Germany is not Siam, and if M. Monteil with his exploring forces pretends to bar the way to Captain von Nachtritz's expedition, which has marched from Cameroon into the Hinterland, the French will have to consider that Germany, though bent upon peace, will not allow treaty-rights to be violated.

When the Spanish Ambassador under Elizabeth's reign complained that the English had taken possession of some islands which the Spaniards had discovered, and which besides had been given to them by the Pope, the Queen replied that, independently of the fact that the Bishop of Rome had no right to confer transmarine colonies, the discovery by Spanish explorers was irrelevant, because they had not remained and settled there. "*Possessio appellata est a sedibus.*"

H. GEFFCKEN.

THE OPENING OF THE DARDANELLES.

CONSTANTINOPLE, November 23rd, 1893.

THERE is no general excitement here in regard to political affairs. The attention of the people is turned to the absurdities and annoyances of the sanitary regulations and the Turkish methods of applying modern science to the slight cholera epidemic which prevails here. But there is a deep and increasing anxiety among all classes as to the plans of Russia. Even in diplomatic circles there is a strong conviction that we are on the eve of some new and important move on the part of the Russian Government. For some months there has been an ominous cessation of activity, and an effort to impress the Turks and Bulgarians with the friendly intentions of the Czar. The Russian ambassador poses as the best friend of the Sultan, anxious in every way to assist him. The campaign of assassination in Bulgaria has been abandoned, and for some time the agents of the Pan-Slavic Committee have been ordered to keep quiet. The Russian Press has for the time ceased to abuse the Bulgarians. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*

Probably the presence of the Russian fleet in the Ægean, the recent events in France, and the feverish haste with which the preparation of the Black Sea fleet has been hurried forward, have combined to strengthen the anxiety already existing.

The subserviency of France to Russia in Constantinople has reached a point which is not only ridiculous but shameful. Even Greece was never such a humble servant of Russia in Turkey. This, of course, affords the Czar an unprecedented opportunity to carry out his plans, and increases the alarm felt here. Meanwhile, the Turks are more helpless than ever. Their fleet is practically worthless, and their only security is in the forts of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. They have no alliances and no plans for the defence of the country. That the Russians intend to improve this opportunity no one doubts. The only question here is "What will it be?" The more common opinion is that, for the moment, they will content themselves with the opening of the Straits to the free passage of the Russian fleets, while still closing them to the fleets of other nations.

It is generally believed here that the other Powers, including England, would not attempt to resist the first, but would insist upon opening the Straits to all the world. This would not satisfy the Russians at all, and with France and Russia acting together it is not easy to see how the other Powers could carry their point by any mere diplomatic pressure. The Russian plan would make her the real

guardian of the Straits and the real mistress of Constantinople. It would go far towards making her, in alliance with France, the absolute mistress of the Mediterranean. The other plan would not very seriously weaken Turkey, and would put an end to the present absolute supremacy of Russia in the Black Sea. In this last respect it would be a boon to Roumania and Bulgaria, whose coasts are now absolutely at the mercy of Russia, and would make the Danube a real international highway. If the Turk is no longer able to keep the Straits, they should be made free, if possible, in the interest of all the world.

With this question before us, more than usual interest is felt in the choice which must soon be made of an ambassador to represent England at Constantinople. Sir Clare Ford goes to Rome. Here he was strangely out of place, and no one knew it better than himself, for he had no knowledge whatever of Eastern affairs and no interest in them. Everyone wishes him all possible success at Rome—for personally he was not unpopular here—but everyone hopes that his successor may be a very different man, a man of something of the knowledge and power of Sir William White. In the present crisis England cannot afford to be represented at Constantinople by any man, however distinguished, who is ignorant of the history of politics at Constantinople for the last forty years, and unable to appreciate the importance of the interests at stake. Whatever may be England's policy in the future in regard to Turkey, it should be one freely chosen and vigorously defended—not one forced upon her by her enemies, or accepted in weakness because her representatives have failed to comprehend and defend her real interests. It is true that the use of the telegraph has reduced the importance of the ambassador here. He cannot be a Lord Stratford and control the policy of England. He must refer everything to the Foreign Office and take his instruction day by day, but, from the peculiar circumstances of the place, more depends upon his personal knowledge and character than at any other embassy in Europe or America.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NONCONFORMITY AND THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH IN WALES.

SIR,—The best test of the effective strength of a religious organisation is to be found in the number of its communicants. Let us apply this test for the purpose of comparing the effective strength of Nonconformity with that of the Established Church in the Principality.

The following table will enable your readers to see at a glance the position of the Established Church in Wales with regard to communicants:—

Diocese.	Number of Incumbents.	Number of Incumbents replying.	Communicants (estimated).	Communicants, allowing for the non-returning parishes.	Population (1891).
1	2	3	4	5	6
Bangor ...	141	134	11,096	11,676	215,956
Llandaff ...	234	218	33,453	35,908	799,376
St. Asaph ...	207	207	21,581	21,581	270,180
St. David's...	377	350	39,319	42,352	496,009
				111,517	1,781,521

Columns 2, 3, 4 are copied out of "The Official Year-book of the Church of England for 1893." There is no reason to suppose that the "estimates" given in column 4 are other than favourable to the Established Church. In column 5 I have assigned to those incumbents who have made no returns their full proportion of communicants calculated on the basis of the returns received. As it is admitted that many of the non-returning parishes are exceedingly small, the figures in column 5 must surely be regarded as sufficiently generous. The figures in column 6 have been obtained from the Census of 1891—Vol. I., "Summary Table VII."

1. According to a leading defender of the Established

Church in Wales, the four principal Nonconformist denominations—the Calvinistic Methodists, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, and the Wesleyans—claim in the seven eastern counties of Wales 170 per thousand of the entire population as communicants. Let us examine the position of the Established Church in the eastern dioceses of Llandaff and St. Asaph. These dioceses have a population of 1,069,556, and the total number of communicants to which they can lay claim, after making every possible allowance for the non-returning parishes in the diocese of Llandaff, is 57,489—i.e., rather less than 54 per thousand of the population. We find, therefore, that the four principal Nonconformist denominations in the seven eastern counties of Wales are more than three times as strong as the Established Church is in the eastern dioceses of Llandaff and St. Asaph.

2. We are informed by the same authority that in the six western counties of Wales the four principal Nonconformist denominations claim 310 per thousand of the entire population as communicants. Let us examine the position of the Established Church in the western dioceses of Bangor and St. David's. These dioceses have a population of 711,965, and the total number of communicants to which they can lay claim, after making every possible allowance for the non-returning parishes, is 54,028—i.e., rather less than 76 per thousand of the population. We find, therefore, that the four principal Nonconformist denominations in the six western counties of Wales are more than four times as strong as the Established Church is in the western dioceses of Bangor and St. David's.

3. Lastly, we are informed by the same authority that the four principal Nonconformist denominations in the thirteen counties of Wales claim 210 per thousand of the entire population as communicants. Let us examine the position of the Established Church within a similar area. The four Welsh dioceses have a population of 1,781,521, and the total number of communicants to which they can lay claim, after making every possible allowance for the non-returning parishes, is 111,517—that is to say, 62 per thousand of the entire population. Thus the effective strength of the four principal Nonconformist denominations in the thirteen counties of Wales, as compared with that of the Established Church in the four Welsh dioceses, is in the proportion of 210 to 62. If we include the communicants of minor denominations, the Protestant Nonconformists of Wales, even according to figures published by determined opponents of religious equality, may fairly lay claim to 7 communicants for every 2 claimed by the Established Church.

Taking into consideration the sources from which these figures have been obtained, no fair-minded man will suppose for a moment that they are likely to be unduly favourable to the Free Churches of Wales.

Oswestry, November, 1893.

OWEN OWEN.

THE MAGISTRACY.

SIR,—In this week's article on the "Magistracy" you appear to have made a mistake. You say "the Chancellor cannot appoint anyone unless he lives in a dwelling-house rated at £100 a year"; but how is it that a *working man*, Mr. Burford, has been appointed at Warwick? Will you be kind enough to explain how the "difficulty of statute" has been got over in this case? You seem to look at political questions with very different spectacles now Gladstone is *in* to what you did six years ago when he was *out*.—I am, yours truly,

8, Union Road, Leamington, November 24th.

E. HILL.

[It is our correspondent who is mistaken. The property qualification for borough magistrates has been abolished, hence the appointment of working men as magistrates in different towns.—ED. SPEAKER.]

FACTS FROM THE CENSUS RETURNS.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter in your issue of September 16th last, signed "J. Edenbergen." The writer sets out by stating:—

"The English and Scottish census returns prove, among other curious facts, these:—1. The number of Scottish people in England is 282,241, or 1 per cent. of the population; 2. The number of English people in Scotland is 111,972, or 2.6 per cent. of the population; 3. The number of Irish people in England is 458,315, or 1.5 per cent. of the population; 4. The number of Irish people in Scotland is 194,807, or 4.6 per cent. of the population."

So far so good. The figures are not exactly those of the final returns, but the discrepancies are unimportant. He now goes on to make a most startling inference:—

"In other words, Scotland has nearly three times as many Englishmen as England has Scotsmen, and has, still more, nearly three times as many Irishmen and Englishmen as England has Irishmen and Scotsmen."

This erroneous inference has been copied by at least one newspaper, and I have not seen it corrected.

To make the matter clear I give the exact facts in a tabular form.

ENUMERATED IN

Natives of	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.	United Kingdom.
England	27,882,629	111,045	74,523	28,068,197
Scotland	282,271	3,688,700	27,323	3,998,294
Ireland.....	458,315	194,807	4,581,383	5,234,505
Other parts...	379,310	31,095	21,521	431,926
Total ...	29,002,525	4,025,647	4,704,750	37,732,922

It is surely plain enough that England has two and a half times as many Scotsmen as Scotland has Englishmen, and England has more than twice as many Irishmen as Scotland.

The percentages of the populations of each country are as follows:—

ENUMERATED IN

Natives of	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.	—
England ...	96.1	2.8	1.6	—
Scotland ...	1.0	91.6	.6	—
Ireland ...	1.6	4.8	97.3	—
Other parts...	1.3	.8	.5	—
Total ...	100.0	100.0	100.0	—

All that this table shows is that the English and the Irish are a much more important part (so far as numbers are concerned) of the population of Scotland, than the Scottish and Irish are of the population of England. While the English form 96 per cent. of the population of England, the Scotsmen form only 92 per cent. of the people of Scotland.

It is more instructive to take the percentages of the total natives of each country living within the United Kingdom.

Percentages of the natives of each country:—

ENUMERATED IN

Natives of	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.	United Kingdom.
England ...	99.3	.4	.3	100.0
Scotland ...	7.1	92.2	.7	100.0
Ireland ...	8.8	3.7	87.5	100.0
Other parts...	87.8	7.2	5.0	100.0

From this last table we learn that whereas less than a half per cent. of the natives of England are to be found in Scotland, no less than 7 per cent. of the natives of Scotland are to be found in England.

I do not propose to discuss the bearing of the true figures upon Lord Wolmer's argument.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,
G. B. LONGSTAFF.

Putney Heath, November, 1893.

NEWS FROM BULUWAYO.

DEAR Bob, praise the powers, we've thrashed them again;

Five thousand black fellows we've scattered to glory.

We laughed as they charged us and charged us in vain,

And we mowed them all down: it was simple, but gory.

The Bishop of Derry and eke of Raphoe

From Westminster Abbey he gave us his blessing;

Christ's Sermon, it seems, was meant merely for show,

Or, if used, must be used with episcopal dressing:

For the Bishop of Derry—of souls he's a herder—

Says, "The Gospel be — dropped; killing black men's no murder."

What? The country not ours? Why, it's choke-full of gold.

And wherever there's gold the whole land we have claims on.

We were ordered to get there and grab it and hold

By Rhodes, who allotted the fighting to Jameson.

Thirty miles from the frontier an Impi we met:

"Take an hour and a half," said the Doctor, "and clear it."

Then we started to catch them, and, oh, you may bet

When the time was well over they hadn't got near it.

So we galloped right up to our African brothers,

And shot a few score to encourage the others.

Good Lord! it was comic; they didn't show fight,

So we picked them off easily just where we found them;

They never turned round, but continued their flight—

They were black game in flight, so we lawfully "browned" them.

"Dear blacks," said our leader, adjusting his aim,

"You may run, but, by Jingo, you run for the last time;

The sport viewed as fighting perhaps is too tame—

In fact, it's poor warfare, but excellent pastime.

But since war we must have, and since you wouldn't chase us,

Why we had to chase you, thus providing a *casus*."

But not ours is the glory, not ours are the odes

That our captains indite, as in praise of a martyr;

The odes and the glory belong to St. Rhodes,

To St. Rhodes of the Cape, with his gospel, the Charter.

And something of praise must be given to Fife—

What a comfort to find that our Rhodes can employ dukes!—

And to Abercorn too; when detraction is rife

We can point to these two, whom the mean call decoy-dukes.

For a wonderful method to silence objectors

Is to cram down their throats the two ducal directors.

I blush for my country to think there are "bears"—

A Labby-led lot who make nothing but trouble,

Who hint that our Rhodes has an eye to his shares,

That his words are mere froth and his scheme but a bubble.

Great names through their commonplace columns they drag,

They presume to teach Rhodes how to act to his neighbour.

Well, well, let them swagger; we'll pocket the swag.

While the dukes draw twelve hundred apiece for their labour.

At such vermin's expense we can always make merry

While we're backed by St. Rhodes and the Bishop of Derry.

We have got the King's kraal without asking his leave;

It was burnt by the rogues, but we soon made a fort of it.

All this talk of disbandment is meant to deceive;

We have come here to stop, that's the long and the short of it.

So ta-ta, Bob, I'm off to inspect my new farm—

They tell me there's gold—I shall organise diggers.

You'll acknowledge, old chappie, that life has a charm

When it's nuggets for you and the work for the niggers.

Old Ripon may jaw, but he'll find out his error

If he tries to turn out yours, as ever,

THE TERROR.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

A NEW WRITER.

A VOLUME of short stories, which has been published within the past couple of weeks under the title of "Keynotes," by a writer named George Egerton (Mathews & Lane), seemed at first to put one, in writing in this review, in something of a difficulty. The book, one felt, was in its way a work of genius. Whether the genius be large, creative, prepotent, or merely a vein of rare artistic sensibility shot through with just a gleam of the spiritual afflatus is a question which can only be determined when the writer gives us other books—it is a question one finds oneself asking, without being able to determine, while reading the present volume, and perhaps the fact is suggestive. That there is genius of some kind in the matter I have very little doubt. The difficulty was how to reconcile the recommendation which one desired to give to a book which is characterised by a striking naturalism (I use the word for lack of a better), and want of reticence about things on which modern English writers are usually reticent, with some of the views THE SPEAKER has been recently expressing on the writings of the French naturalistic school. But the difficulty was only a seeming one. There is no affinity at all between what is objectionable in the writing of the French school and the naturalism of the author of "Keynotes." The want of reticence sometimes jars upon one, and is, in more than one instance, a decided artistic mistake; but there is none of that conscious and deliberate choosing and saying of the usually avoided and unsaid which is the vice of the French school, and sometimes also of that Norwegian school by which this writer seems a good deal influenced. It is all spontaneous; it is in its convincing spontaneity we get the hint of what seems to be genius. There is upon the whole thing a stamp of downright inevitableness; as of things which must be written, and

written exactly in that way, or the nature which feels them is not happy. Moreover, the general result is beautiful, even poetically beautiful. If there were more jarring notes than there are they would be lost in the general harmony of this strange tangled music.

The stories are in the main impressionistic studies of the feminine temperament; but there is one most powerful sketch of a man, perhaps the most powerful of all, and there is at least one other man whose portrait we get pretty distinctly. In the first story, called "A Cross Line," is a new presentation of that familiar type, the dissatisfied woman "*avec sa maison trop étroite et ses rêves trop hauts*." The type is familiar, at least to the moralist and student of life and history, though Dr. Ibsen has been startling the *gobemouches* with its "novelty" in his Hedda Gablers and Noras. Emma Bovary is another specimen. George Egerton's heroine (it is curious that none of his heroes or heroines has got a name) is married to a good fellow of a countryman, and here are some of her "dreams" as she lies on her back beside a trout-stream in a heathery bog, her rod and creel flung aside. It is harvest time, a time when dreams do come to those who lie upon the soil amid the sensuous air and the indefinite primal sounds of the fields. It was in the harvest, it will be remembered, that Levin among his peasants in "Anna Karénina" felt the "call" of very different dreams. She is watching a flotilla of clouds:—

"Old-time galleons, she thinks, with their wealth of snowy sail spread, riding breast to breast up a wide blue fjord after victory. The sails of the last are rose-flushed, with a silver edge. Somehow she thinks of Cleopatra sailing down to meet Antony, and a great longing fills her soul to sail off somewhere too—away from the daily need of dinner-getting and the recurring Monday with its washing; life with its tame duties and virtuous monotony. She fancies herself in Arabia on the back of a swift steed. Flashing eyes set in dark faces surround her, and she can see the clouds of sand swirl, and feel the swing under her of his rushing stride. Her thoughts shape themselves into a wild song—a song to her steed of flowing mane and satin skin; an uncouth rhythmical jingle with a feverish beat; a song to the untamed spirit that dwells within her. Then she fancies she is on the stage of an ancient theatre out in the open air, with hundreds of faces upturned towards her. She is gauze-clad in a cobweb garment of wondrous tissue. Her arms are clasped by jewelled snakes, and one with quivering diamond fangs coils round her hips. Her hair floats loosely and her feet are sandal-clad, and the delicate breath of vines and the salt freshness of an incoming sea seems to fill her nostrils. She bounds forward and dances, and bends her lissome waist, and curves her slender arms, and gives to the soul of each man what he craves, be it good or evil. And she can feel now, lying here in the shade of Irish hills with her head resting on her scarlet shawl and her eyes closed, the grand intoxicating power of swaying all these human souls to wonder and applause. . . . The clouds have sailed away, leaving long feathery streaks in their wake. Her eyes have an inseeing look, and she is tremulous with excitement. She can hear yet that last grand shout, and the strain of that old-time music that she has never heard in this life of hers, save as an inner accompaniment to the memory of hidden things, born not with her, nor of this time."

She wonders if other women have thoughts like these—this thirst for excitement, for change; and stray words of other women, "glimpses through soul-chinks of suppressed fires, actual outbreaks, domestic catastrophes," seem to argue that they have. They certainly have, especially when they are gifted with some imagination. Such thoughts are for women amongst the forms of what the theologian calls temptation; and the above passage is just a "song of the blood." In another sense, the emotion from which they spring, the *Sehnsucht*, the insubordinate longing for what we know in our hearts this life cannot give us, the vivid hints which imagination gets of possibilities ten thousand times fairer than any reality of experience—these are amongst those "intimations of immortality" which are the common heritage of human nature.

Concrete temptation comes to Mr. Egerton's heroine in the shape of a lover who, in the usual manner, "understands her better" than the less

sympathetic husband; but with the aid of affection, and of the maternal nature of which at the end she learns she is about to know some of the mysteries, she conquers the temptation. Here this writer shows a far truer insight into woman's heart than Ibsen when he makes his impossible Nora Helmer leave her little children in order that she may "emancipate" herself. As his heroine puts it herself, affection is "the crowning disability of the sex"; but for that "women would master the world." He recognises women's unscrupulousness—a trait of which no observant male can have failed to have noted some baffling and delightful evidences:—

"At heart we care nothing for laws, nothing for systems; all your elaborately reasoned codes for controlling morals or men do not weigh a jot with us against an impulse or an instinct. . . . Bah! the qualities that go to make a Napoleon—superstition, want of honour, disregard of opinion and the eternal I—are oftener found in a woman than a man."

Only—and here is the great truth:—

"Lucky for the world, perhaps, all these attributes weigh as nothing in the balance with the need to love if she be a good woman, to be loved if she is of a coarser fibre."

This sentence is not only true, but there sounds in it a ring of true gold. That precious metal gleams constantly through the ore of this volume and gives it, in spite of its irregularities and unconventionalities, a positive moral value—such, indeed, as genuine and honest art always has. The author, I fancy, is unaware of this value: there is evidence of no didactic consciousness of any kind in the work—on the contrary, we seem to meet at times a disconcerting absence of intellectual, as distinct from purely instinctive, direction; but he or she (for I more than suspect the writer is a woman) not only sees into the heart clearly, but possesses a right heart in his own (or her own) breast—the best of all mentors. How the heroine of "A Cross Line" realises the truth she postulates, the scene between her and her maid apropos of some baby-clothes, with its surprising final touch, is a wonder of pathos and beautiful feeling.

I perceive with regret that my space is shortening; for I have only spoken of one story, and that, as I judge it, not the most powerful. I should like to go through them all. The beauty is in all, and in all a certain sombre, almost tragic note. Perhaps, however, the sketch called "The Spell of the White Elf" is an exception to the latter qualification. This is another expression of the maternal instinct. The emotions of two childless women on the subject—one of them a servant, the other her mistress, who has adopted a baby—are brought out in the story with an extraordinary tenderness.

"Belinda used to sit sewing in the kitchen, and the words of a hymn she used to lilt in half-tones, something about 'joy bells ringing, children singing,' floated in to me, and the very tick-tock of the old clock sounded like the rocking of wooden cradles. It made me think sometimes that it would be pleasant to hear small pattering feet and the call of voices through the silent house. And I suppose it acted as an irritant on my imaginative faculty, for the whole room seemed filled with the spirits of little children. They seemed to dance round me with uncertain, lightsome steps, waving tiny pink dimpled hands, shaking sunny flossy curls, and haunting me with their great innocent child-eyes; filled with the unconscious sadness and the infinite questioning that is oftenest seen in the gaze of children. I used to fancy something stirred in me, and the spirits of unborn little ones never to come to life in me troubled me."

There is a wonderful Roumanian folk-song called "The Song of the Barren One" with the refrain—

"Mine ear is full of the murmur of rocking cradles."

It expresses similar sentiments to those of this passage. So true is the remark which is made elsewhere in this story—"We childless women weave more fancies into the 'mithering of bairns' than the actual mothers themselves." "Now Spring has Come" is a poignant, wayward love-poem in prose instinct with passion and with the irony of fact. The chief story of the book, however, is the last, a

trilogy of sketches with the caption "Under a Northern Sky." This is in a different key from all the others. The drums of tragedy, so to speak, sound through it with a sort of epic resonance. It is an intensely realistic picture of the last days of a debauchee, in whom the demon of drink rages for the mastery, and holds it, against a riot of other stormy passions. It recalls — for with this writer one is somehow forced into Scandinavian comparisons — a certain early scene in Björnson's "Heritage of the Kurts." Those who have read Turguénieff's "Lear of the Steppe" will be reminded of that singular tale also. In "Under a Northern Sky" there is the same masterly blending of the tragic and the grotesque. Nothing more powerful and more original has appeared in English fiction for many a day. Let me add that all the tales are infused with a special charm of temperament which is perhaps their most distinctive quality. I repeat, the book does not furnish data enough for a confident judgment as to the limits of its author's powers; but this much, at least, it entitles one to say: that it brings a new quality and a striking new force into the literature of the hour.

T. P. G.

REVIEWS.

SOCIAL ENGLAND.

SOCIAL ENGLAND. A Record of the Progress of the People. By Various Writers. Edited by H. D. Traill, D.C.L. Volume I. From the Earliest Times to the Accession of Edward I. London: Cassell & Co.

THIS volume presents a curious and interesting experiment in co-operative bookmaking. The object of the undertaking, Dr. Traill tells us, is to review the life of the English nation considered, so far as possible, as a society, and not as a Polity or a State among States. The utility of such a work is obvious, its interest to all cultivated people enormous, and the scale on which the book is to be written, adequate. The present stout volume only goes down to the accession of Edward I., and at least four more on the same plan will be necessary to narrate on similar lines the six centuries of English history still remaining. It is clear that so vast an undertaking could not be easily carried out by a single pair of hands. In this age of specialism it would be very hard to find the Lingard of Social England, and when found, it would require the best part of a life-time before his work would be ready for publication. The editor has therefore gone to the other extreme. No less than nineteen writers have co-operated with him in the production of the present volume, and their contributions are further split up by the division of the work into four great chapters dealing successively with "England Before the English," "The Decline of the Roman Power and Britain under English and Danes," "From the Conquest to the Charter," and "From Charter to Parliament." The result is that it is rare to find more than ten consecutive pages written by the same man. Never except in an encyclopædia or dictionary has such minute subdivision of labour been attempted. It is a bold experiment, involving great dangers on every side, and threatening to destroy completely the unity of idea which distinguishes a real book from a series of articles bound up together. We cannot say that we are completely satisfied with the result, but it is only fair to all concerned to admit that we are surprised at the extent to which the experiment has succeeded.

Many circumstances combine to make the book a good one. The publishers have given the volume a comely exterior, good paper, and clear and large type. The editor has been able to gather round him a band of able contributors, some of whom are eminent specialists, and nearly all of whom are well-known students, teachers, and writers. The result is a book that, with all its want of unity, can be

read with very great pleasure and profit. It certainly supplies, and on the whole supplies adequately, a much-needed gap in our historical literature. It is just the sort of book that should attract those who have got through the ordinary text-books and want to get more insight than a mere political narrative can give of the ways of doing and thinking among our ancestors. The miscellaneous comprehensiveness of the book is in a way an attraction in itself. We can learn from it a good deal that is true, and even some things that are new, about the laws and constitution, the religion, the social life, the trade, the towns, the art and architecture, the army and navy, the language and literature, the science and learning, and the state of public health among our forefathers. Some at least of these topics should appeal to every intelligent reader.

When we take the articles individually we get at the strongest side of the book. Of course, the contributions vary in merit, but there are hardly any but have claims to our favourable attention. Perhaps the weakest of the series are the unsigned articles on "Social Life and Manners" which occupy pp. 371-388 and pp. 473-489. A writer who thinks Speed an authority to be quoted on the legislation of William I., who gets his account of Domesday from Robert of Gloucester, and who quotes Holinshed for a version of what he calls "Henry II.'s Ordinance as to Armour," stands condemned as ignorant of the first principles of historical criticism. But his case is fortunately exceptional. At the other end of the scale we may place Professor Maitland's admirable summaries of our legal history, perfect in their lucidity and simplicity, charming in their clear and interesting style, and yet showing more unostentatious learning and research than perhaps any other parts of the book. Mr. Owen Edwards writes ably and picturesquely, though with too much dogmatism, on some aspects of Celtic and pre-Celtic Britain. In strong contrast to Mr. Edwards' fervid certainty upon points on which the final word is certainly not yet spoken, stands Mr. Franklin Richards' cold and sceptical, but generally judicious, treatment of Roman Britain. Mr. Richards is wrong, however, in saying that "under the arrangements of Diocletian" Britain was divided into "four districts or dioceses." There was but one "diocese of Britain," subdivided into four (later five) provinces. And considering that, for over two centuries, the profession of the Christian name might involve the penalty of a hideous death upon all subjects of the Roman Empire, we cannot quite follow Mr. Richards in his statement that in Roman Britain "no one could be tortured . . . in the name of religion." Rather unsatisfactory is the Rev. R. Williams' treatment of Celtic heathenism and Christianity, as is shown by his using "Richard of Cirencester" as an authority. Mr. C. Oman contributes learned and attractive work on the progress of the art of war. Mr. R. L. Poole writes like a sound scholar and clear thinker on mediæval learning and science. Mr. A. L. Smith has contributed accurate and well written, if not always very original, summaries of political and constitutional history, and strikes out more of a line of his own when discoursing on trade and industry, a subject also treated of with much learning by Mr. Hubert Hall. Mr. Reginald Hughes' architectural and artistic articles are valuable, though, in the absence of diagrams and illustrations, he is here and there rather technical for the unlearned reader. In his historical references Mr. Hughes makes a few slips, as when he speaks of the "official pallium of the bishop" (p. 194), and the "apprehension that the end of the world was at hand" in A.D. 1000 (p. 198), an idea now quite exploded. Dr. H. Frank Heath is unnecessarily dry, though careful and precise in dealing with language and literature, and the Rev. W. H. Hutton hardly had scope enough to do himself justice in his interesting ecclesiastical contributions. Dr. Heath ought, however, to remember that if Orm wrote the *Ormmulum* "circa 1205," he could not have

been an "Austin friar" (p. 355). Mr. Hutton errs in describing Henry of Blois as a "Cistercian" (p. 268), when he was really a Cluniac, and makes Archbishop Kilwardby a Franciscan instead of a Dominican (p. 406). More serious is the bad taste shown in Mr. Hutton's observation that "at the worst" the observance of the Interdict under King John would not "reduce the services" of the Church "below the level of modern Protestant communities." Mr. York Powell's articles on the "Coming of the English" and the "Danish Invasions" are filled with closely packed and recondite learning, and brightened by many happy and brilliant passages. Specially praiseworthy is his constant reference to original authorities. But except when he puts his knowledge in a tabular form, his contributions are rather too apt to suggest some want of method, and parts are so condensed in their treatment that they are more fitted for reference than for continuous reading. They are also deformed by affectations, especially in the spelling of proper names, that are the more irritating as they are not always consistent. Both slips in details and doubtful judgments are not altogether absent. Bishop Cameleac (p. 146) was not of "North Wales" but of Llandaff. We know of no old authority for the term "Devonsetas." We deny that Bretwalda "must be" an English translation of *Comes* or *Dux Britanniarum*. We cannot accept Mr. Powell's notion that the "Mycelgemot" of the tenth century was, like the later House of Commons, a sort of assembly of the moots of the various shires summoned by the king to some convenient spot; and he does not make clear what he means when he says that "Harthacnut-Godfred was the protégé of St. Cuthbert himself." But points like these are of no great importance, and Mr. Powell's work is always interesting and stimulating even when most provocative of criticism. In the mass the individual articles are excellently done.

We are not quite so well satisfied with the editing. Mr. Traill's introduction is too vague and general to give us as much help as we should like. Many of the errors of detail which we have noticed could have easily been removed had a sharp-eyed mediaevalist gone carefully over the proofs. Indeed, many small errors of the less precise writers could be corrected from the articles of more accurate contributors like Mr. Poole, Mr. Maitland, or Mr. Smith. Above all, the editor is to blame in breaking up the articles into so many short paragraphs. He ought also to have striven more to prevent inequalities of style and treatment. In the small matter of spelling early names each writer is a law unto himself, and we shall be surprised if many readers do not get terribly confused by the different forms in which the same names are presented in different articles. As it is, the contributors have had liberty to repeat each other's articles, to contradict each other's statements just as it has seemed good to them. How, for example, will the reader reconcile some of the doctrines of Mr. Powell with those of Mr. Smith? For instance, Mr. Powell tells us that the "German theory" of "free village communities" "seems to have little direct evidence to support it" (p. 125); while Mr. Smith asserts on p. 209 that the view "which sees in serfdom a slow and late result . . . must be regarded as still holding the ground." In the same way Mr. Hutton tells us that "amid the multitudes" of the crowded city suburbs "the foul plague of leprosy. . . stalked like a remorseless demon" (p. 405), while Dr. Creighton, in his excellent articles on "Public Health," shows quite clearly that "England was by no means the unhappy land of lepers which we might suppose from the attention given to those sufferers" (p. 367). Similarly Mr. Oman, like Mr. J. H. Round, knows nothing of the famous "palisade," but only of the "shield wall" of the English warriors at Hastings, while Mr. Heath tells us how Harold and his trusty men fell "with their backs to the rampart they had left" (p. 344). The bibliographies, useful as they are, show in the same way traces of joint

contribution in the different paragraphs, which have not always been harmonised. The index, though for the most part a good and useful one, is too prone to jumble together different persons of the same name under one heading; as when it makes "Odo," "supported by Dunstan" and "taken prisoner by William II.," and then puts under "Ethelfleda, the 'Lady of London'" a reference to "her instructions to Dunstan for her burial rites," though the daughter of Alfred died before Dunstan was so much as born. We call attention to these points not with any wish to exaggerate their importance as compared with the mass of sterling work in the book, but a book written like this one needed, we will not say better, but more vigilant editing than this one has always got. We should be very glad if in future volumes the contributions of different writers were not broken up, as in this volume, by the artificial division into chronological chapters, which moreover prescribe limits that it is quite impossible for the contributors to observe strictly. Especially is this the case when the reign of Edward I. is separated from that of Henry III., with which it is from every point of view so closely and intimately connected. Yet, taking everything together, we cannot feel too grateful to editor, writers, and publishers for making accessible to a wide audience the mass of sound information, conveyed in a pleasant and literary form, which is contained in this interesting volume. It deserves to be widely circulated.

LETTERS OF WELLINGTON'S NIECE.

THE LETTERS OF LADY BURGHersh (afterwards Countess of Westmorland). Edited by her daughter, Lady Rose Weigall. London: John Murray.

A PRETTY little book of forty-three pretty letters, written chiefly from the base of operations of the allied armies of 1813-14, by a two-years-married beauty of twenty, whose exquisite miniature portrait on the frontispiece is as pleasant reading as aught in the book. Pretty interesting, too, are many of the letters, and they would be more so to the generality had they got any but the most Lady-like and inoperative editing. For one big example, Napoleon's final struggles in Champagne in 1814 are travestied in the letters, which should have been helped out by a brief and accurate *précis* of the historical facts, in order to correct the ridiculously insufficient contemporary narrative of Lady Burghersh. There are several small blunders, too, about places and place-names. But let us not be guilty of bringing the butterfly and the wheel too close together.

Lord Burghersh was in luck in being "the lord of this schöne Frau," as "that delightful fine old Blücher" called him; and it was manifestly his brave little wife's courageous conduct in following the head-quarters through scenes of danger and terrors, as "the only woman with the armies," "the only woman at table with from fifteen to thirty men," that enabled Lord Burghersh to write such valuable despatches, and become the successful diplomat he turned out to be for one-and-thirty years at Florence, Berlin, and Vienna. At Basle, in January, 1814, she wrote:—

"As my room is the *point de réunion*, and my English tea is a great luxury, so all the great and little people meet every evening, and all the most interesting discussions pass at my tea-table, and all the different reports from different quarters which are brought to the different generals make it always agreeable. . . . They come in and out, and I know in that way all that goes on. . . . I shall have enough to talk and think about all my life."

And no wonder, with the Austrian Commander-in-Chief, Prince Karl von Schwarzenberg (whose attentions one fancies became a little too-too); Metternich (who thereupon became a sort of refuge); the Prussian Minister, Von Hardenberg; Lords Aberdeen, Cathcart, and Castlereagh, and Sir Charles Stewart, Prince von Liechtenstein, and so on, all

fluttering about the only dispenser of "English tea"—not to speak of Emperors and Kings, common as hips and haws. Alexander of Russia, "horridly ill-made; he holds himself bent quite forward, for which reason his court imitate him and bend too;" the King of Prussia, who is "so very shy that it is quite ridiculous;" and as for the Emperor of Austria, Francis I., "he is a complete cipher," guided entirely by Metternich, a note from whom wakes the lady at Basle in January, 1814, to say that Langres "is ready to be laid à vos jolis pieds."

A lady who could call her uncle, the Iron Duke, plain "Arthur," and could write this of the impenetrably cold Castlereagh: "I quite delight in 'Cas'; I had no idea he had so much fun in him"—a lady so placed was well placed, and her letters therefore deserved some deffest of historico-biographical annotating by some master of the period.

At Châtillon, where an absurd and abortive congress was meeting, the plenipos "spend their lives in giving great dinners to each other, and gorge so effectually that two or three have fallen ill from the effects of their intemperance"; "they go on eating and drinking and doing nothing." But that was just because of Napoleon's last violent efforts, on which we have already remarked, and which turned the "congress" into a mere farce. The devastations of a quarter-century of nearly ceaseless war are sketched plainly from time to time in few words:

"The roads are covered with dead horses and remains of dead men; they remain lying all over the fields and roads, with millions of crows feasting; the river is full of bodies." Near Hanau, "we make the postboys halloo out when we are coming to any dead bodies, so I escape seeing many. I only saw five, which came upon me unawares—four stripped of all clothing, two nearly skeletons."

"The French prisoners were many of them quite boys, and so haggard, so sickly, and almost bare. Near Troyes, the inhabitants are almost all old men and women, and I am particularly struck with not seeing any babies whatever."

The fact was that the whole long and tragic drama was then coming to its end, because Napoleon had exhausted France and the French.

After two months of these horrors, the letter-writer mentions her surprise to be "without anxieties or fears upon any one subject; not minding noise, stink, or dirt in the least; and quite bold on horseback, and amongst men and soldiers, even Cossacks—the greatest beasts I ever saw;" which last forces us to give one adventure—"odd thing," she called it—in *extenso* :—

"At the post-house" [somewhere near Carlsruhe], "about eleven at night, I opened the first door (which proved to be the kitchen), to the dire offence of an old woman, who immediately seized me by the arm, swearing in German" [which Lady B. did not speak] "as hard as she could jabber, and dragged me, notwithstanding my struggles, into a room, pushed me in, and slapped the door upon me. I found myself in the middle of four Cossack officers eating their supper. . . . I never met with four civiler men."

As a gloss on this the reader should turn to the miniature; and that and the "old woman's" crude view of the case might be contrasted with the following, a week later :—

"I wish you could see the women who follow the armies; there is no doing justice to the horror of these monsters. They wear boots and other articles of dress exactly like men, and ride on men's saddles. Those who belong to the infantry, and therefore do not ride, carry baggage on their backs like pack-horses; it is quite extraordinary to see how they are loaded, and they do not seem to mind it in the least."

Lady Burghersh went from Dijon to Paris all by herself, absolutely in advance of the diplomatists and monarchs; was taken prisoner by the French on the road, but released; and she used afterwards to say that Castlereagh and Aberdeen, against whose advice she started, never quite forgave her, but were always sore when any allusion was made to her getting to Paris several days before them—for they had funk'd it. As Lady Westmorland, she, as is well known, lived hale to the age of 86, and had twelve children. There was some of the great Duke's iron in that niece of his.

"PER MARE, PER TERRAM."

THE HISTORICAL RECORDS OF THE ROYAL MARINES. Compiled and edited by Major L. Edye, R.M.L.I., Barrister-at-Law. Vol. I., 1664-1701. London: Harrison.

MAJOR EDYE'S large and handsome volume is—so far as the first three words of the title are concerned—exactly what it claims to be. It is a volume of "historical records" rather than a history. But before a history could be written, this work of exact detail had to be done, and Major Edye has now done it in a thoroughly conscientious and painstaking manner. He has done it once for all, and by his abundant references has rendered the work of any future inquirer easy and simple. He has, too, even in this first volume, brought to light and placed beyond doubt many facts which tell cruelly against some favourite theories or prejudices. He has, for instance, shown that the Marines are not the Buffs, and never were the Buffs; and, going still farther, he shows how the mistake has arisen. The "Maritime Regiment," first raised in 1664, and known as "The Duke of York's Regiment of Foot," became in 1685, on the Duke's accession to the throne, "Prince George of Denmark's Regiment of Foot," and so continued till 1690, when it was disbanded. Prince George, thus left without a regiment, was, a few days later, appointed colonel of the Holland Regiment, which became also "Prince George of Denmark's Regiment of Foot."

"Thus," says Major Edye, "within a few days there existed on the establishment two regiments both having the same order of precedence, the same official designation, and the same colonel, yet having no connection in any other sense one with the other. In this manner the identity of the old 'Admiral's Regiment'—now represented by the corps of Royal Marines—was merged into that of the Holland Regiment—now represented by the Buffs—a circumstance that has given rise to what may be described as a traditional misconception that the two regiments are intimately associated with one another as regards their common origin."

But though Major Edye thus speaks of the Royal Marines as representing the "Admiral's Regiment," he shows very positively that they have absolutely no connection with it, any more than they have with the Marine regiments which served during the war of William III.'s reign, and were disbanded in 1699, as the Admiral's Regiment had been disbanded in 1690. Major Edye considers the constitution of the "Marine Regiments" as "bad and impracticable," necessarily leading to "a collapse." We can readily agree with him, but it was, in its way, a curiosity. A very large proportion of the officers—the senior officers, more especially—were also officers of the navy, by different commissions, with different ranks; so that it not unfrequently happened that of two men, one was senior as a naval officer, the other as a marine. The entanglement which such a confusion caused was inextricable; and though the disbanding of these regiments was in accordance with the policy of disbanding insisted on by the Tories after the Peace of Ryswick, there can be little doubt that it served a good purpose in clearing the way for a better system.

It has long been a favourite myth with many officers of the Royal Marines that their corps is actually the same as the Duke of York's Regiment, or the Marine Regiments which fought at La Hogue. It is satisfactory to find that Major Edye, in his search for historic truth, rises superior to prejudice and gives no countenance to the idea. We presume that in his next volume he will further show that the existing corps is equally distinct from the Marines who took part in the capture of Gibraltar and Barcelona, and from the later regiments which served, under Wentworth, at Cartagena. But the mention of these absolute breaches of continuity suggests that the wording of the title "of the Royal Marines" is not strictly accurate, and that "of the Marine forces" would have been more correct. This is perhaps hypercritical; and whatever its title, the book, as a collection of historical records, is excellent.

There is one point which comes out almost

casually: the unwillingness—the strange unwillingness, it seems now—of the Government to pay its servants. Here is one case in point:—In November 1699, some months after his regiment had been disbanded, the wife of Lieutenant Charles Burton, late of the 2nd Marines, petitioned for the payment of £100, part of the arrears owing to her husband, who was a prisoner for a debt owing to the State. Major Edey characterises such conduct of the Government as monstrous; but something very like it long continued the rule in the relations of the Government to its servants. Readers of Mr. Hannay's *Life of Rodney* will remember that in 1779 Rodney was subjected to a similar bitter experience, and was detained in Paris by his debts, whilst the Admiralty owed him, and would not pay, a much larger sum, his pay as Vice-Admiral of Great Britain.

FICTION.

TO HIS OWN MASTER. By Alan St. Aubyn. In 3 Vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE. Being the memoirs of Gaston de Bonne, Sieur de Marsac. By Stanley J. Weyman. In 3 Vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

MR. STEPHEN DASHWOOD, curate, and first-class man in natural science, is the hero of "To His Own Master." He is a distinctly lovable hero of the impossibly good description—the sort of modern Don Quixote, in short, to whom lady-novelists love to introduce us. From the moment when he makes his first appearance in Thorpe Regis, accompanied by a poor woman, her babies, bundles, birdcage, and cat—all of whom he had chanced to pick up on the road—until he leaves his curacy in undeserved disgrace, he is the typical martyr, sacrificing himself at every turn for the benefit of others. It is the lot of a martyr to be misunderstood by some and cruelly entreated by others. Stephen Dashwood forms no exception to the rule. The one person who neither misunderstands nor persecutes him is his rector's charming wife; but she dies, and Stephen is left without a friend. Then it is that the little misunderstandings and misadventures which had merely been amusing in his earlier days at Thorpe Regis take to themselves the character of tragedy. The scandals which he had innocently sought to avert from others settle around his own devoted head, and his noblest deeds of self-sacrifice bring upon him the heaviest of penalties. The young woman to whom his heart is given ruthlessly jilts him in favour of the widowed rector; the mysterious baroness who had once befriended him becomes his most relentless enemy, and he has to leave Thorpe Regis under the shadow of something like actual disgrace. The world must become a hundred times more topsy-turvy than it is before such a story as "To His Own Master" becomes a practical possibility. But, exaggerated as is the pessimism of the book, we cannot deny either the high motive of the writer or her literary skill. Stephen Dashwood's character is a very beautiful one—beautiful chiefly in its absolute simplicity. To his own Master alone he holds himself answerable, and hence his singleness of purpose, his pathetic acquiescence in the cruellest and most unjust blows of fate. But in real life, though we may happily dream of the existence of a Stephen Dashwood, we should never find him surrounded, as he is at Thorpe Regis, by a society composed exclusively of fools and rogues. This is the blot upon an otherwise excellent story. Alan St. Aubyn, in order to bring out the virtues of her hero, must needs make his friends and neighbours either hopelessly imbecile or atrociously wicked. Mary Grove—who is, we suppose, meant to be the heroine of the tale—is the former, notwithstanding her triumphs at Girton and the courage with which she bears her lot as the daughter of a drunkard. The cruel way in which she accepts every story against the man she loves, and jilts him without listening to his defence, only makes the reader a little angry and very thankful that a noble-hearted

man is not to be tied for life to so silly a fool. But clearly the author meant us to love Mary, and to pity Stephen when he loses her. The fact that we do neither shows that in this respect Alan St. Aubyn has failed. But, despite its defects, "To His Own Master" is a book to be read with pleasure and interest, if only for its touching and minute picture of one type of the Christian gentleman.

Alan St. Aubyn has given us the Christian gentleman of one type, a type beloved rather of good women than of good men. Mr. Stanley Weyman, in "A Gentleman of France"—which is unquestionably one of the very best novels of the present year, only falling short in skill, distinction, and ingenuity of "Catriona"—gives us another type of Christian gentleman, emphatically the man's man. Here is a soldier of fortune, whose purse is as light as his lineage is long, who enters upon the scene middle-aged, ugly, obscure; but who has within his breast as noble a heart as ever beat in Christendom, and whose lion-like courage is only inferior to his unfeigned modesty. It is a great character which Mr. Weyman has depicted for us in the person of Monsieur de Marsac, and this creature of the novelist's fancy will, if we mistake not, take high place among the favourite heroes of romance. It is de Marsac himself around whom the interest of this thrilling story gathers; and yet there are many other heroic figures in it—kings and princes, mighty warriors, grave statesmen, noble ladies of the Court. But amid them all this gentleman of France moves with a serene dignity which is all his own; and even when his jacket is threadbare and the hangman's halter seems already round his neck, out-hines the best. It is a great feat for any novelist thus to have invested a single person with a character so splendid, and in Mr. Weyman's case the difficulties of his task have been immeasurably increased by the fact that he has made his hero tell the story himself. To tell such a story, and to leave it written deep in the memory of the reader without allowing one word of vainglorious boasting or mock-modesty to fall from the lips of the hero, is an achievement of which any writer might be proud. Perhaps it is not too much to say that there is hardly any other writer now living who could have performed it with success. It is seldom indeed that in any story in which the hero is his own biographer some errors of taste do not creep in, to jar upon the reader's susceptibilities and blemish the picture which the author has striven to paint. In "A Gentleman of France," Monsieur de Marsac tells his story, with a dignified simplicity not inferior to that with which Colonel Esmond retailed his own adventures. Of the story itself we need not speak here, for this is a book which everyone who can appreciate a masterpiece in fiction will be anxious to read for himself. From first to last the simple soldier of fortune moves in an atmosphere of strife, intrigue, dissimulation, and adventure, and passes through varied fortunes morally unscathed. Those who know Mr. Stanley Weyman's earlier books need not be told with what brilliant power he can paint the larger scenes upon the stage of life—the great movements of court and camp, of statecraft and armed men. He has never done so brilliantly as in this book, in which the life of mediæval France lives again, and we have an historical novel more thrilling in its vivid interest than the newest story of to-day. There is a beautiful love-tale winding like a silver thread in and out among the many episodes of the story. But, charming as Mademoiselle de la Vire is, and beautiful as is the tale of her slowly begotten love for that gentleman of France whom she had scorned so utterly when she first knew him, it is de Marsac himself who stands without a rival in the glowing picture. We cannot believe that such a work as this can fail to add immensely to its author's high reputation, and we shall be surprised if its reception by the public does not give the lie to the favourite axiom of the critics that historical novels are never popular.

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FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

UNDER the title of "An Indian Eye on English Life," Mr. Malabari, a cultured Parsee and a social reformer, who made his own welcome in English society a year or two ago, has just published his recollections and impressions of his sojourn in our midst. The book is both shrewd and sympathetic—in fact, it does equal credit to the author's head and heart—and the tone of its comments and criticisms is happily neither ecstatic nor fulsome, but on the contrary, manly and frank. A quick-witted and intelligent Oriental finds a good deal in our streets to stir amazement, to call forth remarks, which are the reverse of complimentary to our much-vaunted Western civilisation. He draws attention to the old and pitiful contrast between the wealth of London and its poverty, and he has something to the point to say about people who "live in a whirlwind of excitement" which blunts human instincts and robs life at once of dignity and leisure. He describes the wear and tear of life in England as terrible, and to this philosophic observer from the dreamy East, our existence seems a mad scramble after pleasure and money. The national character is, in his opinion, as fickle as the English weather, and restlessness and love of novelty are its most prominent characteristics. With the fatalism of the true Oriental he is inclined, however, to abandon London to its fate, since it is "hopeless to stem the tide of this modern civilisation," much less to "propitiate the Moloch of high pressure." Our picture-galleries, museums, and especially our parks, call forth the admiration of this wise man from the East, but our habits of eating and drinking fill him with dismay. French cooks have established themselves in the homes of the wealthy, and a few simple Indian dishes are conquering prejudice and struggling into favour, but the meals of the average Englishman are stereotyped and monotonous, and as for the average domestic cook, our Eastern critic has come to the conclusion—and doubtless it is one which many of our readers will share—that she has a "rough, slovenly touch." Mr. Malabari, for a social reformer, is somewhat conservative; he thinks, for instance, that the existence of so many hotels, restaurants, tea-shops, and the like are destructive of the home-life of the people. He is astounded—as well he may be—at the parade of vice in our streets, and India seems to him quite sober, in spite of her bhang, ganja, and opium, in comparison with the phenomenal bibulousness of the Briton. In his judgment the drunkenness that debases, brutalises, and maddens seems almost peculiar to our soil. He declares that if he cannot bless racing and betting, he does not care to be sanctimonious, and so will not curse them; but he adds, with a touch of irony: "What enormous prices they pay for the animals—twenty thousand pounds for one horse!" The book, notwithstanding a few exaggerations, is a tolerably shrewd reading of the social aspects of English life and character alike in their strength and weakness.

There was room for an accurate account of the origin and growth of "Printers' Marks," and Mr. William Roberts, who is an acknowledged expert in all that concerns bibliography, has, therefore, done well to write the first English manual on the subject. It is curious to learn that the printer's mark was the forerunner by nearly twenty years of the title-page, though both attained their highest point of artistic merit in the early part of the sixteenth century, a period which is associated with the splendid labours in the embellishment of the printed book of Wechtlin, Urse Graff, Cranach, Albert Dürer, and Hans Holbein. After the middle of the sixteenth century the artistic impulse seemed to lose its force, and carelessness, bad taste, and caricature invaded the initial page. The first printer's mark which was ever used was the coupled-shield of Fust & Schœffer, introduced by those famous printers into the colophon of the "Mainz Psalter," which was printed in the year 1457. This book, Mr. Roberts reminds us, is remarkable in more senses than one. It appeared in a very limited edition, for it is believed that only twelve copies were struck off for the use of the Benedictine Monastery at Mainz, and this circumstance renders it the costliest book ever sold, for a perfect copy is valued by Mr. Quaritch at five thousand guineas. It is remarkable also for the exquisite beauty of its red and blue initial letters. The "Mainz

Psalter," moreover, was the third book printed, and the first which contained a date. The earlier books of William Caxton appeared without the printer's mark; indeed, it was not till 1489, twelve years after the establishment of his press at Westminster, that the great master's device was employed. Many beautiful examples of English, French, German, Dutch, Italian, and Spanish printers' marks are given in this book, and incidentally considerable light is thrown on the methods of the old typographers. The revival of this quaint device in recent times has obtained more amongst publishers than among printers, and some of the most artistic are those of such houses as Longmans, Kegan Paul, Cassell's, George Bell, Lawrence & Bullen, and the Chiswick Press.

There is a vein of genuine poetry in Mr. Knight, and in his wanderings "By Moorland and Sea" it finds graceful expression. These fifteen descriptive essays are filled with close, but never paraded, observation of Nature in sunshine and storm, and each little delicate picture is firmly drawn and has in it just the requisite amount of local colour. He takes us to the stormy waters of the Hebrides, and in his company we sail up narrow Loch Dunvegan and climb the rock on which stands the grey stronghold of the Macleods, a fortress that for ten centuries has remained in the family of its founders, and stands on its seawashed reef to-day, apparently untouched by time, in spite of the hurricanes and the sieges of a thousand years. Then we find ourselves far away to the south on Sedgemoor, thinking of Monmouth and of what Macaulay has termed "the last fight deserving of the name of battle that has been fought on English ground." Once more—to pick another scene at random—we are in the midsummer fields in the dewy dawn, listening as the shadows vanish for the musical carol of the thrush whose joyous prelude quickly awakens the invisible choir of the neighbouring woodlands. The breath of the country is in these sketches, and that fact in part explains their spell, and the rest of the secret stands revealed in the brilliant descriptive gift of the writer.

An emigrant's wanderings through the colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland, during the years 1839-1844, has just been published with the title "Adventures in Australia Fifty Years Ago." It consists of rough jottings from an old diary, and though in a literary sense the narrative is without form, it cannot be described as void. It certainly helps the reader of to-day to understand the rough-and-tumble life of the early colonists, and it is also valuable because with evident veracity it places on permanent record the writer's impressions of the aborigines when as yet they were many and had not been demoralised to any serious extent by contact with invaders, who set much store on whiskey and very little on the Decalogue. In those days Queensland was unknown except as a penal settlement, the colony of Victoria was in its infant stage, and New South Wales had only been open to free emigration for about ten years. Botany Bay had impressed itself upon the popular imagination, and so it came to pass that for many a year Australia was a name of ominous significance, to be dismissed with a shudder by common people. Mr. Demarr gives a graphic description of a stockman's life and adventures in rough, unsettled districts of Australia at a period when the aborigines had to be reckoned with in a very real sense, and when wild and lawless conditions prevailed. The narrative is interesting, for every now and then he wanders off into the mountain ranges in search of stray cattle; but sometimes he wanders off into theological discussion, and then it grows suddenly stale and unprofitable.

A book which suggests Charles Knight's "Half Hours with the Best Authors" has just appeared, entitled "Readings from Great English Writers." It consists of choice selections from most of the great writers and a few of the small whose names are familiar in our mouths as household words. In every instance biographical notes stand by way of preface to the quotations, but they are too slight to be of real service—for it is absurd to attempt to deal with Sir Walter Scott in fourteen lines, Isaac Barrow in six—or, to take an even more conspicuous instance of the kind of brevity which is not the soul of wit, Sir Thomas Browne in four. Brief as these notices are, they are not always correct, and they are meagre and inadequate to the vanishing point. The book opens with Chaucer and Mandeville, and closes with Carlyle and Ruskin. Thackeray does not figure at all in the book, but, considering its scale, we have Dickens at full length. On the whole the quotations, though they do not show exceptional taste, are apt and judicious. The book seems to have been rather carelessly read for press, for otherwise "S. J." Coleridge would have instantly been detected. We presume the volume is intended as a reading-book for the higher classes in schools, and as such, with the reservations we have made, we can commend it.

We have received the third volume of the *Oxford University Extension Gazette*, and we can heartily commend the journal to teachers and students, and indeed to all who care to keep themselves in touch with not the least remarkable intellectual movement of the age. The journal is packed with facts and statistics bearing directly on the progress of this statesmanlike attempt to bring a network of towns in every part of the United Kingdom into close relationship with the culture and methods of a great university like Oxford.

* AN INDIAN EYE ON ENGLISH LIFE: OR, RAMBLES OF A PILGRIM REFORMER. By Behramji M. Malabari. (London: Archibald Constable & Co.) Demy 8vo.

PRINTERS' MARKS: A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF TYPOGRAPHY. By W. Roberts, editor of *The Bookworm*. Illustrated. (London and New York: George Bell & Sons.) Crown 8vo.

BY MOORLAND AND SEA. By Francis A. Knight, author of "By Leafy Ways," etc. Illustrated. (London: Elliot Stock.) Crown 8vo.

ADVENTURES IN AUSTRALIA FIFTY YEARS AGO. By James Demarr. Map and Illustrations. (London: Swan Sonnenschein.) Demy 8vo.

READINGS FROM GREAT ENGLISH WRITERS, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES. By J. C. Wright, author of "Outlines of English Literature," etc. (London: W. H. Allen & Co.) Crown 8vo.

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY EXTENSION GAZETTE. Vol. III. 1892-1893. (Oxford: The University Press.) Imperial 8vo.

RECORDS INCLUDING THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF MY LIFE. (London: Gilbert & Rivington.) Small 4to.

JENNY LIND, THE ARTIST. 1820-1851. A Memoir from Original Documents, Letters, MS. Diaries, etc. By Henry Scott Holland, M.A., and W. S. Rockstro. Portrait. New and Abridged Edition. (London: John Murray.) Crown 8vo.

Under the title of "Records" Messrs. Gilbert and Rivington have just brought out a handsome volume, arranged for the entry of prominent events in the life of whoever is pleased to purchase it and to put it to such a use. The compiler thinks that the landmarks of a whole lifetime might be recorded in the volume, and for our own part we see no reason to cavil at such a statement. "Ladies," continues the guileless compiler, "would doubtless find many entries to make," and here again we find ourselves in complete agreement. National susceptibilities are duly provided for by placing in the four corners of each page the rose, the thistle, the shamrock, and the succulent, if prosaic, leek. There are blank pages, moreover, for photographs and sketches, and a pocket in the binding for loose memoranda, besides other thoughtful contrivances in aid of the man who means to be his own biographer. Altogether, it is an odd conceit, and we are not surprised that its pages are closed with a vicious-looking clasp. For ourselves, we do not intend to confide any secrets to the book until an edition is published with a lock and key.

We are glad to welcome a new and abridged edition of "Jenny Lind, the Artist"—a book descriptive of the great career in musical art of Madame Goldschmidt. In order to bring the work within reasonable compass, Canon Scott Holland and Mr. Rockstro have had the good sense to throw overboard much technical matter, and by vigorous excisions in other directions they have considerably improved a narrative which in its original form was somewhat prolix. Nothing has been added beyond a brief account of the life of the "Swedish Nightingale" after she quitted the operatic stage. The book is written with abundant knowledge and obvious sympathy, and though at times the tone of eulogy is a little pronounced, it is easy to forgive—especially in the case of a charming and estimable woman who was as good as she was gifted—a fault which, after all, leans to virtue's side. There are several admirable portraits in the book, and a curious facsimile reproduction of a page in the great soprano's engagement-book.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE SON OF MAN AMONG THE SONS OF MEN. By the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D. (Isbister.)
POEMS. By Florence Peacock. (Hull: Andrews.)
THE LUCK OF GERARD RIDGELEY. By Bertram Mitford. (Chatto & Windus.)
THE CAMBRIDGE COMPANION TO THE BIBLE. (Clay & Sons.)
BATH CELEBRITIES. By J. Murch. (Isaac Pitman.)
THE SACRED CITY OF THE ETHIOPIANS. By J. Theodore Bent, F.S.A., F.R.G.S. (Longmans.)
RED DIAMONDS. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. Three Vols. (Chatto & Windus.)
MAXIME DU CAMP'S LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS. Two Vols. (Remington.)
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES. Calendar, 1893-4. (Manchester: Cornish.)
A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE. By Stanley J. Weyman. Three Vols. (Longmans.)
"THESE EIGHTY YEARS." By Henry Solly. Two Vols. (Simpkin, Marshall.)
THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL. By Mrs. F. H. Burnett. (F. Warne.)
THE PAMERS. By the Earl of Dunmore, F.R.G.S. Two Vols. (Murray.)
I AND MYSELF, AND OTHER POEMS. By Nina F. Layard. (Simpkin, Marshall.)
THE STORY OF EGIL SKALLAGRIMSSON. Translated from the Icelandic. By the Rev. W. C. Green. (Elliot Stock.)
ESSAYS, DIALOGUES AND THOUGHTS OF COUNT GIACOMO LEOPARDI. Translated by Maj.-Gen. P. Maxwell. The Scott Library. (Walter Scott.)
MARY. A Nursery Story. By Mrs. Molesworth. (Macmillan.)
A TREATISE ON MONEY, AND ESSAYS ON MONETARY PROBLEMS. By J. Shield Nicholson, M.A., D.Sc. Second Edition. (A. & C. Black.)

- THE STORY OF OUR PLANET. By T. G. Bonney, D.Sc. (Cassell.)
G. LEOPARDI. Twelve Dialogues. Translated by J. Thomson. (Simpkin, Marshall.)
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A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By J. R. Green, M.A. Vol. III. Edited by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss K. Norgate. (Macmillan.)
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JOHN INGERFIELD, AND OTHER STORIES. By Jerome K. Jerome. (McClure & Co.)
THE HOME LIFE OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS. Translated from the German of Prof. H. Blümner. By Alice Zimmern. (Cassell.)

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MY GRANDFATHER, HENDRY WATTY.

A DROLL.

By "Q."

This the nicest miss in the world that I was born the grandson of my own father's father, and not of another man altogether. Hendry Watty was the name of my grandfather that might have been; and he always maintained that to all intents and purposes he *was* my grandfather, and made me call him so—'twas such a narrow shave. I don't mind telling you about it. 'Tis a curious tale, too.

My grandfather, Hendry Watty, bet four gallons of eggy-hot that he would row out to the Shivering Grounds, all in the dead waste of the night, and haul a trammel there. To find the Shivering Grounds by night, you get the Gull Rock in a line with Tregamenna and pull out till you open the light on St. Anthony's Point; but everybody gives the place a wide berth because Archelaus Rowett's lugger foundered there, one time, with six hands on board, and they say that by night you can hear the drowned men hailing their names. But my grandfather was the boldest man in Port Loe, and said he didn't care. So one Christmas Eve by daylight he and his mates went out and tilled the trammel; and then they came back and spent the fore-part of the evening over the eggy-hot, down to Oliver's tiddlywink, to keep my grandfather's spirits up and also to show that the bet was made in earnest.

'Twas past eleven o'clock when they left Oliver's and walked down to the cove to see my grandfather off. He has told me since that he didn't feel afraid at all, but very friendly in mind, especially towards William John Dunn, who was walking on his right hand. This puzzled him at the time, for as a rule he didn't think much of William John Dunn. But now he shook hands with him several times, and just as he was stepping into the boat he says, "You'll take care of Mary Polly, while I'm away." Mary Polly Polsue was my grandfather's sweetheart at that time. But why he should have spoken as if he was bound on a long voyage he never could tell; he used to set it down to fate.

"I will," said William John Dunn; and then they gave a cheer and pushed my grandfather off, and away he rowed all into the dead waste of the night. He rowed and rowed, all in the dead waste of the night; and he got the Gull Rock in a line with Tregamenna windows; and still he was rowing, when to his great surprise he heard a voice calling:

"Hendry Watty! Hendry Watty!"

I told you my grandfather was the boldest man in Port Loe. But he dropped his two oars now, and made the five signs of Penitence. For who could it be calling him out here in the dead waste and middle of the night?

"Hendry Watty! Hendry Watty! drop me a line."

My grandfather kept his fishing lines in a little skivet under the stern-sheets. But not a trace of bait had he on board. If he had, he was too much a-tramble to bait a hook.

"Hendry Watty! Hendry Watty! drop me a line, or I'll know why."

My poor grandfather by this had picked up his oars again, and was rowing like mad to get quit of the neighbourhood, when something or somebody gave three knocks—*thump, thump, thump*—on the bottom of the boat, just as you would knock on a door. The third thump fetched Hendry Watty upright on his legs. He had no more heart for disobeying, but baited his hook with a bit of pipe-stem and flung it overboard, letting the line run out in the stern-notch. Not half-way had it run before he felt a long pull on it, like the sucking of a dog-fish.

"Hendry Watty! Hendry Watty! pull me in."

Hendry Watty pulled in, hand over hand; and in came the lead sinker over the notch, and still the

line was heavy; he pulled in, and next, all out of the dead waste of the night, came two white hands, like a washerwoman's, and gripped hold of the stern-board; and on the left of these two hands, on the little finger, was a silver ring, sunk very deep in the flesh. If this was bad, worse was the face that followed—a great white parboiled face, with the hair and whiskers all stuck with chips of wood and seaweed. And if this was bad for anybody, it was worse for my grandfather, who had known Archelaus Rowett before he was drowned out on the Shivering Grounds, six years before.

Archelaus Rowett climbed in over the stern, pulled the hook with the bit of pipe-stem out of his cheek, sat down in the stern-sheets, shook a small crayfish out of his whiskers, and said very coolly—

"If you should come across my wife—"

That was all my grandfather stayed to hear. At the sound of Archelaus's voice he fetched a yell, jumped clean over the side of the boat, and swam for dear life. He swam and swam, till by the bit of the moon he saw the Gull Rock close ahead. There were lashin's of rats on the Gull Rock, as he knew; but he was a good deal surprised at the way they were behaving, for they sat in a row at the water's edge and fished, with their tails let down into the sea for fishing-lines: and their eyes were like garnets burning as they looked at my grandfather over their shoulders.

"Hendry Watty! Hendry Watty! You can't land here—you're disturbing the pollack."

"Bejimbers! I wouldn't do that for the world," says my grandfather: so off he pushes and swims for the mainland. This was a long job, and 'twas as much as he could do to reach Kibberick beach, where he fell on his face and hands among the stones, and there lay, taking breath.

The breath was hardly back in his body, before he heard footsteps, and along the beach came a woman, and passed close by to him. He lay very quiet, and as she came near he saw 'twas Sarah Rowett, that used to be Archelaus's wife, but had married another man since. She was knitting as she went by, and did not seem to notice my grandfather: but he heard her say to herself, "The hour is come, and the man is come."

He had scarcely begun to wonder over this, when he spied a ball of worsted yarn beside him that Sarah had dropped. 'Twas the ball she was knitting from, and a line of worsted stretched after her along the beach. Hendry Watty picked up the ball and followed the thread on tiptoe. In less than a minute he came near enough to watch what she was doing: and what she did was worth watching. First she gathered wreckwood and straw, and struck flint over touchwood and teened a fire. Next she unravelled her knitting; twisted her end of the yarn between finger and thumb—as a cobbler twists a wax-end—and cast the end up towards the sky. It made Hendry Watty stare when the thread, instead of falling back to the ground, remained hanging, just as if 'twas fastened to something up above; but it made him stare more when Sarah Rowett began to climb up it, and away up till nothing could be seen of her but her ankles hanging out of the dead waste and middle of the night.

"Hendry Watty! Hendry Watty!"

It wasn't Sarah calling, but a voice far away out to sea.

"Hendry Watty! Hendry Watty! send me a line."

My grandfather was wondering what to do, when Sarah speaks down very sharp to him, out of the dark:

"Hendry Watty! Where's the rocket apparatus? Can't ye hear the poor fellow asking for a line?"

"I do," says my grandfather, who was losing his temper; "and do you think, ma'am, that I carry a Manby's mortar in my trousers pocket?"

"I think you have a ball of worsted in your hand," says she. "Throw it as far as you can."

So my grandfather threw the ball out into the

dead waste and middle of the night. He didn't see where it pitched, or how far it went.

"Right it is," says the woman aloft. "'Tis easy seen you're a hurler. But what shall us do for a cradle? Hendry Watty! Hendry Watty!"

"Ma'am to *you*," says my grandfather.

"I'll ask you kindly to turn your back: I'm going to take off my stocking."

So my grandfather stared the other way very politely; and when he was told he might look again, he saw she had tied the stocking to the line and was running it out like a cradle into the dead waste of the night.

"Hendry Watty! Hendry Watty! Look out below!"

Before he could answer, plump! a man's leg came tumbling past his ear and scattered the ashes right and left.

"Hendry Watty! Hendry Watty! Look out below!"

This time 'twas a great white arm and hand, with a silver ring sunk tight in the flesh of the little finger.

"Hendry Watty! Hendry Watty! Warm them limbs!"

My grandfather picked them up and was warming them before the fire, when down came a great round head and bounced twice and lay in the firelight, staring up at him. And whose head was it but Archelaus Rowett's, that he'd run away from once already, that night?

"Hendry Watty! Hendry Watty! Look out below!"

This time 'twas another leg, and my grandfather was just about to lay hands on it, when the woman called down:

"Hendry Watty! catch it quick! It's my own leg I've thrown down by mistake!"

The leg struck the ground and bounced high, and Hendry Watty made a leap after it . . . and I reckon it's asleep he must have been: for what he caught was not Mrs. Rowett's leg, but the jib-boom of a deep-laden brigantine that was running him down in the dark. And as he sprang for it, his boat was crushed by the brigantine's fore-foot and went down under his very boot-soles. At the same time he let out a yell, and two or three of the crew ran forward and hoisted him up to the bowsprit and in on deck, safe and sound.

But the brigantine happened to be outward-bound for the River Plate; so that, what with one thing and another, 'twas eleven good months before my grandfather landed again at Port Loe. And who should be the first man he sees standing above the cove but William John Dunn?

"I'm very glad to see you," says William John Dunn.

"Thank you kindly," answers my grandfather; "and how's Mary Polly?"

"Why, as for that," he says, "she took so much looking after, that I couldn't feel I was keeping her properly under my eye till I married her, last June month."

"Dear, dear," says my grandfather; "but you was always one to overdo everything."

"Well, but why didn't you *drop us a line*?"

But when it came to talk about "dropping a line" I'm told my grandfather's language wouldn't bear repeating. That's all the story, and that's the reason why I'm William John Dunn's grandson by rights, instead of Hendry Watty's. Q.

HATCHARD'S.

WE are indebted to a member of this ancient house for an animated little volume, or brochure, containing a brief memorial of the rise and fortunes of the well-known bookshop in Piccadilly. ("Piccadilly Bookmen. Memorials of the House of Hatchard." By A. L. Humphreys.) We

wish there were many more such records. They far exceed in interest most novels. Trade has her victories no less than Love. Carlyle, who had a keen eye for things, has expressed the opinion that a history of booksellers would be better worth reading than that of most kings. We hope it would, and if well written we believe it would. But a well-written history implies a great historian, and historians of genius are rare birds. To write or compile readable memoirs is not so very difficult, and on this ground all men are equal. The memoirs of John Lackington the bookseller are at least as good as those of Bubb Dodington, afterwards a peer and always a rascal. The man must be but a dull fellow who can daily traverse our London streets, crowded with fiercely competing trades and industries, without wondering as he passes the doors what mental struggles are going on within, how stands the profit-and-loss account, and whether it is to fortune or to failure the proprietor is foredoomed.

From the book before us we can extract a very good idea of Mr. John Hatchard, the founder of the Piccadilly firm, who being born between twelve and one o'clock in the morning of the 17th of October, 1768, died worth nearly £100,000 at pious Clapham on the 21st June, 1849. Indeed, we commend the courage of the compiler, who, though a member of the firm, can yet afford to poke a little fun at its "pawky" founder. But, indeed, our lot is cast in irreverent days, when even eponymous heroes and founders of firms are treated with no more than decent respect. John Hatchard was a Londoner born and bred, and owed his education to the charitable foundation of the Grey Coat Hospital in Westminster. Like his great predecessor in the godly race, Samuel Richardson, he was apprenticed to a printer and learned to be humble and hardy. His term of years over, Hatchard became shopman to Tom Payne, the famous bookseller, of Mews Gate, Castle Street, St. Martin's.

It is a melancholy proof of a bookseller's conviction of the invincible ignorance of the "reading public" that we are bidden carefully to distinguish between Tom Payne the bookseller and the famous "rebellious staymaker" Thomas Paine, whom Mr. Humphreys, continuing in this respect the tradition of the orthodox customers of his firm, styles "Tom Paine the Atheist." But we know better now. The point is not, perhaps, one of great importance, but bad names should not be hurled about at random. Tom Paine was no atheist. There are heads of colleges and "shovel-hatted" persons now living who would feel very uncomfortable indeed—not to say quite upset—if they were to find themselves beginning to have one-half the assurance of the Being of God that Tom Paine habitually possessed. Hatchard's "Tom Payne" left his mark upon the world, if it be true what is said of him—namely, that he was the first secondhand bookseller to issue priced catalogues of his wares. We are called upon by Mr. Humphreys to meet annually and drink to the health of "Honest Tom Payne," nor should we decline any such invitation if issued *bonâ fide*, but we are by no means sure that the keen book-collector, who is not afraid to travel up and down England in search of treasure, has any cause to be deeply grateful to Mr. Payne for setting an example which, followed as it has been of late years by secondhand booksellers generally, has produced a woeful, a stale uniformity of price. Go now where he will, to Norwich or Exeter, to Edinburgh or Birmingham, the book-buyer will find but small differences in the amount of "ransom" demanded by the booksellers of these cities. It was in Mr. Payne's shop that young Hatchard learnt his business and acquired what his biographer calls "a gracious and willing manner." In 1797 he plucked up courage and established himself at No. 173, Piccadilly, hard by the present quarters of the firm. From this address he shortly issued his first pamphlet, "stitched, but without covers," entitled "Reform or Ruin: Take Your Choice. By John

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Bowdler, Esquire." This tract was dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and despite its somewhat fierce title, was, so we are told, quite superlatively respectable. Its author was the father of the only Shakespearian editor or critic who has enriched the language with a new word. To "bowdlerise" is as good English as to "boycott." It is painful to find a member of the house of Hatchard sneering at "a mutilated Shakespeare." For ourselves we say, "Well done, Bowdler." For what was his object? To produce a Shakespeare which could be read out loud during winters' evenings in the family circle. Who need be ashamed of this? or will any father be found to say that Shakespeare contains nothing which cannot be read out loud in the family circle? The Clarendon Press, in their school editions, "bowdlerise" without saying anything about it, and are obliged to do so.

Pawky John Hatchard made a good thing out of John Bowdler, Esquire, and his pamphlet. In fact, it would appear as if the whole fortunes of the house once rested on this gossamer-like foundation. Hatchard's, having begun respectable, have remained so ever since. Like Calverley's cook, who was born and bred a spinster—"I've begun, and I'll go on"—so Hatchard's have remained faithful to the archbishops and the superlative degree of respectability. Herein was displayed great business foresight. Hatchard boldly and exclusively allied himself to what may be called the "Hannah More" public. He pandered (pardon the word) to their tastes. He made his shop grave but exceeding comfortable, and he was himself grave and very deferential. He and his assistants, when he came to have any, were clad in black, and moved about a living compound of the lower clergy, the upper servant, and the shopman. He kept alive large fires, where in winter time the Reports of the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor might be profitably discussed. His stock was well selected, and, unless it were the "Anti-Jacobin" (which, as levelled at the licentious French Revolution, was pardoned its flippancy of tone), there was never an improper book to be found inside Hatchard's. Pious aunts, "as certain of dying rich as candles in golden sockets," always knew they could safely give a precocious nephew half-a-sovereign and send him to Hatchard's to buy a book. Never a copy of "Gulliver's Travels" or of the "Arabian Nights" bore the impress of this seemingly firm. This is all the more creditable to John Hatchard, because Tom Payne had quite a different set of customers, mere scholars and book-collectors.

Hatchard soon collected around him excellent materials for making a fortune. When we mention that he was the publisher of "The Fairchild Family," the "Peep of Day," and "Line upon Line," his fortune of £100,000 seems positively small. He must have paid his authors! He had all the bad but popular poets buzzing around him. The Laureate Pye frequented his shop. Who now reads Pye? Yet in his day he bustled along Piccadilly and exchanged salutes with as much easy confidence as do to-day the brilliant authors of "The Epic of Hades" and "The Light of Asia." Hatchard seems to have had an eye for the things of the hour. Wise publishers take short views. In the seventeenth century it was better to be the publisher of John Cleveland than of John Milton, just as at the middle of this century it was better to be the publisher of Martin Tupper than of Robert Browning. Hatchard behaved well to Tupper, who, having published elsewhere his first series of the "Proverbial Philosophy" and made a great success, carried his second to Hatchard, who received him most kindly, placing his hand on the poet's dark hair and exclaiming with tears, "You will thank God for this book when your hair comes to be as white as mine." Hatchard had the courage of his opinions, for he appears to have taken entirely on himself all the well-known trade risks of publication, and to have given the author half the profits. Each party to this transaction is said to have made £10,000. John Hatchard, so we are told,

"was in appearance the very acme of respectability. He was invariably dressed in black. His coat was of the style of a bishop's frock-coat, waistcoat buttoning to the throat, with an entirely plain front, and knee-breeches and gaiters. He was never above speaking to boys who brought loads of books, encouraging them to be industrious and never to be afraid of work."

We wish there were many more such books as this memorial of the house of Hatchard.

CHRISTMAS LITERATURE.

FAIRY TALES AND STORY BOOKS.

THERE are few, it is to be hoped, who cannot sing, with Samuel Lover:—

"There was a place in childhood
That I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone
Bright fairy tales did tell."

And in that place, wherever it was—lumber-room, library, or woody nook—one enchanter was potent above all others—the elvish-looking Dane, whose own life was itself a fairy tale. The children of to-day ought to love and understand him even better than their fathers did, with such exquisite editions as Mr. George Allen's "STORIES AND FAIRY TALES," and Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen's "THE LITTLE MERMAID AND OTHER TALES," by Hans Christian Andersen. The former contains all the stories in two volumes, with a hundred pictures by Mr. Arthur J. Gaskin, that tempt the busy reviewer to throw down his pen, as does the type too, for it is delightfully printed. The translation is by Dr. H. Oskar Sommer. Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen's book is an *édition de luxe*, the translation by that notable polyglot, Mr. R. Nisbet Bain, and the exquisite illustrations by Mr. J. R. Weguelin. There seems rather a scarcity of fairy lore this year. Two other books must be noted—"THE WINGED WOLF AND OTHER FAIRY TALES" (Stanford), collected by Ha Sheen Kaf, with fifty illustrations by Arthur Layard, and "THE BROWNIES AT HOME" (T. Fisher Unwin), by Mr. Palmer Cox.

Our selection of historical stories begins with Mrs. Rundle Charles's "SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE IN ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME" (Nelson), as it dates further back than any of the books we have in this division. The title would seem hardly attractive enough for a gift-book at this merry time, but when more serious-minded juvenile readers are told that Mrs. Rundle Charles is the author of "THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY," they will pick up the book again if they felt at first disinclined to try it. Then comes Mr. S. Baring-Gould's "THE ICELANDER'S SWORD" (Methuen), originally written in 1858; but what pleased boys then will please them to-day. Next, Miss E. S. Holt takes up the tale in "ONE SNOWY NIGHT; OR, LONG AGO AT OXFORD," a remarkable story of one of the least-known and saddest episodes in English history—the first persecution of Christians by Christians in this land. Miss Holt is a serious worker, and has studied her story of Gerhardt's unsuccessful mission to England in the middle of the twelfth century in the pages of William of Newbury and Ranulf de Diceto. In "EVIL MAY-DAY: A STORY OF 1517" (Nelson), Miss E. Everett-Green writes an attractive story of what may be called the first strike-riot in England, when the craftsmen of London rebelled against the employment of foreign cheap labour. "THE WHITE CONQUERORS OF MEXICO" (Blackie), by Mr. Kirk Munroe, tells of Cortes and Montezuma. Mr. Henty, in his usual vigorous and well-detailed manner, carries us on to the Huguenot Wars with his "ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE" (Blackie). He has not devoted any large portion of his story to details of the terrible massacres of the period, nor to the atrocious persecutions to which the Huguenots